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TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
û as in pull.
ü German u, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ŧh as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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DERBY, Edward Geoffrey Smith Stanley, Earl of, an English statesman; born at Knowsley Park, Lancashire, March 29, 1799; died there, October 23, 1869. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself in classical scholarship, gaining the prize for Latin verse in 1819. Up to 1835, he was styled simply Mr. Stanley; then, his father succeeding to the earldom of Derby, he was known by the "courtesy-title" of Lord Stanley; in 1844 he was summoned by writ to the House of Lords, as Baron Stanley of Bickerstaff; and upon the death of his father in 1851, he succeeded as fourteenth earl to the earldom of Derby, and to the great ancestral estates of the family in England and Ireland. Under all of these names and titles Lord Derby was eminent as a statesman. He first entered Parliament in 1821, at the age of twenty-two, and soon took rank among the foremost orators of the time. From time to time he held various cabinet positions, the largest being that of Prime Minister (for the fourth time) in 1866–68. In literature he is known almost wholly by his translation of the *Iliad,* of which the first edition appeared in

1864, and the sixth, with many corrections, in 1867. In the Preface to the first edition, he says:

ON TRANSLATING HOMER.

Numerous as have been the translators of the *Iliad*, or parts of it, the metres which have been selected are almost as various: the ordinary couplet in rhyme, the Spenserian stanza, the trochaic or ballad metre, all have had their partisans, even to that "pestilent heresy" of the so-called English hexameter; a metre wholly repugnant to the genius of our language; which can only be pressed into the service by a violation of every rule of prosody. . . . But in the progress of the work I have been more and more confirmed in the opinion that (whatever may be the extent of my own individual failure), if justice is ever to be done to the easy flow and majestic simplicity of the grand old poet, it can only be in the heroic blank verse. . . .

I have adopted, not without hesitation, the Latin rather than the Greek nomenclature for the heathen deities. I have been induced to do so from the manifest incongruity of confounding the two; and from the fact that though English readers may be familiar with the names of Zeus, or Aphrodite, or even Poseidon, those of Hera, or Ares, or Hephæstus, or Leto would hardly convey to them a definite signification. It has been my aim throughout to produce a translation, and not a paraphrase: not indeed such a translation as would satisfy, with regard to each word the rigid requirements of accurate scholarship; but such as would fairly and honestly give the sense and meaning of every passage, and of every line; omitting nothing, and expanding nothing; and adhering, as closely as our language will allow, even to every epithet which is capable of being translated, and which has, in the particular passage, anything of a special and distinctive character.—*Preface to the Translation of the Iliad.*

VULCAN FORGES THE ARMOR OF ACHILLES.

He left her thus, and to his forge returned;
The bellows then directing to the fire,
He bade them work: through twenty pipes at once
Forthwith they poured their diverse-tempered blasts;
Now briskly seconding his eager haste,
Now at his will and as the work required.
The stubborn brass, and tin, and precious gold,
And silver, first he melted in the fire;
Then on its stand his weighty anvil placed;
And with one hand the hammer's ponderous weight
He wielded, while the other grasped the tongs.
And first a shield he fashioned, vast and strong,
With rich adornment; circled with a rim,
Threefold, bright-gleaming, whence a silver belt
Depended; of five folds the shield was formed;
And on its surface many a fair design
Of curious art his practised skill had wrought.
Thereon were figured earth, and sky, and sea,
The ever-circling sun, and full-orbed moon,
And all the Signs that crown the vault of heaven;
Pleiads, and Hyads, and Orion's might,
And Arctos, called the Wain, who wheels on high
His circling course, and on Orion waits;
Sole star that never bathes in the ocean wave.
And two fair populous towns were sculptured there
In one were marriage, pomp, and revelry,
And brides, in gay procession, through the streets
With blazing torches from their chambers borne,
While frequent rose the hymeneal song.
Youths whirled around in joyous dance, with sound
Of flute and harp; and, standing at their doors,
Admiring women on the pageant gazed.
Meanwhile a busy throng the forum filled:
There between two a fierce contention rose,
About a death-fine; to the public one
Appealed, asserting to have paid the whole;
While one denied that he had aught received.
Both were desirous that before the judge

The issue should be tried; with noisy shouts
Their several partisans encouraged each.
The heralds stilled the tumult of the crowd.
On polished chairs, in solemn circle, sat
The reverend Elders; in their hands they held
The loud-voiced herald's sceptres; waving these,
They heard the alternate pleadings; in the midst
Two talents lay of gold, which he should take
Who should before them prove his righteous cause.
Before the second town two armies lay,
In arms refulgent; to destroy the town
The assailants threatened, or among themselves
Of all the wealth within the city stored
An equal half as ransom to divide.
The terms rejecting, the defenders manned
A secret ambush; on the walls they placed
Women and children mustered for defence,
And men by age enfeebled; forth they went,
By Mars and Pallas led; these wrought in gold,
In golden arms arrayed, above the crowd
For beauty and stature, as befitting gods,
Conspicuous shone; of lesser height the rest.
But when the destined ambuscade was reached,
Beside the river, where the shepherds drove
Their flocks and herds to water, down they lay,
In glittering arms accoutred; and apart
They placed two spies, to notify betimes
The approach of flocks of sheep and lowing herds.
These, in two shepherds' charge, ere long appeared,
Who, unsuspecting as they moved along,
Enjoyed the music of their pastoral pipes.
Then on the booty, from afar discerned,
Sprang from their ambuscade; and cutting off
The herds and fleecy flocks, their guardians slew.
Their comrades heard the tumult, where they sat
Before their sacred altars, and forthwith
Sprang on their cars, and with fast-stepping steeds
Pursued the plunderers, and o'ertook them soon.
There on the river's bank they met in arms,
And at each other hurled their brazen spears.
And there were figured Strife and Tumult wild,

And deadly Fate, who in her iron grasp
One newly wounded, one unwounded bore,
While by the feet from out the press she dragged
Another slain: about her shoulders hung
A garment crimsoned with the blood of men.
Like living men they seemed to move, to fight,
To drag away the bodies of the slain.

And there was graven a wide-extended plain
Of fallow land, rich, fertile meadow-soil,
Thrice ploughed; where many ploughmen up and down
Their teams were driving; and as each attained
The limit of the field, would one advance,
And tender him a cup of generous wine:
Then would he turn, and to the end again
Along the furrow cheerily drive his plough.
And still behind them darker showed the soil,
The true presentment of a new-ploughed field,
Though wrought in gold; a miracle of art.

There too was graven a cornfield, rich in grain,
Where with sharp sickles reapers plied their task,
And thick, in even swathe, the trusses fell;
The binders, following close, the bundles tied:
Three were the binders; and behind them boys
In close attendance waiting, in their arms
Gathered the bundles, and in order piled.
Amid them, staff in hand, in silence stood
The king, rejoicing in the plenteous swathe.
A little way removed, the heralds slew
A sturdy ox, and now beneath an oak
Prepared the feast; while women mixed, hard by,
White barley porridge for the laborers' meal.

And with ruch clusters laden, there was graven
A vineyard fair, all gold; of glossy black
The bunches were, on silver poles sustained:
Around, a darksome trench; beyond, a fence
Was wrought, of shining tin; and through it led
One only path, by which the bearers passed,
Who gathered in the vineyard's bounteous store.
Where maids and youths, in joyous spirits bright,
In woven baskets bore the luscious fruit.
A boy, amid them, from a clear-toned harp

Drew lovely music; well his liquid voice
The strings accompanied: they all with dance
And songs harmonious joined, and joyous shouts,
As the gay bevy lightly tripped along.
Of straight-horned cattle too a herd was graven:
Of gold and tin the heifers all were wrought:
They to the pasture, from the cattle-yard,
With gentle lowings, by a babbling stream,
Where quivering reed-beds rustled, slowly moved.
Four golden shepherds walked beside the herd,
By nine swift dogs attended; then amid
The foremost heifers sprang two lions fierce,
Upon the lordly bull, he bellowing loud,
Was dragged along, by dogs and youths pursued.
The tough bull's-hide they tore, and gorging lapped
The intestines and dark blood; with vain attempt
The herdsmen, following closely, to the attack
Cheered their swift dogs; these shunned the lions' jaws,
And close around them baying, held aloof.
And there the skilful artist's hand had traced
A pasture broad with fleecy flocks o'erspread,
In a fair glade, with folds, and tents, and pens.
There, too, the skilful artist's hand had wrought
With curious workmanship, a mazy dance,
Like that which Dædalus in Cnossus erst
At fair-haired Ariadne's bidding framed.
There, laying each on other's wrists their hand,
Bright youths and many-suitored maidens danced;
In fair white linen these, in tunics those,
Well woven, shining soft with fragrant oils;
These with fair coronets were crowned, while those
With golden swords from silver belts were girt.
Now whirled they round with nimbled practised feet,
Easy, as when a potter, seated, turns
A wheel, new fashioned by his skilful hand,
And spins it round, to prove if true it run;
About the margin of the massive shield
Was wrought the mighty strength of the ocean stream.
The shield completed, vast and strong, he forged
A breast-plate, dazzling bright as flame of fire;
And next, a weighty helmet for his head,

Fair, richly wrought, with crest of gold above;
Then last, well-fitting greaves of pliant tin.
The skilled artificer his works complete
Before Achilles's goddess-mother laid;
She like a falcon, from the snow-clad heights
Of huge Olympus, darted swiftly down,
Charged with the glittering arms by Vulcan wrought.
—*Iliad, XX.*, 528–700.

DERBY, George Horatio ("John Phœnix"), an American soldier and humorist; born at Dedham, Mass., April 3, 1823; died at New York, May 15, 1861. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1846. He served in the army during the Mexican War, and was afterward stationed in California. Here he began writing a series of humorous sketches under the nom de plume of "John Phœnix" for the newspapers and magazines. They attracted almost immediate attention, and in 1855, were published in book form under the title of *Phœnixiana.* In 1859 appeared a second volume of sketches called *The Squibob Papers.*

John Phœnix ranks next to Artemus Ward among early American humorists. His *Phœnixiana* was reprinted in England, and the thirteenth American edition was issued in New York in 1889. In the preface to *Phœnixiana,* he writes:

"This book is merely a collection of sundry sketches, recently published in the newspapers and magazines of California. They were received with approval, sepa-

rately, and it is to be hoped they may meet with it on their appearance in a collected form. When first published, the Author supposed he had seen and heard the last of them, but circumstances entirely beyond his control have led to their republication. The Author does not flatter himself that he has made any very great addition to the literature of the age, by this performance; but if his book turns out to be a very bad one, he will be consoled by the reflection that it is by no means the first, and probably will not be the last of that kind, that has been given to the Public. Meanwhile, this is, by the blessing of Divine Providence, and through the exertions of the Immortal Washington, a free country; and no man can be compelled to read any thing against his inclination."

PHŒNIX IS ON THE SEA.

Bright and beautiful rose the sun, from out the calm blue sea, its early rays gleaming on the snow-white decks of the *Northerner,* and "gilding refined gold" as they penetrated the state-room "A," and lingering, played among the tresses of the slumbering McAuburn. It was a lovely morning, "the winds were all hushed, and the waters at rest," and no sound was heard but the throbbing of the engine and the splash of the paddle wheels as the gallant old *Northerner* sped on her way, "tracking the trackless sea." Two sailors engaged in their morning devotions with the holy stones near my room, amused me not a little. One of them, either accidentally or with "malice prepense," threw a bucket of water against the bulwark, which *ricocheting,* struck the other on his dorsal extremity, as he leaned to his work, making that portion of his frame exceedingly damp and him exceedingly angry. "You just try that again, —— your soul," exclaimed the offended one, "and I'll slap your chops for you." "Oh, yes you will," sarcastically rejoined he of the water bucket, "I've heerd of you afore! *You're old chop-slapper's son, ain't you? Father went round slapping people's chops, didn't he?"* Then followed a short fight, in which, as might have been expected, "Old chop-slapper's son" got rather the worst of it.

There was no excuse for being sick that morning, so our passengers, still pale, but with cheerful hope depicted in their countenances, soon began to throng the deck, segars were again brought into requisition, and we had an opportunity of ascertaining "whether there was any Bourbon among us." A capital set of fellows they were. There was Moore, and Parker, and Bowers (one of Joe Bowers' boys), and Sarsaparilla Meade, and Freeman, which last mentioned gentleman, so amusing were they, appeared to be travelling *expressly* to entertain us. And there were no ladies, which to me was a blessed dispensation.

> "Oh, woman! in our hours of ease
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

Certainly: but at sea, Woman, you are decidedly disagreeable. In the first place, you generally bring babies with you, which are a crying evil, and then you have to have the best state-room and the first seat at the table, and monopolize the captain's attention and his room, and you make remarks to one another about us, and our segars and profanity, and accuse us of singing rowdy songs, nights; and you generally wind up by doing some scandalous thing yourself, when half of us take your part and the other half don't, and we get all together by the ears, and a pretty state of affairs ensues. No, woman! you are agreeable enough on shore, if taken homeopathically, but on a steamer, you are a decided nuisance.

We had a glorious day aboard the old *Northerner;* we played whist, and sang songs, and told stories, many of which were coeval with our ancient school-lessons, and like them came very easy, going over the second time, and many drank strong waters, and becoming mopsed thereon, toasted "the girls we'd left behind us," whereat one, who, being a temperance man, had guzzled soda-water until his eyes seemed about to *pop* from his head, pondered deeply, sighed, and said nothing. And so we laughed, and sang, and played, and whiskied, and soda-

watered through the day. And fast the old *Northerner* rolled on. And at night the Captain gave us a grand game supper in his room, at which game we played not, but went at it in sober earnest; and then there were more songs (the same ones, though, and the same stories too, over again), and some speechifying, and much fun, until at eight bells we separated, some shouting, some laughing, some crying (but not with sorrow), but all extremely happy, and so we turned in. But before I sought state-room A that night, I executed a small scheme, for insuring undisturbed repose, which I had revolved in my mind during the day, and which met with the most brilliant success, as you shall hear.

You remember the two snobs that every night, in the pursuit of exercise under difficulties, walk up and down on the deck, arm in arm, right over your state-room. You remember how, when just as you are getting into your first doze, they commence, tramp! tramp! tramp! right over your head; then you "hear them fainter, fainter still;" you listen in horrible dread of their return, nourishing the while a feeble-minded hope that they may have gone below — when, horror! here they come, louder, louder, till tramp! tramp! tramp! they go over your head again, and with rage in your heart, at the conviction that sleep is impossible, you sit up in bed and despairingly light an unnecessary segar. They were on board the *Northerner,* and the night before had aroused my indignation to that strong pitch that I had determined on their downfall. So, before retiring, I proceeded to the upper deck, and there did I quietly attach a small cord to the stanchions, which stretching across, about six inches from the planking, formed what in maritime matters is known as a "booby trap." This done, I repaired to my room, turned in and calmly awaited the result. In ten minutes they came, I heard them laughing together as they mounted the ladder. They commenced the exercise, louder, louder, tramp! tramp! — thump! (a double-barrelled thump) down they came together, "Oh, what a fall was there my countrymen." Two deep groans were elicited, and then followed what, if published, would make two closely printed royal octavo pages of profanity. I

heard them d—n the soul of the man that did it. It was *my* soul that they alluded to, but I cared not, I lay there chuckling; "they called, but I answered not again," and when at length they limped away, their loud profanity subdued to a blasphemous growl, I turned over in a sweet frame of mind, and, falling instantaneously asleep, dreamed a dream, a happy dream of "home and thee"—Susan Ann Jane!

The next morning bright and early, the Coronados hove in sight, and at 10 o'clock we rounded Point Loma and ran alongside the coal hulk *Clarissa Andrews* at the Playa of San Diego — just forty-nine hours from San Francisco.

The captain (he is the crew also) of the *Clarissa Andrews,* the gallant Bogart, stood on her rail ready to catch our flying line, and in a few moments we were secured alongside, our engine motionless and my journey ended.

It was with no small regret that I bade adieu to our merry passengers and our glorious captain. Noble fellow! I don't wonder enthusiastic passengers get up subscriptions and make speeches and present plate and trumpets, and what not to such men. It's very natural.

A good captain is sure to have a good ship; a voyage with him becomes an agreeable matter; he makes his passengers happy and they very naturally fall in love with him, and seek some method of displaying their attachment and "trumpeting his praise abroad." Our captain was one of this sort; kind, courteous and obliging, and "every inch a sailor," he is as much beloved and respected by his passengers as Dick Whiting of the *California* (who to my mind is the *ne plus ultra* of steamboat men), and when I say that the first letter of his name is Isham, I'm sure every body that ever travelled with him, will agree with me.

The *Northerner,* too, is a splendid and most comfortable ship, as which of the Pacific Mail boats are not? however. And this subject brings to my mind a little circumstance which took place the day before I left San Francisco.

A shabby-genteel individual, with a pale face, in the

centre of which shone a purple nose that couldn't be beat (though it resembled the vegetable of that name), called on me, and drawing from his coat-tail pocket, with an air of mystery, a voluminous manuscript, spread it solemnly before me and requested my signature. It was a petition to Congress, or Mr. Pierce, or John Bigler, or somebody, to transfer the contract for carrying the mails, from the "Pacific Company" to "Vanderbilt's Line," and was signed by Brown & Co., Jones & Co., Smith & Brothers, Noakes, Stiles & Thompson, and ever so many more responsible firms, whereof I recognized but one, which deals in candy nightly at the corner of Commercial and Montgomery streets, and pays no taxes, and whose correspondence with the Eastern States I suspect is not large. I love to sign my name. It is a weakness that most modest men have. I love to write it, and cut it, and scratch it in steeples, and monuments, and other places of public resort. Most men do. It looks pretty, passes away the time, perpetuates their memory among posterity, and *costs nothing*. I frequently buy something that I don't want at all, just for the pleasure of signing my name to a check — (I bought a ridiculous buggy the other day for no other reason that I can imagine). But I had no inclination to append my autograph to *that* petition, and I declined, positively and peremptorily — declined. My friend with the nose rolled up his eyes and rolled up his paper, pocketed it, and was about to withdraw. "Stop!" said I, as a vivid recollection flashed across my mind; "what are you going about with that paper for? Didn't I see you a few months ago marching down the street at the head of a long procession, bearing a big banner with "VANDERBILT'S DEATH LINE!" in great letters thereon, and giving vent to all sorts of scurrility against the Nicaragua route?" The red nose grew redder, as he muttered something about "a man's being obliged to get a living," and he retired. I saw him go and get his boots blacked by a Frenchman right opposite, give him a quarter, and get him to sign his name, which that exile did and thought it was a receipt for the money, and I laughed heartily. But it is no laughing matter.

Having taken leave of all on board the dear old *Northerner,* and shaken hands twice all around, during which process the mate sang out, "Bare a hand there," and I mechanically took off my glove, McAuburn and I were transported to the shore, where, while waiting for a wagon to take us to the old town of San Diego, we stopped at the little public house of the Playa, kept by a civil fellow named Donahoo, whom the Spaniards here, judging from his name (*Don't know who*), believe to be the son of old "*Quien sabe*" himself.—*Phœnixiana.*

DÉROULÈDE, Paul, a French poet; born at Paris, September 2, 1846. He studied in Paris and at Versailles; and was put to the law, but chose the army in preference. In 1867 he inserted some verses in the *Revue Nationale* under the nom de plume of Jean Rebel. He assisted at the opening ceremonies of the Suez Canal in 1869; and returning to Paris he brought out at the Théâtre Française a drama in one act in verse, entitled *Juan Strenner.* He was a volunteer in the Franco-German war, and was wounded at the battle of Sedan; escaped to Belgium; returned to Paris; fought against the Commune; received the decoration of the Legion of Honor; was prominent in politics as Chairman of the League of Patriots, and was throughout the exciting political life of Boulanger his most prominent supporter. Of his literary works, his *Chansons d'un Soldat,* in two series, issued in 1872 and 1875, were extremely popular, and in 1877 his fame was enhanced by the *L'Hetman;* which was followed in 1880 by *La Moabite.* Later works by "the author of *The Songs of a Sol-*

dier" are *De l'Education Nationale* (1882); *Monsieur le Uhlan et les Trois Couleurs* (1884), an illustrated Christmas story; *Refrains Militaires* (1888); a romance entitled *Histoire d'Amour* (1890); and *Chants du Paysan* (1894).

"The poems of Déroulède, crowned by the French Academy," says Vapereau's *Dictionnaire des Contemporains,* "enjoyed a truly popular success; which they well deserved for the truthfulness of their patriotic sentiment. They ran through numerous editions, and were widely scattered abroad in the form of extracts, which were distributed in the barracks and in the schools."

"Paul Déroulède's appearances in politics," said the London *Athenæum,* upon the publication of *Chants du Paysan* in 1894, "have often been so grotesque and eccentric to British taste, that it is to be feared the ordinary Englishman regards him as a kind of mountebank. This would be unjust, for something better than mere Chauvinism and charlatanism has gone to the popularizing of the more than three hundred editions of his *Chants du Soldat* and its Tyrtæan sequels. There are many worse poetical inspirations than a very ardent patriotism; while M. Déroulède's faculties of expression are far indeed from despicable. The same qualities reproduce themselves not unsuccessfully in his *Chants du Paysan,* the fruit, as he tells us, of some months' retirement (in more or less disgust at things political and semi-political) to the Angoumois."

COMRADES FOREVER.

The tomb for me? The tomb? But why?
I would not rest thus all alone;
Nay, let me in the trenches lie

Beside my brother warriors thrown.
Comrades of old, of the wars gone by,
I, too, come; my last "halt" draws nigh:
Brave hearts, ye're bound to mine own!

The sheet for me? The sheet? But why?
Let all such go to bed to groan;
The warrior elsewhere ne'er will die,
But on the field of blood alone.
Comrades of old, of the wars gone by,
Friends of my prayers, of my dying sigh,
Brave hearts, ye're bound to mine own!

The tear for me? The tear? But why?
Funeral bells for the conquered moan;
"Victorious France!" is all my cry;
Victorious France! thy foes are flown!
Comrades of old, of the wars gone by,
Pain's a delusion, and death is a lie!
Brave hearts, ye're bound to mine own!

—*From Poems Militaires.*

DERZHAVIN, GABRIEL (properly, DERSHAWIN, GAVRIL ROMANOVITCH), a Russian statesman and poet; born at Kazan, July 14, 1743; died at Novgorod, July 9, 1816. He was of noble Tartar descent; entered the gymnasium at Kazan in 1758; thence he went to St. Petersburg, entered the military, and subsequently the civil service. In 1791 the Empress Catharine II. made him Secretary of State, and a few years afterward President of the College of Commerce. Upon the accession, in 1796, of Paul to the imperial throne, Derzhavin was placed at the head of the Council of State. In 1800 he became

Imperial Treasurer, and in 1802 Minister of Justice. A complete edition of his Works, in five volumes, was published at St. Petersburg in 1810–15. They comprise an Ode on the Birth of the Emperor Alexander, one on Irreligion, and the magnificent one upon God, which has been translated into many Oriental and most Occidental languages.

ODE TO GOD.

O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God;—there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,
Who fillest existence with Thyself alone;
Embracing all — supporting — ruling o'er:
Being whom we call God — and know no more!

In its sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep, may count
The sands or the sun's rays; but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure, none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can mount so high.
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First Chaos, then Existence;—Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprang forth from Thee — of light, joy, harmony;
Sole origin; all life, all beauty Thine,
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art and wert, and shall be! glorious, great,
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
  Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning and the end has bound,
  And beautifully mingled life and death.
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
  So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
  Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
  Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
  Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
  All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? — Piles of crystal light,
  A glorious company of golden streams,
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright,
  Suns of lighting systems, with their joyous beams?
  But Thou to those are the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water to the sea,
  All this magnificence to Thee is lost;
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
  And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
  In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
  Against Thy greatness; is a cipher brought
  Against infinity! What am I, then? — Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
  Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too:
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
  As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! But I live, and on Hope's pinions fly
  Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,
  Even to the eternal throne of Thy divinity;
  I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart,
Though but an atom 'mid immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand;
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost;
And the next step is Spirit — Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown? This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
From out itself alone it could not be.

Creator! yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created *me*. Thou source of life and good!
Thou, spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plentitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul to spring
O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight, beyond this little sphere,
E'en to its source — to Thee — its Author — there!

O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
Though worthless our conception all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good —
Mid Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears its gratitude.

— *Translation of* BOWRING.

MONODY ON PRINCE MESTCHASKY.

O iron tongue of Time, with thy sharp metallic tone,
The terrible voice affrights me:
Each beat of the clock summons me,
Calls me, and hurries me to the grave.
Scarcely have I opened my eyes upon the world,
Ere Death grinds its teeth,
And with his scythe that gleams with lightning,
Cuts off my days, which are but grass.

Not one of the horned beasts of the field,
Not a single blade of grass escapes,
Monarch and beggar alike are food for the worm.
The noxious elements feed the grave,
And Time effaces all human glory;
As the swift waters rush toward the sea,
So our days and years flow into Eternity,
And Empires are swallowed up by greedy Death.

We crawl along the edge of the treacherous abyss,
Into which we quickly fall headlong:
With our first breath of life we inhale death,
And are only born that we may die.
Stars are shivered by him,
And suns are momentarily quenched,
Each world trembles at his menace,
And Death unpityingly levels all.

The mortal scarce thinks that he can die.
And idly dreams himself immortal,
When Death comes to him as a thief,
And in an instant robs him of his life.
Alas! where fondly we fear the least,
There will Death the sooner come;
Nor does the lightning-bolt with swifter blast
Topple down the towering pinnacle.

Child of luxury, child of freshness and delight,
Mestchasky, where hast thou hidden thyself?
Thou hast left the realms of light,

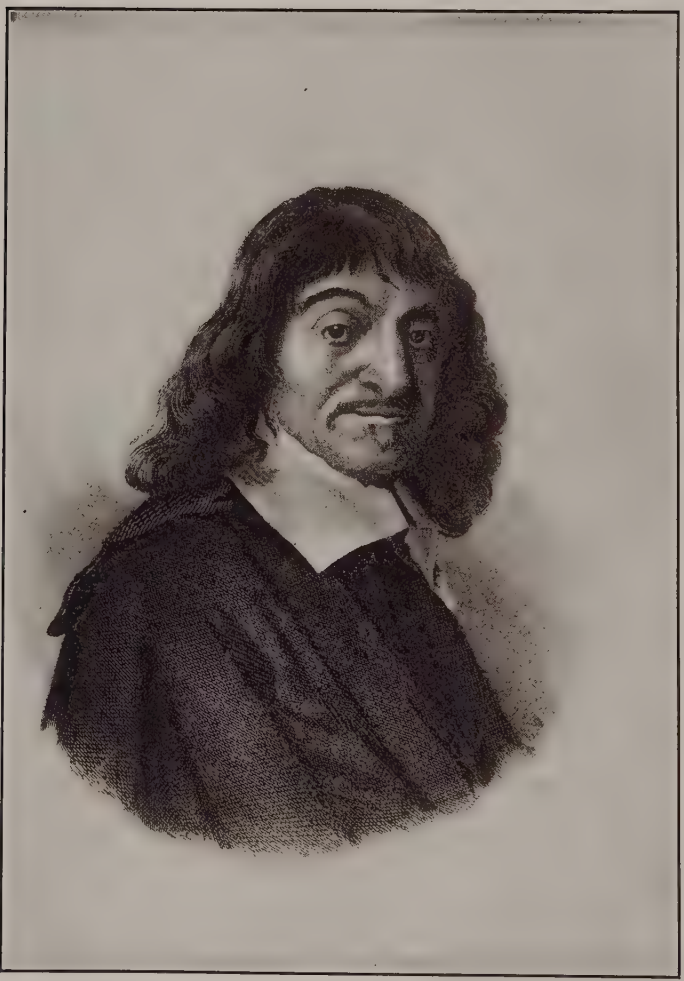
And withdrawn to the shores of the dead;
Thy dust is here, but thy soul is no more with us.
Where is it? It is there. Where is *there?* We know not.
We can only weep and sob forth,
Woe to us that we were ever born into the world!

They who are radiant with health,
Love, joy, and peace,
Feel their blood run cold
And their souls to be fretted with woe.
Where but now was spread a banquet, there stands a coffin;
Where but now rose mad cries of revelry,
There resounds the bitter wailing of mourners;
And over all keeps Death his watch:

Watches us one and all — the mighty Czar
Within whose hands are lodged the destinies of a world;
Watches the sumptuous Dives,
Who makes of gold and silver his idol-gods;
Watches the fair beauty rejoicing in her charms;
Watches the sage, proud of his intellect;
Watches the strong man, confident in his strength;
And, even as he watches, sharpens the blade of his scythe.

O Death, thou essence of fear and trembling!
O Man, thou strange mixture of grandeur and of nothingness!
To-day a God, and to-morrow a patch of earth:
To-day buoyed up with cheating hope,
And to-morrow, where art thou, man?
Scarce an hour of triumph allowed thee,
Ere thou hast taken thy flight to the realms of Chaos,
And thy whole course of life, a dream, is run.

Like a dream, like some sweet vision,
Already my youth has vanished quite.
Beauty no longer enjoys her potent sway,
Gladness no more, as once entrances me,



RENE DESCARTES.

My mind is no longer free and fanciful,
And all my happiness is changed.
I am troubled for a longing for fame;
I listen; the voice of fame now calls me.

But even so will manhood pass away,
And together with fame all my aspirations.
The love of wealth will tarnish all
And each passion in its turn
Will sway the soul and pass
Avaunt happiness, that boasts to be within our grasp —
All happiness is but evanescent and a lie:
I stand at the gate of eternity.

— *Translation of* CHARLES EDWARD TURNER.

DESCARTES, RENÉ (Latinized into RENATUS CARTESIUS), a French philosopher; born at La Haye, Touraine, March 31, 1596; died at Stockholm, February 11, 1650. He was of a noble family in Touraine; was trained in the Jesuit College of La Flèche, where he prosecuted his philosophical studies with great success. But in compliance with the wishes of his family he entered the army in 1616, and saw considerable military service during the ensuing five years. Leaving the army, he travelled for several years in various parts of Europe, devoting himself to a close observation of natural phenomena, and to the formulation of his theory of the principles of human knowledge. He acquired a high reputation among all learned men, and is justly placed by the side of Bacon, Newton, and Kant among the founders of modern philosophical research, which he pushed into every department of physical and metaphysical investigation.

In 1644 he put forth his *Principia Philosophiæ,* and soon after received a pension of 3,000 livres from the King of France. In 1648 Queen Christina of Sweden invited him to come to Stockholm as director of an academy which she proposed to found, with a salary of 3,000 crowns. He died two years after, and was buried at Stockholm; but sixteen years afterward Louis XIV. caused his remains to be brought to Paris, where they were reinterred in the church of Ste. Geneviève du Mont. The writings of Descartes, some in Latin, some in French, are very numerous. The latest, and probably best, edition is that of Victor Cousin's *Œuvres Complètes de Descartes* (11 vols., 1824–26). No entire translation into English, of any of his works has been published; but Professor Mahaffy's volume upon Descartes (London, 1885) contains a fair summary of his teachings, in the various departments of human knowledge, with translations of the important passages.

DO ANIMALS THINK?

As to the understanding conceded by Montaigne and others to brutes I differ, not for the reason usually alleged that man possesses an absolute dominion over the brutes, which may not always be true, either as regards strength or cunning; but I consider that they imitate or surpass us only in those actions which are not directed by thought — such as walking, eating, and putting our hands out when we are falling. And people who walk in their sleep are said to have swum across rivers, in which they would have been drowned had they awakened. As regards the movements of the passions, although they are accompanied in us by thought, because we possess that faculty, it is yet plain that they do not depend upon it, because they occur often in spite of it, so that even their more violent occurrence

in the brutes cannot prove to us that they have thoughts. In fine, there is no single external action which can convince those who examine it that our body is not merely a machine which moves of itself, but has in it a thinking mind, except the use of words, or other signs (such as those of mutes) made in relation to whatever presents itself, without any regard to the passions. This excludes the talking of parrots, and includes that of the insane, as the latter may be *à propos,* though it be absurd, while the former is not. It also excludes the cries of joy or pain, as well as all that can be taught to animals by acting on their hopes or fears of bodily pleasure or pain; which is the principle of all training of animals.

It is remarkable that language, so defined, applies to man only; for although Montaigne and Charron say there is more difference among men than between men and brutes, there has never yet been found a brute so perfect as to use some sign to inform other animals of things not relating to their passions; nor is there any man so imperfect who does not use such signs — even the deaf and dumb inventing them. This latter fact seems to prove that it is not from a want of organs that brutes do not speak. Nor can we argue that they talk among themselves, but that we do not understand them; for dogs express to us their passions so well that they could certainly express their thoughts if they had any.

I know that the beasts do many things better than we do, which only proves that they act by natural springs, like a clock, which marks time better than we can determine it by our judgment. The habits of bees, the return of the swallows, and the order of flying cranes, and the supposed battle-order of monkeys, is of the same kind; and finally that of dogs and cats, which scratch the earth to bury their excrements, though they hardly ever really do so; which shows that they do it by instinct, without thinking. We can only say that though the beasts perform no acts which can prove to us that they think, still, because of the likeness of their organs to ours, we may conjecture that there is some thought

joined to them, as we perceive in our own case, although theirs must be far less perfect. To this I have nothing to reply, except that, if they thought as we do, they must have an immortal soul, which is not likely, as we have no reason to extend it to some animals without extending it to all — such as worms, oysters, sponges, etc.

THE NATURE OF IDEAS.

Among our thoughts, some are, as it were, images of things, and to these only is properly applied the term *idea,* as when I have before me a man, a chimera, heaven, an angel, or even God. Other thoughts have a different form, as when I wish or fear, affirm or deny; then I conceive, indeed, something as the subject of my mental action, but I also add something else by this action to the idea in my mind; and of this kind of thoughts, some are called *volitions* or *affections,* and the rest *judgments.* The mere perception of ideas cannot possibly contain any error; it is in our judgments concerning them that error consists. Thus I infer from these ideas that they are produced by external objects like them, because I fancy that I am so taught by nature, and because they do not depend upon my will. And yet these inferences may be false. For being *taught by nature* means not only the evidence of that *natural light* which is the highest and most perfect guarantee of the truth of our simple intuitions — it may also mean a certain *spontaneous inclination, a blind and rash impulse,* which certainly deceives me, for example, in the choice between virtue and vice, and therefore cannot be trusted in the distinction of truth and falsehood. Thus our ideas might be produced by no external cause, but by some as yet undiscovered faculty within ourselves; and even if they were, this external cause need not resemble our ideas. Nay, in many cases we know that it does not. It is only by reflecting carefully on the truth revealed to us by natural light, that all ideas of mental objects must be derived from causes which contain formally all the reality possessed objectively by the ideas, that I am able to deduce this conclusion: All the ideas of body which are clear

to my mind — viz., trinal extension, figure, place, movement, substance, duration, and number — are real and true; those of light, color, taste, heat, cold, etc., are so obscure and confused that nature teaches me nothing about their reality or their causes. They may even proceed from non-being, or from some want in my nature. And so of many other ordinary prejudices, which have infected not only common life, but even philosophy.

BEING AND NON-BEING.

When I come to examine the cause of the many errors which are manifestly made by human nature, I find that together with the idea of a Being of sovereign perfection, I have as its opposite a negative idea of non-being (*le néant*) — that is, of what is infinitely removed from all perfection; and that I am, so to speak, intermediate between the sovereign Being and non-being, that there is nothing in me which can lead to error, in so far as the sovereign Being has produced me. But if I regard myself as participating to some extent in the *néant* or non-being — viz., in so far as I am not myself the sovereign Being, and that I am deficient in several things — I find myself exposed to an infinity of deficiencies. And thus I know that error, as such, is nothing real depending on God, but only a defect; and that to err I require no particular faculty given me by God for that purpose, but it merely happens that I am deceived because the power given me by God to discern truth from falsehood is not infinite.

DESJARDINS, Paul, a French educator, reformer, and journalist; known as the chief exponent of "desjardinism"— a term variously described as the expression of the purest and utmost ideality of thought, and as the protest of literary

France against the gross materialism of what is popularly known as "French literature." He studied at the École Normale Supérieure, in Paris; entering the section des lettres in 1879, from which he was graduated in 1881. He devoted himself to teaching; and was for a time Professor of Rhetoric at the Lyceum of Le Mans, and afterward of philosophy and rhetoric at the celebrated military college of La Flèche. In 1885 he became Professor of Rhetoric at the Communal College of St. Stanislaus, in Paris. This position he held for ten years, exchanging in 1895 for the chair of rhetoric at the Lycée Michelet. He first came into general public notice as a member of the brilliant editorial staff of the *Journal des Débats,* and as a writer — "of amazing universality" — for the newspaper and periodical press generally. His series of *Notes Contemporaines,* including *Les Obscurs; Esquisses; Compagnons de la Vie Nouvelle,* and *Portraits* (of innumerable illustrations, *Illustre,* and comparatively unknown, *Inconnu,* people of our own day), were particularly praised by the advocates of "the pure passion of the Ideal." *Un Critique,* an article in which he said that Voltaire had no soul, was much criticised, favorably and unfavorably, by the disciples and the opponents of the psychic school. A little book of eighty-two pages, entitled *Le Devoir Présent,* published by Desjardins in 1892, brought upon him a flood of questions from almost every part of the literary world; and these he answered through the columns of the daily papers in a series of articles on *The Conversion of the Church.* With other authors he formed a "Union" for *Moral Action;* to the organ of which, more and more exclusively, he gave his contributions on literary spirituality.

"The vast gulf," writes Madame Blaze de Bury, "that separates Paul Desjardins from — we might almost say — *all* other schools and other masters here in France, is best indicated by the one word irony. More or less, irony has reigned for centuries over the thought of France, from Rabelais to Balzac, and from La Rochefoucauld to the pessimists of our own age; and few, indeed, and interrupted have been the flashes of idealism or tenderness, even of cheaper pity, in between. It is a wholesome thing for those who in this strange nation are careless of its general morality, and feel little dissatisfaction with its want of soul, to read the admirable reflections of M. Desjardins on the old malady of Gaul. It has many aspects. We all know to what measure of punishment Alexandre Dumas consigned it in its final stage of incurability, when its *ricanement* wakes the echoes of the boulevards. Desjardins mourns over it tenderly, though it offends all the delicate and grave susceptibilities of his nature, which suffers in the midst of a civilization that vainly seeks to fly from regret at its own inability to feel."

POETRY AS INFLUENCED BY PAINTING.

For the many weary years during which poetry (real poetry) lay dead in France, those among our artists who felt the loveliness of Nature, and chief among them our landscape painters — Rousseau, Millet, Dupré, and, truest of all, Corot — garnered up within their studio walls the divine faculty of finding inspiration in the Invisible. Their *ateliers* were temples. And as painting itself is a language, though disguised — a language speaking by hints, suggesting what the soul seeks to convey — it came to pass that all art, thus prepared by the action of a mute ideal, became itself suggestive, and therefore inapt

at loudness or coarseness of speech, interpreting by imagery the finer emotions untranslatable in words; and thus these veiled images, sufficient for the imagination of the eye, gave to painting a soul that nevertheless stopped short of the definite expression of a spoken tongue. There does remain to our young poetry of to-day a sort of indistinctness, full of charm, a kind of melodious haze made up of broken silences (*des silences brisés*) and movements half implied. Its earlier accents in their untaught sincerity were full of the sweet lispings of childhood's incompleteness — it was, as it were, a dim art, surrounded by the vaporous shadows of an extinct time.— *From Les Obscurs; translation of* MADAME BLAZE DE BURY.

THE ALPINE PEASANTS AND THE PARISIANS.

The speech and thought of these men is plain and direct, devoid of artifice, clear and fathomable; they furnish you an unvarnished tale of their own simple experience, the life-experience of a man, no more! They neither invent nor disguise, and are totally incapable of presenting either fact or circumstance in a way that shall suggest to the hearer another or a different sense. Our woeful habit of ridiculing what lies at the bottom of our hearts they have never learned; they copy, line by line, and stroke by stroke, the meaning that is in them, the intentions of their inner mind. In our Parisian haunts, it seems to me that their success would be a problem; but they are heedless of "success;" and to us, when we escape from our vitiated centres, from an atmosphere poisoned by that perpetual straining after effect, the pure undressed simplicity of these "primitives" is as refreshing as to our over-excited and exhausted nerves are the green, quiet, hidden nooks of their Alpine solitudes. With them there is no need of imaginative expression; the trouble of thought is useless; their words are the transparent revelation of their beliefs. The calm brought to the hyper-civilized spirit by this plainness and directness of nature is absolutely indescribable; and when I came to reflect on the pro-

foundness of mental quietude — I might say of consolation — that I had attained to during my wanderings, I could not help recognizing what a cruel, fatal part is played in the lives of all of us by irony. It is, with Frenchmen, a kind of veneer worn, even by the most unpretentious, in place of whatever may be real in them; and where this outward seeming is absent, they are completely at a loss. Well-bred Frenchmen rarely, if ever, have or pronounce an opinion, or pass a judgment — unless with a playful obliquity of judgment, and on things in general. They assume an air of knowing what they are talking about, and of having probed the vanity of all human effort before they have ever attempted or approached it; and even this indifference, this disdain, this apparent dislike to the responsibility of so much as an opinion, even this is not natural, not innate; its formula is not of their own creation; it is but the repetition of what was originated by some one else. The truth is, that in our atmosphere all affirmative action is difficult; it is hard either to be or to do. This habit of irony has destroyed all healthful activity here. It is a mere instrument of evil; if you grasp it, it turns to mischief in your hands, and either slips from and eludes them, or wounds you — as often as not mortally.— *From Notes Contemporaines.*

THE GOOD IS ALL.

We must labor, labor hard, to understand, respect, and tenderly love in others whatever contains one single grain of simple, intrinsic Goodness. Believe me, this is everywhere, and it is everywhere to be found, if you will only look for it.

The supremacy of the truly Good! — here lies the root of the whole teaching — the whole new way of looking at things and judging men.

The fame of Voltaire will be cruelly diminished by all this — I know it well. But do you really hold by Voltaire as much as that? Voltaire had no soul; mind that (though I think Ste. Beuve forgot it); and remember that, in place of the mere cleverness of those vanished

days, some great thing of which we know nothing yet, but only guess, may, and surely will, be born.— *From Un Critique.*

DE VERE, Sir Aubrey Hunt, an Irish poet; born at Curragh Chase, County Limerick, August 28, 1788; died there, July 5, 1846. He was the eldest son of Vere Hunt, who was created a baronet of Ireland in 1784. He succeeded to the title upon the death of his father in 1818; and by royal license he assumed the surname and arms of De Vere in 1832. He was educated partly by a private tutor at Ambleside, and was afterward a student with Byron and Peel at Harrow. "He led the life of a quiet country gentleman, and his modesty prevented him from publishing much in his lifetime." His *Julian the Apostate,* a dramatic poem which he published in 1822, is mentioned in Burke's *Peerage and Baronetage* for 1897; as are also *The Duke of Mercia,* a historical drama which appeared in 1823, and *The Song of Faith,* which he issued four years before his death. His later works, published posthumously, include *Mary Tudor* (1847), a historical drama which Sir Aubrey had written in 1844; and the *Sonnets,* which had been included in the issue of 1842, but which were published separately in 1875 with a memoir by his son, Aubrey Thomas De Vere. Wordsworth pronounced these sonnets to be "the most perfect of our age;" and Leslie Stephen says that "they show his chivalrous sentiment," that "he was a man of high patriotic feeling, attached to no party, and though in-

clining to Toryism, averse to the old-fashioned prejudices of his party."

The Quarterly Review, after quoting with admiration the estimate of Sir Aubrey by his gifted son: "In that brow I see three things — Imagination, Reverence, and Honor," proceeds as follows:—"We should be content to rest Sir Aubrey De Vere's reputation upon his sonnets, pronounced by Wordsworth amongst the most perfect of our age, or upon that magnificent creation, *Mary Tudor,* which two such different minds as those of Mr. Gladstone and the late Cardinal Manning agreed in placing next to Shakespeare. The high level sustained by his poetry is one of its most striking characteristics. He is never paltry; and the verse moves with a conscious unflagging dignity that corresponds to the grave and luminous current of thought beneath."

LADY JANE GREY IN PRISON.

A prison in the Tower. LADY JANE GREY, *alone, sewing a shroud. She turns an hour-glass.*

Jane.— I nevermore shall turn that glass. For me
Time is fulfilled: and ere those sands run down,
My trembling fingers must complete their task —
Their final task — or not in work of mine
Shall his dear limbs, composed in death, be wrapped.
With what a speed they haste! by mine own heart
I count the flying seconds of his life.
Oh what a task for wedded hands! — 'Tis done,
And now I fold and lay thee to my bosom,
Which his espoused head so loved to press.
[*Enter the Duchess of Suffolk.*
What noise is that? — not time — it is not time?
Oh my dear mother. [*Falls on her neck.*
Duchess.— Wretched — wretched mother!
Jane.— It is not much to die. Whoever faints

Has tasted death, waking in pain or sorrow.
Have comfort.— Desolate I leave you not:
My father near and other duteous daughters.
Duchess.— Thy father hath gone forth and raised his banner.
To dare the Queen. This act hath sealed thy doom.
The father slays his child!
Jane.— God's will be done!
How dark soe'er his ways or blind our eyes!
My precious mother! weep not — leave me some strength!
Duchess.— Would I were dead!
Jane.— Live for my sister's sake.
She needs my counsel, and my sad example:
For there is that in Herbert's father's heart
May move him to attempt the crown for her.
Duchess.— Oh, let her rather labor in the fields,
And spring for bread beside a cottage hearth,
Than step unto a throne! Thou fatal blood!
Predestinated race! all who partake
Thy veins must pour them forth on battle-fields,
Or the foul scaffold! Doomed Plantagenet!
The Tudor follows in your steps.
Jane.— Our sands
Have almost run. I must be quick. Will he
See me once more? one last, last kiss bestow?
Duchess.— The malice of the Queen forbids.
Jane.— Say mercy —
Else were our hearts left beggared of all firmness.
'Tis best thus. We shall meet — yes, ere yon sun,
Now high in heaven, shall from the zenith stoop,
Together will they lay us in one coffin,
Together our poor heads. Weep not, my mother!
But hear me. Promise you will see this done.
Duchess.— I promise.
Jane.— So our bones shall intermingle;
And rise together, when the angelic trump
Shall lift us to the footstool of our Judge!
What shall I give thee? — they have left me little —
What slight memorial through soft tears to gaze on?
This bridal ring — the symbol of past joy?
I cannot part with it: upon this finger

It must go down into the grave. Perchance
After long years some curious hand may find it,
Bright like our better hopes, amid the dust,
And piously, with a low sigh, replace it.
Here — take this veil, and wear it for my sake.
And take this winding-sheet to him; and this
Small handkerchief so wetted with my tears,
To wipe the death-damp from his brow. This kiss —
And this — my last — print on his lips and bid him
Think of me to the last and wait my spirit.
Farewell, my mother; farewell, dear, dear, mother,
These terrible moments I must pass in prayer —
For the dying — for the dead! Farewell! farewell!

— *Mary Tudor.*

COLUMBUS.

He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
  Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue;
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
  And steeled the path of honor to pursue;
  So, when by all deserted, still he knew
How best to soothe the heart-sick, or confront
  Sedition; schooled with equal eye to view
The frowns of grief, and the base pangs of want.
  But when he saw that promised land arise
  In all its rare and bright varieties,
Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod,
  Then softening nature metled in his eyes:
He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God,
  And fell upon his face, and kissed the virgin sod!

DIOCLETIAN AT SALONA.

Take back these vain insignia of command,
  Crown, truncheon, golden eagle — baubles all —
  And robe of Tyrian dye, to me a pall;
And be forever alien to my hand,
Though laurel-wreathed, War's desolating brand,
  I would have friends, not courtiers, in my hall;
  Wise books, learned converse, beauty, free from thrall,

And leisure for good deeds, thoughtfully planned.
Farewell, thou garish world! thou Italy,
False widow of departed Liberty!
I scorn thy base caresses. Welcome the roll
Between us of my own bright Adrian Sea!
Welcome these wilds, from whose bold heights my soul
Looks down on your degenerate Capitol!

TIME MISSPENT.

There is no remedy for time misspent
No healing for the waste of idleness
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess:
O hours of idleness and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less
Because I know this span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness;
Not to be wiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be better than he seems,
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
To walk adorning earth with hope of Heaven.

SAD IS OUR YOUTH, FOR IT IS EVER GOING.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they are sweet in sowing,—
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they are sweet in blowing,—
And still, oh still, their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them,
Not for their sake, but His, who grants them or denies them!

DE VERE, Aubrey Thomas, an Irish poet and essayist; the third son of Sir Aubrey Hunt De Vere; born on the family estate, January 10, 1814; died there January 20, 1902. At the age of twenty-eight he published a lyrical tale entitled *The Waldenses, or the Fall of Rora.* This poem was well received. De Vere's productions include a large number of works in verse; in which, says Pierre Larousse, "il y a des pages d'une rare beauté, rappelant les plus beaux vers de Thomas Moore." These include *The Search after Proserpine* (1843); *Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred* (1853); *May Carols* (1857); *The Sisters, Inisfail, and Other Poems* (1861); *The Infant Bridal* (1864), a selection from his poems; *Irish Odes and Other Poems* (1869); *Legends of Saint Patrick* (1872); *Alexander the Great,* a dramatic poem (1874); *Saint Thomas of Canterbury,* another dramatic poem (1876); *Antor Zara* (1877); *Legends of the Saxon Saints* (1879); *The Foray of Queen Meave, and Other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age* (1882); *Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire* (1887); *Saint Peter's Chains* (1888); *Poems,* a selection, edited by John Dennis (1890); *The Household Poetry Book; Mediæval Records and Sonnets; Religious Poems of the Nineteenth Century;* these last three being compilations published under De Vere's editorial supervision in 1893. As a politician he has exerted by his writings a great influence upon the affairs of Ireland. *English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds,* published in 1848, created a sensation in the political world; and among his works of this kind should also be mentioned

Ireland's Church Property and the Right Use of It (1867); *Pleas for Secularization* (1867); *The Church Establishment of Ireland* (1867); *The Church Settlement of Ireland, or Hibernia Pacanda* (1868); *Constitutional and Unconstitutional Political Action* (1881). Of other prose writings, are an excellent work on Turkey entitled *Sketches of Greece and Turkey,* published in two volumes in 1850; a volume of letters and articles on philosophical and religious subjects entitled *Proteus and Amadeus* (1878); *Essays on Poetry* (1887); *Essays Literary and Ethical* (1889).

Many reviewers have made the mistake of crediting the works of Aubrey Thomas De Vere to his father, Sir Aubrey, mentioned previously, and *vice versa,* the similarity of style, as well as name, making such an error quite likely. It is also possible that the younger man incorporated some of his father's writings into his own works. *The Quarterly Review,* in the following exhaustive criticism of *The Waldenses* and the *Miscellaneous Poems* published with that lyric in 1842 by Aubrey Thomas, has evidently noticed the difference in style between the writings of father and son, but fails to account for it on the above hypothesis, ascribing it rather to different periods of one life than to two different persons:

"The poetry of Mr. De Vere's volume bears upon the face of it the evidence of having been produced at different periods of youthful life. Against none of it do we bring the charge of forced thinking, for there is apparent throughout an easy and spontaneous activity of thought; some of it, however, appears to us to be chargeable with obscurity and subtlety, and the abundance of the author's resources has often be-

trayed him into a crowding and compressing of thoughts insomuch that those which are worthy to stand conspicuously will often want room and development. We find this fault with not a few of the miscellaneous poems, and these we should conceive to be the product of a period of youthful genius, when all manner of thoughts find a place in the mind, but when the great and small have not adjusted themselves according to their due proportions. Others of the miscellaneous poems we attribute to a later period, when this adjustment has taken place; while the 'Lyrical Sketch,' which occupies the first ninety-two pages of the volume, or about one-third of the whole, appears to us to have both the defects and the charms of an earlier period than either — a want of firmness of hand and tone in the execution of the dramatic colloquy, with much force and ardor under the excitement of the lyrical movements, a love of beauty above all things, and a fresh sympathy with the elementary feelings of our nature."

THE ASCENT OF THE ALPS.

Up to lonelier, narrower valleys
Winds an intricate ravine
Whence the latest snow-blast sallies
Through black firs scarce seen.

I hear through clouds the hunter's hollo —
I hear, but scarcely dare to follow
'Mid chaotic rock and woods,
Such as in her lyric moods
Nature, like a Bacchante, flings
From half-shaped imaginings.
There lie two prostrate trunks entangled
Like intertwisted dragons strangled:
Yon glacier seems a prophet's robes,

While broken sceptres, thrones, and globes
Are strewn, as left by rival States
Of elemental potentates.
Pale floats the mist, a wizard's shroud:
There looms the broad crag from the cloud.
A thunder-graven Sphinx's head, half blind,
Gazing on far lands through the freezing wind.

Mount higher, mount higher!
With rock-girdled gyre
Behind each gray ridge
And pine-feathered ledge
A vale is suspended; mount higher, mount higher!

From rock to rock leaping
The wild goats, they bound;
The resinous odors
Are wafted around;
The clouds disentangled,
With blue gaps and spangled;
Green isles of the valley with sunshine are crowned.

The birches new-budded
Make pink the green copse;
From brier and hazel
The golden rain drops;
As he climbs, the bough shaking,
Nest-seeking, branch breaking,
Beneath the white ash-boughs the shepherd-boy stops.

How happy that shepherd!
How happy the lass!
How freshly beside them
The pure zephyrs pass!
Sing, sing! From the soil
Springs bubble and boil,
And sun-smitten torrents fall soft on the grass. . . .

Mount higher, mount higher,
To the cloudland nigher;

To the regions we climb
Of our long-buried prime —
In the skies it awaits us — Up higher, up higher!

Loud Hymn and clear Pæan
From caverns are rolled:
Far below is Summer —
We have slipped from her fold;
We have passed, like a breath,
To new life without death —
The Spring and our Childhood all around we behold.

What are toils to men who scorn them!
Peril what to men who dare?
Chains to hands that once have torn them
Thenceforth are chains of air!
The winds above the snow-plains fleet —
Like them I race with wingèd feet;
My bonds are dropped; my spirit thrills,
A freeman of the Eternal Hills!
Each cloud by turns I make my tent;
I run before the radiance sent
From every mountain's silver mail
Across dark gulfs from vale to vale:
The curdling mist in smooth career,
A lovely phantom fleeting by,
As silent sails through yon pale mere
That shrines its own blue sky. . . .

Lo! like the foam of wintry ocean,
The clouds beneath my feet are curled;
Dividing now with solemn motion
They give back the world.
No veil I fear, no visual bond
In this aërial diamond:
My head o'er crystal bastions bent,
'Twixt star-crowned spire and battlement
I see the river of green ice,
From precipice to precipice,
Wind earthward slow, with blighting breath
Blackening the vales below like death.

Far, far beneath in sealike reach,
  Receding to the horizon's rim,
I see the woods of pine and beech,
  By their own breath made dim:
I see the land which heroes trod;
  I see the land where Virtue chose
To live alone, and live to God;
  The land she gave to those
Who know that on the hearth alone
True freedom rears her fort and throne.

Lift up, not only hand and eye,
Lift up, O Man, thy heart on high:
Or downward gaze once more; and see
How spiritual dust can be!
Then far into the Future dive,
And ask if there indeed survive,
When fade the words, no primal shapes
Of disembodied hills and capes,
Types meet to shadow Godhead forth;
Dread antetypes of shapes on earth?
O Earth! thou shalt not wholly die,
Of some "new Earth" the chrysalis
Predestined from Eternity,
  Nor seldom seen through this;
On which, in glory gazing, we
Perchance shall oft remember thee,
And trace through it thine ancient frame
Distinct, like flame espied through flame,
Or like our earliest friends above,
Not lost, though merged in heavenlier love —
How changed, yet still the same! . . .

The sun is set — but upwards without end
  Two mighty beams, diverging,
Like hands in benediction raised, extend;
From the great deep a crimson mist is surging.
  Strange gleams, each moment ten times bright,
  Shoot round, transfiguring as they smite
  All spaces of the empyreal height —
Deep gleams, high Words which God to man doth speak,

From peak to solemn peak, in order driven,
They speak.— A loftier vision dost thou seek?
Rise then — to Heaven!

SORROW.

Count each affliction whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness: grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to command
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

A CHURCHYARD.

I.

It stands a grove of cedars vast and green,
Cathedral-wise disposed, with nave and choir,
And cross-shaped transept lofty and serene;
And altar decked in festival attire
With flowers like urns of white and crimson fire;
A chancel girt with vine-trailed laurel screen;
And aisles high arched with cypresses between;
Retreats of mournful love, and vain desire.
Within the porch a silver fount is breathing
Its pure, cold dews upon the summer air:
Round it are blooming herbs, and flowers, the care
Of all the angels of the seasons, wreathing
Successively their unbought garniture
Round the low graves of the belovèd poor.

II.

But when the winds of night begin to move
  Along the murmuring roofs, deep music rolls
Through all the vaults of this cathedral grove;
  A midnight service for departed souls.
Piercing the fan-like branches stretched above
  Each chapel, oratory, shrine and stall;
  Then a pale moonshine falls or seems to fall
On those cold grave-stones — altars reared by love
  For a betrothal never to be ended;
And on the slender plants above them swinging;
  And on the dewy lamps from these suspended;
And sometimes on dark forms in anguish clinging,
  As if their bosoms to the senseless mould
  Some vital warmth would add — or borrow of its cold.

THE TRUE BLESSEDNESS.

Blessed is he who hath not trod the ways
  Of secular delights, nor learned the lore
  Which loftier minds are studious to abhor:
Blessed is he who hath not sought the praise
That perishes, the rapture that betrays;
  Who hath not spent in Time's vainglorious war
  His youth; and found — a schoolboy at four score! —
How fatal are those victories that raise
  Their iron trophies to a temple's height
On trampled Justice, who desires not bliss,
  But peace; and yet, when summoned to the fight
  Combats as one who combats in the sight
Of God and of His angels; seeking this
  Alone — how best to glorify the right.

DE VERE, MAXIMILIAN SCHELE, an American philologist; born near Wexio, Sweden, November 1, 1820; died there in 1898. After some time spent in military and diplomatic service in Prussia, he emigrated to the United States, and in 1844 was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia. Besides several text-books for the study of the French language, he is the author of *Outlines of Comparative Philology* (1853); *Stray Leaves From the Book of Nature* (1856); *Studies of our English* (1867); *The Great Empress,* a novel, and *Wonders of the Deep* (1869); *Americanisms* (1871); and *The English of the New World* (1873). He has translated into English Spielhagen's *Problematic Characters; Through Night to Light,* and *The Hohensteins.*

Upon the publication of Professor De Vere's novel of ancient life entitled *The Great Empress,* the following appreciative words appeared in *The Nation:* "The author seems bitten with the desire to 'ensnare youthful devotees of light literature' into the acquisition of historical knowledge by keeping carefully out of sight such dry and prosaic matters as dates and precise references, and setting before them instead a highly colored picture of the times and people whom he is describing."

Professor Hart, in his *Manual,* says that the publications of Professor De Vere, "mostly in the department of linguistics, have been of a scholarly, and at the same time of a popular, character."

THE MOORS.

On many a plain, on lofty table-lands, or close to the ocean's restless pulse, wherever water gathers from a thousand invisible sources, little pools and miniature lakes are formed, which the clayey ground or solid rock beneath prevents from reaching their great home in the sea. Upon these waters little tiny plants appear, hardly visible confervæ; they come, man knows not whence, but they multiply in amazing haste, and soon cover the stagnant pool with living green. On a sudden, however, they are gone; they have sunk down to the bottom. There they form layer upon layer; slowly, indeed, for the naked eye measures them only by hundreds of generations; but as particles of sand and stone gather in their hidden folds, and as the bodies and shells of countless minute animals, who found a home in the waters above, are buried amidst them, they rise year after year. Gradually they afford a footing and food for numerous water-worts, in whose mouldering remains mosses and rushes begin to settle. These bind their roots firmly, they join hand in hand and arm in arm, until at last they form a soft green cover of peaty mould, far and near, over the dark, mysterious waters. The older the moor, the firmer and stronger is, of course, this turf-cover over the brownish pool, that gives out a faint, but piercing fragrance. Near the sea-shore, and in rainy regions, larger quantities of water frequently remain between the firm ground and the felt-like cover, so that the surface breathes and heaves like the waves of the great ocean. In drier countries, heath, hair-grass, and even bilberry-bushes, grow in the treacherous mould. But the moisture beneath gnaws constantly at their roots, so that they die off, whilst the herb above clings pertinaciously to life, and sends out ever new shoots — a faint, false resemblance of life, like the turf on the moor itself, in its restless, unstabled suspension above the dark-brown water beneath.

This turf-cover, consisting of countless partly decayed plants, and their closely interwoven roots, is our peat; those vegetable masses that have accumulated at the bot-

tom of the moor are bog-earth, and below them, as the lowest layer of all, lies the so-called black peat. . . . Dark and dismal the green turf stretches far away, as far as eye can reach. It knows neither spring nor summer. Below is the dark, unfathomed abyss. Here and there fierce gusts of wind, or strange powers from below, have torn the gloomy shroud asunder, and the dark, black waters stare at you. . . . Even the bright sun of heaven cannot light up the haunted mirror — its golden face looks pale and leaden. No fish swims in the inhospitable water; no boat passes swiftly from shore to shore. Whatever has life and dreads death, flees the treacherous moor. Woe to the unfortunate man who misses the narrow path! A single step amiss, and he sinks into the gulf; the green turf closes over him, and drowns the gurgling of the waters and the anxious cry of the victim.

Far, far down in the depths of the moor there lies many a secret of olden times. Below the grim, ghastly surface, below the waters, below the black remnants of countless plants, lie the sad memorials of ages unknown to the history of man. Huge trees stand upright, and their gigantic roots rest upon the crowns of still older forest giants! In the inverted oaks of Murten Moor, in Switzerland, many see the famous oak woods that Charlemagne caused to be cut down, now more than a thousand years ago. For centuries the moors have hid in their silent bosom the gigantic works of ancient Rome; and posterity has gazed with awe and wonder at the masterly roads and massive bridges, like those built of perishable wood by Germanicus, when he passed from Holland into the valleys of the Weser. Far in the deep lie buried the stone hatchets and flint arrow-heads of Frisians and Cheruski, by the side of the copper kettle and iron helmet of the Roman soldier. A Phœnician skiff was found of late and alongside of it a boat laden with bricks. The skeletons of antediluvian animals rest there peaceably by the corpses of ancient races with sandals on their feet and the skins of animals around their naked bodies. Hundreds of brave English horsemen, who sought an honorable death in the battle of Solway, were

swallowed up, horse and men, by the insatiable moor. . . .

Even in our day moors grasp with their death-hand at living nature around them. Here and there a lofty tree still rises from the dismal depth; in mountain-valleys even groves and forests sometimes break the sad monotony. But in the unequal struggle the moor is sure to win the battle. Like foul disease, the hungry moor-water gnaws at the roots of the noble trees. It softens the ground, it changes it into morass, and the proud giants of the forest fall one by one before the dark invisible foe beneath them. They resist long and bravely; but their roots are drowned with the abominable liquid; their hold is loosened, their leaves turn yellow and crisp; the wintry storm comes in fury, and the noble tree sinks powerless into the grave at its feet. The struggle may be marked, even now, in all its stages. Thus, in the famous Black Forest of Germany, there rise on many a breezy hill glorious old fir-trees, and graceful, silvery birches. Only a few yards beyond, however, the eye meets with but sorry, stunted dwarfs, trees crippled before they reached their height, old before their time, and weak already in the days of their youth. Their crowns are withered, their branches hung with weird weeping mosses. Then the trees become still fewer and smaller; low, deformed trunks with twisted branches alone survive. At last these also disappear, and the dead quiet of the moor, with its humble heath, broken here and there by a dead bush or a lowly hillock, reigns alone and triumphant.—*Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature.*

DE VINNE, THEODORE LOW, an American printer; born at Stamford, Conn., December 25, 1828. He learned the printer's trade and later founded the printing house of Theodore L. De Vinne and Company in New York. He has long been

an acknowledged leader in the art of typography and has been styled "the foremost American printer." He has written extensively upon typographical subjects, his works including *The Invention of Printing; The Printer's Price List; Historic Types* and various monographs.

THE SIZES OF BOOKS.

The sizes oftenest found in this case are between the medium 12mo of 5 by 7½ inches, and the super-royal octavo of 7 by 11 inches. Essays, poems, novels, biographies, histories, books of instruction as well as those of amusement, are more salable and most acceptable when made within the measurements here specified. Dr. Johnson has wisely said that the books of most service are those that can be held in the hand.

Yet there always have been and always will be smaller and larger sizes. There must be "pocket editions" of the Bible, of prayer and hymn books, of school dictionaries, guide books, advertising pamphlets, society by-laws, interest and measurement tables, and other compact manuals intended for frequent reference. There must be maps and prints of great width that can be conveniently examined only when outspread upon a broad table. Some of the smaller sizes may be exhibits of caprice or of penuriousness, some of the larger of needless ostentation, but in most instances the manner in which the book must be used determines its size and shape, and the size will vary accordingly from a leaf 1 by 1½ inches to 25 by 38 inches.

The projector of the new book has the right to make it of any size. Neither law nor custom forbids. If he is economical he selects a size that will not waste paper unduly; if he wants to show his independence of accepted forms he orders a leaf of peculiar shape. This accepted size or shape he says is too narrow and tall; that is too short and squatty. If his book is unlike any other in dimensions it is an exhibit of his superior taste. It follows that a collection of miscellaneous books on the shelf

presents a sorry sight to the lover of order and proportion. One so-called octavo will be 9½ by 6 inches, another of the same name 8¾ by 6½ inches. Between the catalogued 12mos and post 8vos and the 16mos and 18mos is no accepted line of distinction. Variations of an inch in height are common in books labeled by the same name.

The names that are used to define sizes are absurdly indescriptive. In the infancy of printing publishers tried to define sizes by giving to each size a numerical name intended to show the proportion that the leaf bore to the full sheet on which the leaf had been printed. A sheet folded to two leaves of equal size made a folio leaf; to four leaves a quarto; to eight leaves an octavo; to twelve leaves a duodecimo. If all books then and afterward had been printed on sheets of the same size, and had been folded in a uniform way, the numerical names would have been descriptive; but sheets were of many sizes and folding was done in many different ways even before printing was invented.

The sheets most acceptable to printers of the early period were pot, about 12 by 15 inches, and intermediate sizes to large demy or post, about 17 by 22 inches, but the sizes provided by papermakers were irregular. Each one had his own standards.

Names of book sizes were misleading. The folio of pot paper (or foolscap) was about 12 by 17½ inches, and that of demy (large size) about 17 by 11 inches, but the trade names of the papers were rarely added to the word folio, even when the number of square inches in the leaf of demy was twice as much as that of the pot paper. . . . This enlargement of paper and presses has destroyed the significance of the numerical names that were based upon a real or supposed proportion between the sheet and the number of leaves in that sheet. The so-called 8vo, when printed from a sixteen-page form, is really a 32mo of the sheet; the 12mo on double paper is a 48mo, and on quadruple paper 96mo. Sheets so printed are usually cut up in sections of sixteen pages, and separately folded. When a sheet has to be subdivided in two or more sections, it is seriously misleading to give to the folded leaves so produced numerical names that imply a

proportion that does not exist between the leaves and the full sheet. It is the number of leaves in the section, and not the number of leaves to the sheet, that should justify the application of numerical names. The proper definition of the word octavo should be not sixteen pages to the sheet, but sixteen pages to the section of sixteen leaves that are folded together in a quire.— *The Printing Art.*

DEWEY, ORVILLE, an American clergyman; born at Sheffield, Mass., March 28, 1794; died there March 21, 1882. He was graduated from Williams College in 1814, and studied theology at Andover. Having embraced Unitarian views, he became an assistant to Dr. Channing in Boston; was subsequently pastor of a Unitarian church in New Bedford, and in 1835 was called to the pastorate at the Church of the Messiah in New York. Protracted ill-health compelled him to resign this position in 1848, and retire to his farm in his native town. He made several visits to Europe; the first, beginning in 1833, lasted for two years. Of this he published an account under the title *The Old World and the New* (2 vols., 1836). Besides numerous separate sermons and discourses, he has published several volumes of *Sermons,* entitled respectively *Discourses on Human Nature,* on *Human Life,* on *Commerce and Business,* on *The Nature of Religion,* and on *The Unitarian Belief.* In 1859 he delivered in Boston a series of "Lowell Lectures," which were published under the title *Problem of Human Life and Destiny.* A complete edition of his works, edited by his daughter, appeared in 1885.

THE PROBLEM OF PHYSICAL PAIN.

The law is that of pain: of pain not usually severe nor perpetual, but general, moderate, occasional. And the main question is: Is it useful? Now, in general, we find no difficulty in answering this question in the affirmative. Pain is a sentinel that warns us of danger. And therefore it stands upon the outposts of this citadel, the body; for pain is keenest, the surgeon's knife is felt keenest, on the surface. Now, be it granted that pain does us some harm; but it saves us from worse harm. If cold did not pain us it might freeze us to death. If disease did not pain us, we might die before we knew that we were sick. If contacts of all sorts with surrounding objects — the woodman's axe, the carpenter's saw, the farmer's harrow — did not hurt us, they might cut and tear us all to pieces. Think of it. A knife, held by a careless hand, approaches us; it touches the skin. We start back. Why? Because there is pain. But for this it might have entered the body, and cut some vital organ. An old Greek verse says, "The gods *sell* us the blessings they bestow." These are the best terms for *us*. They make us careful and prudent. Unconditional giving might lead to reckless squandering. Pain, then, is a teacher of prudence and self-care. Nay, and if happiness alone were considered, it might be argued that an occasional bitter drop gives a zest to the cup of enjoyment; as hunger does to the feast, or sharp cold to the winter's fire.

But in moral relations, the argument is still stronger. Here is a human soul clothed with a body, to be trained to virtue, to self-command, to spiritual strength and nobleness. Would perpetual ease and pleasure, a perpetual luxury of sensation best do that? We know that it would not. Every wise and thoughtful man, at least, knows that some pain, some sickness, some rebuke of the senses, is good for him. Such a man often feels, in long-continued states of ease and comfort, that it is time that something should come to try, to discipline, to inure and ennoble his nature. He is afraid of uninterrupted en-

joyment. Pain, patiently and nobly endured, peculiarly strengthens and spiritualizes the soul. Heinrich Heine says, "Only the man who has known bodily sufferings, is truly a *man*." The loftiest states of mind, and, compared with mere sensual indulgence, the happiest, are those of courageous endurance; and the martyr is often happier than the voluptuary. . . .

But now, it may be asked, could not the same end have been gained, the same nobleness, the same constancy have been achieved without pain? Which is, I think, as if one should ask, whether the wood could not have been cut into shape without the axe, or the marble without the chisel, or the gold purified without the furnace. But let us answer; and we say, Not in any way that we can conceive of. First, it may have been absolutely inevitable in the nature of things, that a frame sensitive to pleasure should be liable to pain. This may be the explanation of that long-continued and severe pain, which presents the hardest problem in our physical life. With such causes foregoing, such a train of influences, mental, moral, and physical, as produced this terrible suffering, it may have been impossible, without a miracle, to prevent it. Ordinarily, indeed, such pain is not long continued. It destroys life, or life destroys it. "If severe, brief — if long, light" — is the adage; and it is true. But if it fail, and the terrible case of protracted anguish is before us, we may be obliged to leave it under some great law of the human constitution, which makes prevention impossible. I may be told that such pain does *no* good; that it breaks down mind and body together; and therefore that it *cannot,* in any way be useful. But we do not know that. In the great cycle of eternity, all may come right. How much happier the sufferer may be forever for this present pain, we know not. All experience, all known analogies, favor the idea of that immense remuneration.—*Lowell Lectures.*

THE PROBLEM OF DEATH.

By the unreflecting mass of men, death is regarded simply as the greatest of evils. They survey its ravages

with dread and horror. They see no beneficent agencies in the appointment; they scarcely see it as an appointment at all. They behold its approach to their own dwelling, not in the spirit of calm philosophy or resignation, but simply with a desire to resist its entrance. To "deliver those who all their lifetime are in bondage through fear of death," was one express design of Christianity; but only in a few minds has this design been fulfilled. Death is still regarded, not as an ordinance, but as a catastrophe. It is like the earthquake to the material world; that which whelms all. It is the one calamity; that which strikes a deeper shaft into the world than any other. It is the fixed doom which makes all other calamity light and phenomenal. The world trembles at it, grows pale before it, as it trembles and grows pale before nothing else. Nay, and with reflecting persons, I think, the feeling that they *must die* is usually the feeling of some stern necessity. "Now let me depart: it is good for me to go hence," is a language sometimes heard; but it is rare. That dark veil at the view, there forever suspended, casts a shade over the whole of life.

Can it have been meant, is it reasonable, that an event so necessary, so universal, and appointed doubtless in wisdom, should be thus regarded? For death, it is evident, in fact, if not in form, is a part of the original world-plan. I know that it is commonly looked upon as the consequence of sin — the consequence of the fall. But observe the language in which this doom, supposed to have been consequent upon the fall of man, is pronounced. It is in the third chapter of Genesis. It is a doom, in general, of toil and pain and sorrow; and when death is mentioned, it is in these terms: "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread *till* thou return unto the ground; *for* out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shall thou return." "*Till* thou return unto the ground." This, then, is represented as a part of the already appointed ordination of nature. "*For* out of it wast thou taken." The reason assigned has no reference to the fall, but to the constitution of human nature. "For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou re-

turn." That is, thou shalt die, for thou art naturally mortal; earth has part in thee, and shall reclaim her own. . . .

All this is but saying that each generation must die. In this sense, therefore, death was a part of the original plan; the departure from this world, that is to say, was a part of it; even as that most ancient Scripture record of it implies. But still, doubtless, this departure may have assumed a particular character in consequence of sin. It may be, I repeat, a death dark and fearful — distressful both to body and mind. Vice, for instance, brings on disease; and disease produces death; and *this* death, thus premature and agonizing, is the fruit of sin. And doubtless in many ways, and in every way, departure from this world must be a more afflictive event, both to the sufferer and to survivors, in consequence of our moral darkness, wanderings, and weakness. Nevertheless — for I must insist upon this point — the departure, in *some* way, is inevitable. The over-crowded dwelling must dismiss some of its inmates; the over-populous nation must send out colonies. Thus must the world, so to speak, colonize its inhabitants, translate them to another country. Else death would come amidst horrors now unknown; amidst the agonies of famine and the suffocation of fulness. . . .

Yet not with terror only, but with tenderness does death touch the human heart — touches it with a gracious sympathy and sorrow. One may know the house where death has set his mark, long after the time. Traces are left in its affections that are never worn out. Traces are left *in memoriam,* in poetry, in all human sentiment. Death is not the sundering, but the consecration of friendship. It strengthens that holy bond. It makes the departed dearer. It gives new power and sanctity to their example. It invests their virtues with the radiance of angel beauty. It canonizes them as patron saints and guardian angels of the household.

Nor could it fulfil its high mission if men departed from the world in families, in tribes, in generations. Then indeed were we spared the sorrows of bereavement; but at the expense of much that is most sacred in life.

If families were dismissed from life together, they would inevitably become selfish; contracting their thoughts and affections within those domestic spheres in which all their destinies were bound up. If generations were mowed down at once, like the ripened harvests, then had there been no history of public deeds, nor record of private worth. The invisible presence of virtue that now pervades and hallows the earth, that consecrates our dwellings, and makes them far more than the abodes of life, would be withdrawn from the fellowship of men; and the signal lights of heroic example that are now shining through the ages would all go out in utter darkness. . . .

Nay, in another respect the grandeur of death imparts a reflected dignity to life. God puts honor on the being to whom He says, "Thou shalt die!"—to whom He does not veil the event as He does the animal natures, but unfolds the clear prospect. He to whom the grandest achievement of courage and heroism should be proposed, could not be a mean creature. But every man is to meet the grandeur of death.

Yes, and in the bosom of death are powers greater than itself. I have *seen* them. I have seen them triumph, when death was nearest and mightiest; and I believe in them — I *believe* in those unborn powers of life and immortality, more than I believe in death. They will bear me up more than death will weigh me down. I live: and this living conscious being which I am to-day, is a greater wonder to me than it is that I should go on and on. How I came to be astonishes me far more than how I should *continue* to be. And if I am to continue, if I am to live for ever, I must have a realm fitted for such life. Eternity of being must have infinitude of space for its range. I would visit other worlds; and especially does the desire grow intense as the boundless splendors of the starry heavens are unfolded wider and wider. But I cannot go to them — I cannot skirt the coasts of Sirius and the Pleiades with this body. Then — some time — in God's good time — let it drop. Let my spirit wander free. Let this body drop; as when one leaves the vehicle that had borne him on a journey —

to ascend some lofty mountain — to lift his gaze to wider heavens and a vaster horizon. So let my spirit wander free, and far. Let it wander through the realms of infinite good; its range as unconfined as its nature; its faith, the faith of Christ; its hope, a hope full of immortality.—*Lowell Lectures.*

DIAZ, Abby Morton, an American reformer and juvenile writer; born at Plymouth, Mass., November 22, 1821; died at Belmont, Mass., April 1, 1904. She was educated at the Bridgewater Normal School, and later married a Cuban gentleman, who died a few years after, leaving her in straitened circumstances, with two little sons to support. In her endeavor to earn a living for herself and children she taught a singing-school, became a public school teacher, was housekeeper at a summer resort, took the oversight of the sewing department of a large clothing house, and sent short stories to the magazines. An unexpected check for $40 from the *Atlantic Monthly,* in 1861, for a little piece she had sent to that monthly, decided her to make her living, and do good at the same time, by means of her pen. She soon became well known for her children's stories, published in *Young Folks* and other magazines. Among these may be mentioned *William Henry's Letters,* telling the folks at home how things get along at boarding school; *Pink and Blue; Farmer Hill; Little Country Girl; Early Life of a Bachelor,* and *The Schoolmaster's Story.* For Edward Eggleston, at the instigation of William Dean Howells, she contributed

The Schoolmaster's Trunk, a series of letters ("found in the trunk") on household life and work. Similar papers, with these, were included in her *Bybury Book* and *Domestic Problems.* These writings brought her recognition as an authority; and in 1876 the Woman's Congress at Philadelphia chose her to read an essay on *Development of Character in Schools,* which was afterward published in the *Arena.* She wrote largely on Christian Science, and became prominent as an organizer of societies for the protection of working women from the rapacity of dishonest employers, and as a lecturer on all sorts of timely topics. Some of her lectures had previously appeared in substance in her communications to *The Independent.* Other publications of hers, more especially for the young, are: *King's Lily and Rosebud* (1870); *Polly Cologne* (1870), showing how Polly was lost, and how she was found; *King Grimalkin and Pussyanti* (1880), being reports of the fine stories Pussy tells the king; *John Spicer's Lectures* (1887), verbatim reports of the wise lectures of eight-year-old Johnny before his juvenile audiences in Barn Hall. Her later works include *Bybury to Beacon Street* (1887); *Mother Goose's Christmas Party* (1891); *Only a Flock of Women* (1893).

"As a humorist," says the *Atlantic Monthly,* "Mrs. Diaz must be recognized among the first who amiably and profitably please."

AN OLD-TIME "SCHOOL-MARM."

Marm Cobb had a full round face, and her double cap-ruffle made it look fuller and rounder. Above that double-ruffle was a wide black ribbon, made up into a bow in front, and above the ribbon was the cap-crown. . . .

The school-marm sat with her feet on a block, or sometimes on a foot-stove, and seldom rose from her chair. A very long stick, which was always at hand, saved her the trouble of rising. I know not from what kind of a tree that stick was cut, but it had the farthest reach and the most tingle in its end of any stick I ever felt. Every afternoon just before the time for closing school, marm would lift the great Bible into her lap, and, with her thimble, give three raps on its cover. At that signal, we gathered around her in a semi-circle, and, folding our hands, stood while she read a chapter aloud. She read in a kind of sing-song way, now and then pausing to say, in a deep, hollow tone of voice, "Selah!" . . . .

When the other scholars were gone, those of us who had to "stay" after school, helped to carry out the crickets and pile them up in the back room. Then we looked on while marm set her little three-legged table, and made herself a cup of tea. . . . Sometimes, while waiting for the tea-kettle to boil, she would drop her school-marm manners, and tell us about the blue pictures on the tiles around the fireplace. Every Saturday noon she gave the floor a thorough sweeping, scattered clean sand over it, and by drawing her broom over the sand this way and that, made what was called the "herring-bone pattern." Then she would put on her great black silk bonnet, and her red broadcloth cloak, take an umbrella for a cane, and walk off with a slow, measured tread, to eat her Saturday dinner with her son.—*Chronicles of the Stimpcett Family.*

DIAZ DEL CASTILLO, Bernal, a Spanish soldier and historian; born at Medina del Campo, about 1498; died in Guatemala about 1593. In 1519 he joined Cortés in his adventurous expedition to Mexico, where he became distinguished for his signal intrepidity. He received an extensive allotment of land and remained in America after the conquest. He claimed to have fought in no less than one hundred and nineteen engagements; and said that he had become so used to war that he could not sleep without his armor. About the year 1552, reading the *Chronicle of Gomara,* his anger was aroused when he saw that the author had attributed the conquest solely to Cortés; and determining that himself and his companions should have their share of the glory of victory, he set about writing the history of the taking of Mexico himself. Long after his death the manuscript was found by a monk, stowed away out of sight in a library, and was published at Madrid in 1632, under the title *Historia Verdadera de la Conquista de Nueva España.*

"The literary merits of this work," says Prescott, "are of a very humble order, as might be expected from the condition of the writer. He has not even the art to conceal his own vulgar vanity, which breaks out with a truly comic ostentation in every page of the narrative. And yet we should have charity for this, when we find that it is attended with no disposition to depreciate the merits of others, and that its display may be referred in part to the singular simplicity of the man."

HIS MANUSCRIPT.

When my chronicle was finished, I submitted it to two licentiates, who were desirous of reading the story, and for whom I felt all the respect which an ignorant man naturally feels for a scholar. I besought them, at the same time, to make no change or correction in the manuscript, as all there was set down in good faith. When they had read the work, they much commended me for my wonderful memory. The language, they said, was good old Castilian, without any of the flourishes and finicalities so much affected by our fine writers. But they remarked, that it would have been as well, if I had not praised myself and my comrades so liberally, but had left that to others. To this I answered, that it was common for neighbors and kindred to speak kindly of one another; and, if we did not speak well of ourselves, who would? Who else witnessed our exploits and our battles,—unless, indeed, the clouds in the sky, and the birds that were flying over our heads?—*From La Conquista; translation of* WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

HIS MANNER OF LIFE.

I may say without vaunting, that I was so accustomed to this way of life, that since the conquest of the country I have never been able to lie down undressed, or in a bed; yet I sleep as sound as if I were on the softest down. Even when I make the rounds of my *encomienda*, I never take a bed with me; unless, indeed, I go in the company of other cavaliers, who might impute this to parsimony. But even then I throw myself on it with my clothes on. Another thing I must add, that I cannot sleep long in the night without getting up to look at the heavens and the stars, and stay awhile in the open air, and this without a bonnet or covering of any sort on my head. And, thanks to God, I have received no harm from it. I mention these things, that the world may understand of what stuff we, the true Conquerors, were made, and how well drilled we were to arms and watching.—*From La Conquesta; translation of* WM. H. PRESCOTT.

HOW THEY FOUGHT.

We commended ourselves to God and the Holy Virgin, and boldly rushed forth upon the evening, under the cry of *Santiago! Santiago!* Our cavalry charged the enemy's line five abreast, and broke it, we rushing in after them close at their heels. What a terrific battle and remarkable victory was this! How we fought man to man! and those dogs like the very furies themselves! and many of our men did they kill and wound with their pikes and huge broadswords. In this way we continued fighting courageously, for God and the Blessed Virgin strengthened us, and St. Santiago de Compostella certainly came to our assistance; and one of Quauhtemoctzin's chief officers, who was present at the battle, beheld him with his own eyes, as he afterward affirmed. Near to the place where this terrible and bloody battle was fought lay the township of Otumpan, by which name this battle will be known through all times to come.—*From The Memoirs;* LOCKHART'S *translation.*

DIBDIN, CHARLES, an English dramatist and poet; born at Southampton, March, 1745; died at London, July 25, 1814. He was destined for the Church; but manifesting a talent for music, he went to London at the age of sixteen, and for awhile supported himself by composing ballads for music-dealers and tuning pianos. He was engaged in several unsuccessful theatrical enterprises until, at the age of forty-five, he instituted a sort of musical entertainment, which he called *The Whim of the Moment,* of which he was the sole author, composer, and performer. This proved successful, and he kept up this

and similar entertainments until 1805, when he retired from professional life, having received a government pension of £200. But his improvidence kept him in continual poverty. He wrote nearly fifty dramatic pieces, none of which attained a permanent success. His place in literature rests mainly upon his sea-songs, the number of which exceeds 1,000. The best-known of these are *Poor Jack,* and *Tom Bowling,* written upon the death of his brother, Thomas Dibdin, a sea-captain.

POOR JACK.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
And it ain't to a little I'll strike.

Though the tempest topgallant mast smack smooth should smite
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the deck, stow the yards, and house everything tight,
And under reef foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft,
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such:
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay;
Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch;
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft

Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I said to our Poll (for d'ye see she would cry
When last we weighed anchor for sea),
What argufies snivelling and piping your eye?
Why, what a young fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And so if to Old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more.
What then? all's a hazard: come don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may, laughing, come back;
For, d'ye see? there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Naught's trouble from duty that springs;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the King's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback;
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands,
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

DIBDIN, THOMAS FROGNALL, an English biographer; born at Calcutta in 1776; died at Kensington, November 18, 1847. He was educated at Oxford, studied law, but afterward entered the Church, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and became rector of St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, London. He was the author of several volumes of *Travels* at home and in France and Germany; and of numerous learned biblographical and antiquarian works. The most important of these are *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, an account of the rare books collected by Earl Spencer (7 vols.); *Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain* (4 vols.), and *Bibliographical Decameron* (3 vols.). He also published *Reminiscences of a Literary Life* (2 vols., 1836).

ALL'S WELL.

Deserted by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, or fort, or tented ground
The sentry walks his lonely round;
And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way
"Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell!"
"A friend!" "The word?" "Good-night;" "all's well."

Or, sailing on the midnight deep,
When weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some friendly voice salutes his ear,—
"What cheer? Brother, quickly tell;
Above — below." Good-night. All's well.
—*The British Fleet.*

DICK, THOMAS, a Scottish clergyman; born in 1775; died in 1857. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, for the ministry of the Secession Church of Scotland, and was ordained in 1803. After brief pastoral service he became a teacher in Perth. His book, *The Christian Philosopher,* published in 1824, attained great popularity, and enabled him to give up teaching and devote himself to literary and scientific studies. He published several popular works; among them *The Philosophy of Religion* (1825); *The Philosophy of a Future State*

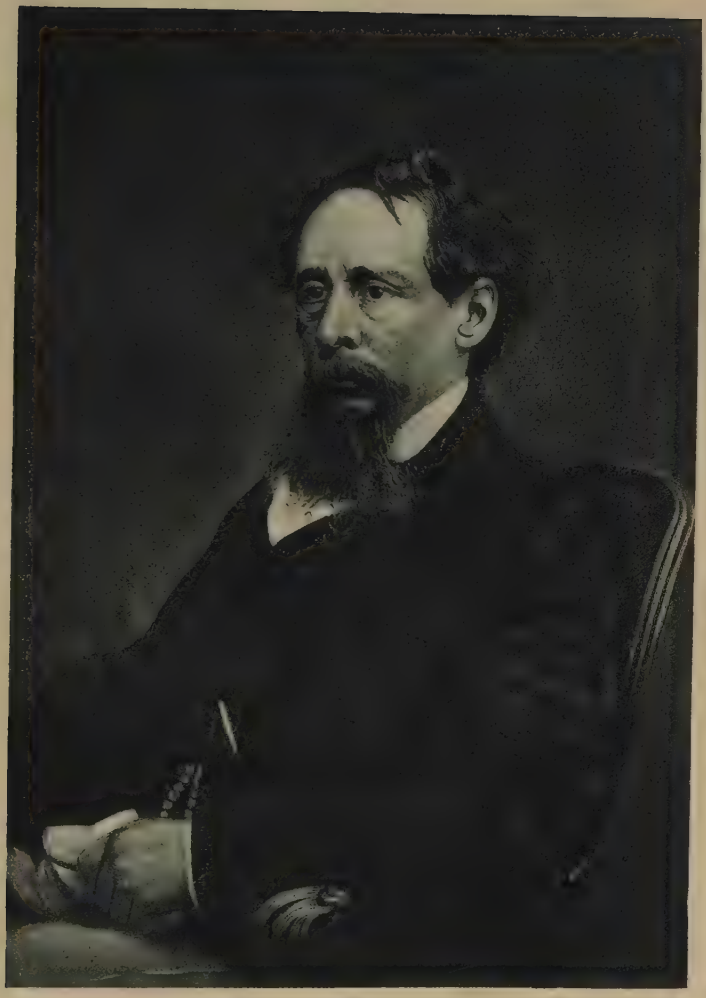
(1828); *The Improvement of Society by a Diffusion of Knowledge* (1833); *Celestial Scenery* (1837); *The Sidereal Heavens* (1840); *The Practical Astronomer* (1845), and *Telescope and Microscope* (1851).

THE IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

Of this universe we can only form an approximate idea by comparing one small portion of it with another, and by allowing the mind to dwell for a considerable time on every scene we contemplate. We must first endeavor to acquire a comprehensive conception of the magnitude of the globe on which we dwell, and the numerous diversity of objects it contains; we must next stretch our view to some of the planetary globes, which are a thousand times greater in magnitude; and to such an orb as the sun, which fills a space thirteen hundred thousand times more expansive. Ranging through the whole of the planetary system, we must fix our attention upon every particular scene and object, imagine ourselves traversing the hills and plains, and immense regions of Jupiter, and surveying the expansive rings of Saturn in all their vast dimensions and rapid motions, till we have obtained the most ample idea which the mind can possibly grasp of the extent and grandeur of the planetary system. Leaving this vast system, and proceeding through boundless space till all its planets have entirely disappeared, and its sun has dwindled to the size of a small twinkling star, we must next survey the thousand stars that deck the visible firmament, every one of which must be considered as a sun, accompanied with a system of planets no less spacious and august than ours. Continuing our course through depths of space immeasurable by human art, we must penetrate into the centre of the Milky Way, where we are surrounded by suns, not only in thousands, but in *millions*. In a scene like this, the boldest imagination is overpowered and bewildered amid the number and magnitude, and feels utterly incompetent to grasp the ten thousandth part of the overwhelming idea presented before it.

Soaring beyond all these objects, we behold, as it were, a new universe in the immense magnitude of the planetary and other nebulæ, where separate stars have never been perceived, and, besides all these, there may be thousands and ten thousands and millions of opaque globes of prodigious size existing throughout every region of the universe, and even in that portion of it which is within the limit of our inspection, the faintness of whose light prevents it from ever reaching our eyes. But, far beyond all such objects as those we have been contemplating, a boundless region exists, of which no human eye has yet caught a glimpse, and which no finite intelligence has ever explored. What scenes of power, of goodness, of grandeur and magnificence may be displayed within this unapproachable and infinite expanse, neither men nor angels can describe, nor form the most rude conception of. But we may rest assured that it is not an empty void, but displays the attributes of the Deity in a manner no less admirable and glorious, and perhaps much more so, than all the scenes of creation within the range of our vision.—*The Sidereal Heavens.*

DICKENS, CHARLES, an English novelist; born at Landport, Portsmouth, February 7, 1812; died at Gadshill, near Rochester, June 9, 1870. He was the son of a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, a well-meaning but unpractical man, who could not adjust his means to his necessities, and was always in difficulties. His mother, a woman of some accomplishments, endeavored to assist in the maintenance of the family, by opening a school for young ladies, but she was unsuccessful in obtaining pupils. Mr. Dickens was at length confined in the Marshalsea prison and his family took up their residence in Camden town,



then a poverty-stricken suburb of London. When Charles was nine years old he was placed in a blacking warehouse, where he earned six shillings a week. In this neglected, uncongenial, irksome way of earning a scanty living he continued for two years. He had already made acquaintance with *Tom Jones, Roderick Random,* and other heroes of Fielding and Smollett; with the *Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quixote,* and *Robinson Crusoe,* whose lives and adventures he had found among a small collection of books owned by his father. He beguiled many an hour by fancying himself one or another of the characters about whom he had read. Among his companions in the warehouse he was famous as a story-teller, and he wrote a tragedy, *Misnar, the Sultan of India,* founded on one of the *Tales of the Genii.* This life, which to another boy might have been ruinous, was a part of his apprenticeship to fame. His uncommon powers of observation took note of everything that came before them. Many of the immortal characters in his novels are drawn from the men and women with whom he came in contact in these gloomy days. A quarrel between the elder Dickens and one of the partners in the blacking business released the boy from his slavery. A small legacy somewhat improved the condition of the family, and Charles was sent to school; but at the age of fifteen he was engaged as office-boy to an attorney in Gray's Inn. His father having become a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle,* the son determined to follow the same calling, and after mastering the difficulties of shorthand, obtained employment first in Doctors' Commons, and after two years of practice there, in the parliamentary gallery, as reporter for *The True Sun.* He was then

nineteen years of age. At twenty-three he was engaged by the *Morning Chronicle.*

His first published sketch, *Mrs. Joseph Porter over the Way,* appeared in the *Old Monthly Magazine* for January, 1834. This was succeeded by other sketches, with the signature of "Boz," the shortened form of a name given in sport to a younger brother, in allusion to the son of the Vicar of Wakefield; first "Moses," it became "Boses," and then "Boz." The sketches were well received, but when at the end of the year the young author demanded payment for similar articles, it was refused. The editor of the *Chronicle* engaged him to continue them in that paper, where they attracted much attention. In 1836 they were published collectively in two volumes, illustrated by Cruikshank.

About this time Chapman & Hall proposed to Dickens a work of fiction in monthly numbers, to be illustrated by Seymour, a comic artist. In accordance with this proposal Dickens began *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.* On the death of Seymour, before the publication of the second number, Hablot Knight Browne, under the pseudonym of "Phiz," took his place. The first numbers were not successful, but the appearance of Sam Weller gained many readers, and the author was soon the most popular writer of the day. Before the completion of *Pickwick, Oliver Twist* was begun in *Bentley's Magazine. Pickwick* appeared in book form in 1837, *Oliver Twist* in 1838, and *Nicholas Nickleby* in 1839. Under the general title of *Master Humphrey's Clock, The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge* were published in monthly numbers in 1840–41. In 1842 Dickens visited America, sailing for Boston in January, and

returning to England in June. On his return he published *American Notes for General Circulation* (1842), and *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843).

The Christmas Carol (1843) was the first of his popular holiday stories. The others are *The Chimes* (1844), *The Cricket on the Hearth* (1845), *The Battle of Life* (1846), *The Haunted Man* (1848), *Dr. Marigold's Prescription* (1865), *Mugby Junction* (1866), and *No Thoroughfare* (1867), the last of which was written in conjunction with Wilkie Collins. *Pictures from Italy* first appeared in *The Daily News,* of which Dickens was editor, during four months of the year 1846. Next came *Dombey and Son* (1847–48) and *David Copperfield* (1849–50).

Dickens now established the weekly periodical, *Household Words,* in which his *Child's History of England* (1852) and *Hard Times* (1854) were published. *Bleak House* (1852–53) and *Little Dorrit* (1856–57) appeared serially. In consequence of a dispute with the publishers, *Household Words* was discontinued in 1859, and Dickens established another weekly publication, *All the Year Round,* in which he published *A Tale of Two Cities* (1860), *Great Expectations* (1861), and *The Uncommercial Traveller. Our Mutual Friend* (1864–65) was his last completed work, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood,* begun in April, 1870, being interrupted by his death in June of that year. During the last years of his life Dickens gave frequent readings from his own works, visiting the United States for that purpose in 1867–68, and giving his last reading in England in March, 1870.

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones, which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent. "Vell, Sammy," said the father. "Vell, my Proosian Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a wery good night, but is uncommon perwerse and unpleasant this mornin'. Signed upon oath, S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerwated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that, you're a-doin' of — pursuit of knowledge under difficulties — eh, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why it's no use a-sayin' it a'n't," replied Sam. "It's a walentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A walentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here very subject; arter actiwally seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha thought wos a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy! I didn't think you'd ha' done it!" . . .

"Nonesense," said Sam. "I a'n't a-goin' to get mar-

ried, don't fret yourself about that. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter — there."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air: "'Lovely'"—

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the inwariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl; who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur'," repeated Sam.

"'Ta'n't in poetry, is it?" interposed his father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin' or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin ag'in, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:

"'Lovely creetur i feel myself a dammed ——'"

"That a'n't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it a'n't 'dammed,'" observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there —'I feel myself ashamed.'"

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir ——' I forget what this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a-lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot. Here's a *c* and a *i* and a *d*."

"'Circumwented,' p'r'aps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No it a'n't that," said Sam; "'circumscribed'; that's it."

"That a'n't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell p'raps it is a more tender word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is raythe good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there a'n't no callin' names in it — no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a King's Arms at once, which is wery well known to be a collection of fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows: "'Afore I see you I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller parenthetically.

"'But now,'" continued Sam, "'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turnup I must ha' been; for there a'n't nobody like you though *I* like you better than nothin at all.' I thought it best to make that raythe strong," said Sam, looking up. Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed. "'So I take the privilidge of the day, Mary, my dear, to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my h'art in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by the profeel machine, altho' it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly to avoid contesting the point—"'Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine, and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's raythe a sudden pull up, a'n't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll wish there was more, and that's the great art of letter-writin'."—*The Pickwick Club.*

MISS SALLY BRASS.

Miss Sally Brass, then, was a lady of thirty-five or thereabouts, of a gaunt and bony figure, and a resolute bearing, which, if it repressed the softer emotions of love, and kept admirers at a distance, certainly inspired a feeling akin to awe in the breasts of those male strangers who had the happiness to approach her. In face she bore a striking resemblance to her brother, Sampson—so exact, indeed, was the likeness between them, that had it consorted with Miss Brass's maiden modesty and gentle womanhood to have assumed her brother's clothes in a frolic and sat down beside him, it would have been difficult for the oldest friend of the family to determine which was Sampson and which Sally, especially as the lady carried upon her upper lip certain reddish demonstrations, which, if the imagination had been assisted by her attire, might have been mistaken for a beard. These were, however, in all probability, nothing more than eyelashes in a wrong place, as the eyes of Miss Brass were quite free from any such natural impertinences. In complexion Miss Brass was sallow—rather a dirty sallow, so to speak—but this hue was agreeably relieved by the healthy glow which mantled in the extreme tip of her laughing nose. Her voice was exceedingly impressive—deep and rich in quantity, and, once heard, not easily forgotten. Her usual dress was a green gown, in color not unlike the curtain of the office window, made tight

to the figure, and terminating at the throat, where it was fastened behind by a peculiarly large and massive button. Feeling, no doubt, that simplicity and plainness are the soul of elegance, Miss Brass wore no collar or kerchief except upon her head, which was invariably ornamented with a brown gauze scarf, like the wing of the fabled vampire, and which, twisted into any form that happened to suggest itself, formed an easy and graceful head-dress.

Such was Miss Brass in person. In mind, she was of a strong and vigorous turn, having from her earliest youth devoted herself with uncommon ardor to the study of the law; not wasting her speculations upon its eagle flights, which are rare, but tracing it attentively through all the slippery and eel-like crawlings in which it commonly pursues its way. Nor had she, like many persons of great intellect, confined herself to theory, or stopped short where practical usefulness begins; inasmuch as she could engross fair-copy, fill up printed forms with perfect accuracy, and, in short, transact any ordinary duty of the office down to pouncing a skin of parchment or mending a pen. It is difficult to understand how, possessed of these combined attractions, she should remain Miss Brass; but whether she had steeled her heart against mankind, or whether those who might have wooed and won her were deterred by fears that, being learned in the law, she might have too near her fingers' ends those particular statutes which regulate what are familiarly termed Actions for Breach, certain it is she was still in a state of celibacy, and still in daily occupation of her old stool opposite to that of her brother Sampson. And equally certain it is, by the way, that between those two stools a great many people had come to the ground.—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

THE BROWN FORESTER OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

A thin-faced, spare-figured man of middle age and stature, dressed in a dusty drabbish-colored suit, such as I never saw before. He was perfectly quiet during the first part of the journey; indeed I don't remember having so much as seen him until he was brought out

by circumstances, as great men often are. The canal extends to the foot of the mountain, and there of course it stops, the passengers being conveyed across it by land-carriage, and taken on afterward by another canal-boat, the counterpart of the first, which awaits them on the other side. There are two canal lines of passage-boats; one is called the *Express,* and one — a cheaper one — the *Pioneer.* The *Pioneer* gets first to the mountain, and waits for the *Express* people to come up, both sets of passengers being conveyed across it at the same time. We were the *Express* company, but when we had crossed the mountain and had come to the second boat, the proprietors took it into their heads to draft all the Pioneers into it likewise, so that we were five-and-forty at least, and the accession of passengers was not all of that kind which improved the prospect of sleeping at night. Our people grumbled at this, as people do in such cases, but suffered the boat to be towed off with the whole freight aboard nevertheless; and away we went down the canal. At home I should have protested lustily, but, being a foreigner here, I held my peace. Not so this passenger. He cleft a path among the people on deck — we were nearly all on deck — and without addressing anybody whomsoever, soliloquized as follows:

"This may suit *you,* this may, but it don't suit *me.* This may be all very well with down-easters and men of Boston raising, but it won't suit my figure no how; and no two ways about *that;* and so I tell you. Now I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am, and when the sun shines on me, it does shine — a little. It don't glimmer where *I* live, the sun don't. No. I am a brown forester, I am. I ain't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth-skins where I live. We're rough men there. Rather. If down-easters and men of Boston raising like this, I am glad of it, but I'm none of that raising, nor of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing, *it* does. I am the wrong sort of a man for 'em, *I* am. They won't like me, *they* won't. This is piling of it up, a little too mountainous, this is."

At the end of every one of these short sentences, he turned upon his heel and walked the other way; check-

ing himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again. It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of this brown forester, but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was put back to the wharf, and as many of the Pioneers as could be coaxed or bullied into going away were got rid of. When we started again some of the boldest spirits on board made bold to say to the obvious occasion of this improvement in our prospects, "Much obliged to you, sir;" whereunto the brown forester — waving his hand, and still walking up and down as before — replied:

"No, you an't. You're none o' my raising. You may act for yourselves, *you* may. I have p'inted out the way. Down-easters and Johnny Cakes can follow if they please. I an't a Johnny Cake, *I* an't. I am from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am;" and so on as before.

He was unanimously voted one of the tables for his bed at night — there is a great contest for the tables — in consideration of his public services, and he had the warmest corner by the stove throughout the rest of the journey. But I never could find out that he did anything except sit there; nor did I hear him speak again until, in the midst of the bustle and turmoil of getting the luggage ashore in the dark at Pittsburgh, I stumbled over him as he sat smoking a cigar on the cabin steps, and heard him muttering to himself, with a short laugh of defiance: "I an't a Johnny Cake, *I* an't. I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am!"

I am inclined to argue from this that he had never left off saying so.—*American Notes.*

DR. BLIMBER'S SCHOOL.

Whenever a young gentleman was taken in hand by Doctor Blimber, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. The Doctor only undertook the charge of ten young gentlemen, but he had, always ready, a supply of learning for a hundred, on the lowest estimate; and it was at once the business and delight of his life to gorge the unhappy ten with it.

In fact, Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hot-house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time. Mental green peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. Mathematical gooseberries (very sour ones too) were common at untimely seasons, and from mere sprouts of bushes, under Doctor Blimber's cultivation. Every description of Greek and Latin vegetable was got off the driest twigs of boys, under the frostiest circumstances. Nature was of no consequence at all. No matter what a young gentleman was intended to bear, Doctor Blimber made him bear to pattern somehow or other.

This was all very pleasant and ingenious, but the system of forcing was attended with its usual disadvantages. There was not the right taste about the premature productions, and they didn't keep well. Moreover, one young gentleman, with a swollen nose and an excessively large head (the oldest of the ten, who had "gone through" everything), suddenly left off blowing one day, and remained in the establishment a mere stalk. And people did say that the Doctor had rather overdone it with young Toots, and that when he began to have whiskers he left off having brains. . . .

The Doctor was a portly gentleman in a suit of black, with strings at his knees, and stockings below them. He had a bald head, highly polished; a deep voice; and a chin so very double, that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases. He had likewise a pair of little eyes that were always half shut up, and a mouth that was always half expanded into a grin, as if he had, that moment, posed a boy, and were waiting to convict him from his own lips. Insomuch, that when the Doctor put his right hand into the breast of his coat, and with the other hand behind him, and a scarcely perceptible wag of his head, made the commonest observation, to a nervous stranger it was like a sentiment from the Sphinx, and settled his business. . . .

Miss Blimber, too, although a slim and graceful maid, did no soft violence to the gravity of the house. There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber. She kept

her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead — stone dead — and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a ghoul. Mrs. Blimber, her mamma, was not learned herself, but she pretended to be, and that did quite as well. She said, at evening parties, that if she could have known Cicero, she thought she could have died contented. It was the steady joy of her life to see the Doctor's young gentlemen go out walking, unlike all other young gentlemen, in the largest possible shirt collars and the stiffest possible cravats. It was so classical, she said.

As to Mr. Feeder, B.A., Dr. Blimber's assistant, he was a kind of human barrel-organ, with a little list of tunes at which he was continually working, over and over again, without any variation. He might have been fitted up with a change of barrels, perhaps, in early life, if his destiny had been favorable; but it had not been; and he had only one, with which, in a monotonous round, it was his occupation to bewilder the ideas of Dr. Blimber's young gentlemen. The young gentlemen were prematurely full of carking anxieties. They knew no rest from the pursuit of stony-hearted verbs, savage noun substantives, inflexible syntactic passages, and ghosts of exercises that appeared to them in their dreams.

Under the forcing system, a young gentleman usually took leave of his spirits in three weeks. He had all the cares of the world on his head in three months. He conceived bitter sentiments against his parents or guardians in four; he was an old misanthrope in five; envied Curtius that blessed refuge in the earth in six; and at the end of the first twelvemonth had arrived at the conclusion, from which he never afterward departed, that all the fancies of the poets, and lessons of the sages, were a mere collection of words and grammar, and had no other meaning in the world. But he went on, blow, blow, blowing in the Doctor's hot-house, all the time; and the Doctor's glory and reputation were great when he took his wintry growth home to his relations and friends.— *Dombey and Son.*

PAUL AND MRS. PIPCHIN.

At this exemplary old lady, Paul would sit staring in his little arm-chair by the fire, for any length of time. He never seemed to know what weariness was, when he was looking fixedly at Mrs. Pipchin. He was not fond of her, he was not afraid of her; but in those old, old moods of his, she seemed to have a grotesque attraction for him. There he would sit, looking at her, and warming his hands, and looking at her, until he sometimes quite confounded Mrs. Pipchin, ogress as she was. Once she asked him, when they were alone, what he was thinking about.

"You," said Paul, without the least reserve.

"And what are you thinking about me?" asked Mrs. Pipchin.

"I'm thinking how old you must be," said Paul.

"You mustn't say such things as that, young gentleman," returned the dame. "That'll never do."

"Why not?" asked Paul.

"Because it's not polite," said Mrs. Pipchin snappishly.

"Not polite?" said Paul.

"No."

'It's not polite," said Paul, innocently, "to eat all the mutton-chops and toast, Wickam says."

"Wickam," retorted Mrs. Pipchin, coloring, "is a wicked, impudent, bold-faced hussey."

"What's that?" inquired Paul.

"Never you mind, sir," retorted Mrs. Pipchin. "Remember the story of the little boy that was gored to death by a mad bull for asking questions."

"If the bull was mad," said Paul, "how did *he* know that the boy had asked questions? Nobody can go and whisper secrets to a mad bull. I don't believe that story."

"You don't believe it, sir?" repeated Mrs. Pipchin, amazed.

"No," said Paul.

"Not if it should happen to have been a tame bull, you little infidel?" said Mrs. Pipchin.

As Paul had not considered the subject in that light, and had founded his conclusions on the alleged lunacy of the bull, he allowed himself to be put down for the present. But he sat turning it over in his mind, with such an obvious intention of fixing Mrs. Pipchin presently, that even that hardy old lady deemed it prudent to retreat until he should have forgotten the subject.

From that time, Mrs. Pipchin appeared to have something of the same odd kind of attraction toward Paul, as Paul had toward her. She would make him move his chair to her side of the fire, instead of sitting opposite; and there he would remain in a nook between Mrs. Pipchin and the fender, with all the light of his little face absorbed into the black bombazine drapery, studying every line and wrinkle of her countenance, and peering at the hard gray eye until Mrs. Pipchin was sometimes fain to shut it on pretence of dozing.

Mrs. Pipchin had an old black cat, who generally lay coiled upon the centre foot of the fender, purring egotistically, and winking at the fire until the contracted pupils of his eyes were like two notes of admiration. The good old lady might have been — not to record it disrespectfully — a witch, and Paul and the cat her two familiars, as they all sat by the fire together. It would have been quite in keeping with the appearance of the party if they had all sprung up the chimney in a high wind one night, and never been heard of any more.— *Dombey and Son.*

THE VOICE OF THE WAVES.

But as Paul himself was no stronger than he had been on his first arrival, though he looked much healthier in the face, a little carriage was got for him, in which he could lie at his ease, with an alphabet and other elementary works of reference, and be wheeled down to the sea-side. Consistent in his odd tastes, the child set aside a ruddy-faced lad who was proposed as the drawer of this carriage, and selected, instead, his grandfather — a weazen, old, crab-faced man, in a suit of battered oil-

skin, who had got tough and stringy from long pickling in salt water, and who smelt like a weedy sea-beach when the tide is out.

With this notable attendant to pull him along, and Florence always walking by his side, and the despondent Wickam bringing up the rear, he went down to the margin of the ocean every day; and there he would sit or lie in his carriage for hours together; never so distressed as by the company of children — Florence alone excepted, always.

"Go away, if you please," he would say to any child who came to bear him company. "Thank you, but I don't want you."

Some small voice near his ear would ask him how he was, perhaps.

"I'm very well, I thank you," he would answer. "But you had better go and play, if you please."

Then he would turn his head, and watch the child away, and say to Florence, "We don't want any others, do we? Kiss me, Floy."

He had even a dislike, at such times, to the company of Wickam, and was well pleased when she strolled away, as she generally did, to pick up shells and acquaintances. His favorite spot was quite a lonely one, far away from most loungers; and with Florence sitting by his side at work, or reading to him, or talking to him, and the wind blowing on his face, and the water coming up among the wheels of his bed, he wanted nothing more.

"Floy," he said one day, "where's India, where that boy's friends live?"

"Oh, it's a long, long distance off," said Florence, raising her eyes from her work.

"Weeks off?" asked Paul.

"Yes, dear. Many weeks' journey, night and day."

"If you were in India, Floy," said Paul, after being silent for a minute, "I should — what is that mamma did? I forget."

"Loved me!" answered Florence.

"No, no. Don't I love you now, Floy? What is it — died. If you were in India, I should die, Floy."

She hurriedly put her work aside, and laid her head

down on his pillow, caressing him. And so would she, she said, if he were there. He would be better soon.

"Oh! I am a great deal better now!" he answered. "I don't mean that. I mean that I should die of being so sorry and so lonely, Floy!"

Another time, in the same place, he fell asleep, and slept quietly for a long time. Awaking suddenly, he listened, started up, and sat listening.

Florence asked him what he thought he heard.

"I want to know what it says," he answered, looking steadily in her face. "The sea, Floy, what is it that it keeps on saying?"

She told him that it was only the noise of the rolling waves.

"Yes, yes," he said. "But I know they are always saying something. Always the same thing. What place is over there?" He rose up, looking eagerly at the horizon.

She told him that there was another country opposite, but he said he didn't mean that; he meant further away — further away!

Very often afterward, in the midst of their talk, he would break off, to try to understand what it was that the waves were always saying; and would rise up in his couch to look toward the invisible region, far away.— *Dombey and Son.*

AN ENCHANTED DWELLING.

Ham carrying me on his back and a small box of ours under his arm, and Peggotty carrying another small box of ours, we turned down lanes bestrewn with bits of chips and little hillocks of sand, and went past gas-works, rope-walks, boat-builders' yards, shipwrights' yards, ship-breakers' yards, caulkers' yards, riggers' lofts, smiths' forges, and a great litter of such places, until we came out upon the dull waste I had already seen at a distance; when Ham said,

"Yon's our house, Mas'r Davy!"

I looked in all directions, as far as I could stare over the wilderness, and away at the sea, and away at the

river, but no house could I make out. There was a black barge, or some other kind of superannuated boat, not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney, and smoking very cosily, but nothing else in the way of a habitation that was visible to *me*.

"That's not it?" said I. "That ship-looking thing?"

"That's it, Mas'r Davy," returned Ham.

If it had been Aladdin's palace, roc's egg and all, I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it! but the wonderful charm of it was, that it was a real boat which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and had never been intended to be lived in on dry land. That was the captivation of it to me. If it had ever been meant to be lived in I might have thought it small, or inconvenient, or lonely; but never having been designed for any such use, it became a perfect abode.

It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table, and a Dutch clock, and a chest of drawers, and on the chest of drawers there was a tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military-looking child who was trundling a hoop. The tray was kept from tumbling down by a Bible; and the tray, if it had tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers and a teapot that were grouped around the book. On the walls there were some common colored pictures, framed and glazed, of scripture subjects; such as I have never seen since in the hands of pedlers, without seeing the whole interior of Peggotty's brother's house again at one view. Abraham in red, going to sacrifice Isaac in blue, and Daniel in yellow, cast into a den of green lions, were the most prominent of these. Over the little mantelshelf was a picture of the *Sarah Jane* lugger, built at Sunderland, with a real little wooden stern stuck on to it — a work of art, combining composition with carpentry, which I considered to be one of the most enviable possessions that the world could afford. There were some hooks in the beams of

the ceiling, the use of which I did not divine then; and some lockers and boxes and conveniences of that sort, which served for seats and eked out the chairs.

All this I saw in the first glance after I crossed the threshold — child-like, according to my theory — and then Peggotty opened a little door and showed me my bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen — in the stern of the vessel; with a little window, where the rudder used to go through; a little looking-glass, just the right height for me, nailed against the wall, and framed with oyster-shells; a little bed, where there was just room enough to get into; and a nosegay of seaweed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were whitewashed as white as milk, and the patchwork counterpane made my eyes quite ache with its brightness. One thing I particularly noticed in this delightful house was the smell of fish; which was so searching that when I took out my pocket-handkerchief to wipe my nose, I found it smelt exactly as if it had wrapped up a lobster. On my imparting this discovery in confidence to Peggotty, she informed me that her brother dealt in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish; and I afterward found that a heap of these creatures, in a state of wonderful conglomeration with one another, and never leaving off pinching whatever they laid hold of, were usually to be found in a little wooden outhouse where the pots and kettles were kept. We were welcomed by a very civil woman in a white apron, whom I had seen curtseying at the door when I was on Ham's back, about a quarter of a mile off. Likewise by a most beautiful little girl (or I thought her so), with a necklace of blue beads on, who wouldn't let me kiss her when I offered to, but ran away and hid herself.

By and by, when we had dined in a sumptuous manner off boiled dabs, melted butter, and potatoes, with a chop for me, a hairy man with a very good-natured face came home. As he called Peggotty "Lass," and gave her a hearty smack on the cheek, I had no doubt, from the general propriety of her conduct, that he was her brother; and so he turned out — being presently introduced to me as Mr. Peggotty, the master of the house. . . .

After tea, when the door was shut and all was made

snug (the nights being cold and misty now), it seemed to me the most delicious retreat that the imagination of man could conceive. To hear the wind getting up out at sea, to know that the fog was creeping over the desolate flat outside, and to look at the fire and think that there was no house near but this one, and this one a boat, was like enchantment. Little Em'ly had overcome her shyness, and was sitting by my side upon the lowest and least of the lockers, which was just large enough for us two, and just fitted into the chimney corner. Mrs. Peggotty, with the white apron, was knitting on the opposite side of the fire. Peggotty at her needle-work was as much at home with St. Paul's and the bit of wax-candle as if they had never known any other roof. Ham, who had been giving me my first lesson in all-fours, was trying to recollect a scheme of telling fortunes with the dirty cards, and was printing off fishy impressions of his thumb on all the cards he turned. Mr. Peggotty was smoking his pipe. I felt it was a time for conversation and confidence.

"Mr. Peggotty!" says I.

"Sir," says he.

"Did you give your son the name of Ham, because you lived in a sort of ark?"

Mr. Peggotty seemed to think it a deep idea, but answered:

"No, sir. I never gave him no name."

"Who gave him that name, then?" said I, putting question number two of the catechism to Mr. Peggotty.

"Why, sir, his father gave it him," said Mr. Peggotty.

"I thought you were his father!"

"My brother Joe was *his* father," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" I hinted, after a respectful pause.

"Drowndead," said Mr. Peggotty.

I was very much surprised that Mr. Peggotty was not Ham's father, and began to wonder whether I was mistaken about his relationship to anybody else there. I was so curious to know, that I made up my mind to have it out with Mr. Peggotty.

"Little Em'ly," I said, glancing at her. "She is your daughter, isn't she, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, sir. My brother-in-law, Tom, was *her* father."

I couldn't help it—"Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" I hinted, after another respectful silence.

"Drowndead," said Mr. Peggotty.

I felt the difficulty of resuming the subject, but had not got to the bottom of it yet, and must get to the bottom somehow. So I said: "Haven't you *any* children, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, master," he answered, with a short laugh. "I'm a bacheldore."

"A bachelor!" I said, astonished. "Why, who's that, Mr. Peggotty?" pointing to the person in the apron who was knitting.

"That's Missis Gummidge," said Mr. Peggotty.—*David Copperfield.*

THROUGH THE STORM.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattoo'd arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat — which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable — beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made, to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned toward us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But, a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from

DICKENS' HOME, GADSHILL.

the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys into the boiling surge. The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends toward the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprang wildly over and turned toward the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne toward us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes. They were making out to me, in an agitated way — I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand — that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him — as well as I know, to repeat my appeal

for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea — exactly the same look as I remembered in connection with the morning after Emily's flight — awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking, not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half of the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If 'tain't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm a-going off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined; but, I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then, I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers: a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist: another round his body; and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on — not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer color; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rang,

he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free — or so I judged from the motion of his arm — and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it — when, a high, green, vast hillside of water, moving in shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet — insensible — dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and — no one prevented me now — I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the green wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

As I sat beside the bed when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

"Sir," said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, "will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me, was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me:

"Has a body come ashore?"

He said "Yes."

"Do I know it?" I asked then.

He answered nothing.

But he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children — on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind — among the ruins of the home he had wronged — I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

No need, O Steerforth, to have said, when we last spoke together, in that hour which I so little deemed to be our parting hour — no need to have said, "Think of me at my best!" I had done that ever; and could I change now, looking on this sight! They brought a hand-bier, and laid him on it, and covered him with a flag, and took him up and bore him on toward the houses. All the men who carried him had known him, and gone sailing with him, and seen him merry and bold. They carried him through the wild roar, a hush in the midst of the tumult; and took him to the cottage where death was already. But when they set the bier down on the threshold, they looked at one another, and at me, and whispered. They felt as if it were not right to lay him down in the same quiet room.— *David Copperfield.*

THE CHILD OF THE MARSHALSEA.

At what period of her early life the little creature began to perceive that it was not the habit of all the world to live locked up in narrow yards surrounded by high walls with spikes at the top, would be a difficult question to settle. But she was a very, very little creature indeed, when she had somehow gained the knowledge,

that her clasp of her father's hand was to be always loosened at the door which the great key opened; and that while her own light steps were free to pass beyond it, his feet must never cross that line. A pitiful and plaintive look, with which she had begun to regard him when she was still extremely young, was perhaps a part of this discovery.

With a pitiful and plaintive look for everything, indeed, but with something in it for only him that was like protection, this Child of the Marshalsea and child of the Father of the Marshalsea, sat by her friend the turnkey in the lodge, kept the family room, or wandered about the prison-yard, for the first eight years of her life. With a pitiful and plaintive look for her wayward sister; for her idle brother; for the high blank walls; for the faded crowd they shut in; for the game of the prison children as they whooped and ran, and played at hide-and-seek, and made the iron bars of the inner gateway "Home." . . .

The first half of sixteen years of her life was only just accomplished, when her pitiful and plaintive look saw her father a widower. From that time the protection that her wondering eyes had expressed toward him, became embodied in action, and the Child of the Marshalsea took upon herself a new relation toward the Father.

At first, such a baby could do little more than sit with him, deserting her livelier place by the high fender, and quietly watching him. But this made her so far necessary to him that he became accustomed to her, and began to be sensible of missing her when she was not there. Through this little gate, she passed out of childhood into the care-laden world.

What her pitiful look saw, at that early time, in her father, in her sister, in her brother in the jail; how much, or how little of the wretched truth it pleased God to make visible to her, lies hidden with many mysteries. It is enough that she was inspired to be something which was not what the rest were, and to be that something, different and laborious, for the sake of the rest. Inspired? Yes. Shall we speak of the inspiration of a poet or a priest, and not of the heart impelled by love

and self-devotion to the lowliest work in the lowliest way of life?

With no earthly friend to help her, or so much as to see her, but the one so strangely assorted; with no knowledge even of the common daily tone and habits of the common members of the free community who are not shut up in prisons; born and bred in a social condition, false even with a reference to the falsest condition outside the walls; drinking from infancy of a well whose waters had their own peculiar stain, their own unwholesome and unnatural taste, the Child of the Marshalsea began her womanly life.

No matter through what mistakes and discouragements, what ridicule (not unkindly meant, but deeply felt) of her youth and her little figure, what humble consciousness of her own babyhood and want of strength, even in the matter of lifting and carrying; through how much weariness and hopelessness, and how many secret tears; she trudged on, until recognized as useful, even indispensable. That time came. She took the place of eldest of the three in all things but precedence; was the head of the fallen family; and bore, in her own heart, its anxieties and shames.

At thirteen she could read and keep accounts — that is, could put down in words and figures how much the bare necessaries that they wanted would cost, and how much less they had to buy them with. She had been, by snatches of a few weeks at a time, to an evening school outside, and got her sister and brother sent to day-schools by desultory starts, during three or four years. There was no instruction for any of them at home; but she knew well — no one better — that a man so broken as to be the Father of the Marshalsea, could be no father to his own children.

To these scanty means of improvement, she added another of her own contriving. Once, among the heterogeneous crowd of inmates there appeared a dancing-master. Her sister had a great desire to know the dancing-master's art, and seemed to have a taste that way. At thirteen years old, the Child of the Marshalsea presented

herself to the dancing-master, with a little bag in her hand, and proferred her humble petition.

"If you please, I was born here, sir."

"Oh! You are the young lady, are you?" said the dancing-master, surveying the small figure and uplifted face.

"Yes, sir."

"And what can I do for you?" said the dancing-master.

"Nothing for me, sir, thank you," anxiously undrawing the strings of the little bag, "but if, while you stay here, you could be so kind as to teach my sister cheap —"

"My child, I'll teach her for nothing," said the dancing-master, shutting up the bag. He was as good-natured a dancing-master as ever danced to the Insolvent Court, and he kept his word. . . .

The success of this beginning, which led to the dancing-master's continuing his instruction after his release, emboldened the poor child to try again. She waited and watched months for a seamstress. In the fulness of time a milliner came in, and to her she repaired on her own behalf. The milliner took her in hand in good will, found her the most patient and earnest of pupils, and made her a cunning workwoman in course of time.

In course of time, and in the very self-same course of time, the Father of the Marshalsea gradually developed a new flower of character. The more Fatherly he grew as to the Marshalsea, and the more dependent he grew on the contributions of his changing family, the greater stand he made by his forelorn gentility. With the same hand that he pocketed a collegian's half-crown half an hour ago, he would wipe away the tears that streamed over his cheeks if any reference were made to his daughters' earning their bread. So, over and above her other daily cares, the Child of the Marshalsea had always upon her the care of preserving the genteel fiction that they were all idle beggars together. The sister became a dancer. There was a ruined uncle in the family group — ruined by her brother, the Father of the Marshalsea, and knowing no more how, than his ruiner did, but accepting

the fact as an inevitable certainty — on whom her protection developed. . . .

To enable this girl to earn her few weekly shillings, it was necessary for the Child of the Marshalsea to go through an elaborate form with the Father. "Fanny is not going to live with us just now, father. She will be here a good deal in the day, but she is going to live outside with uncle."

"You surprise me. Why?"

"I think uncle wants a companion, father. He should be attended to, and looked after."

"A companion? He passes much of his time here. And you attend to him and look after him, Amy, a great deal more than ever your sister will. You all go out so much; you all go out so much."

This was to keep up the ceremony and pretence of his having no idea that Amy herself went out by the day to work.

"But we are always very glad to come home, father; now, are we not? And as to Fanny, perhaps besides keeping uncle company and taking care of him, it may be as well for her not quite to live here, always. She was not born here as I was, you know, father."

"Well, Amy, well. I don't quite follow you, but it's natural I suppose that Fanny should prefer to be outside, and even that you often should, too. So, you and Fanny and your uncle, my dear, shall have your own way. Good, good. I'll not meddle; don't mind me."

To get her brother out of the prison; out of the succession to Mrs. Bangham in executing commissions, and out of the slang interchange with very doubtful companions, consequent upon both, was her hardest task. At eighteen he would have dragged on from hand to mouth, from hour to hour, from penny to penny, until eighty. Nobody got into the prison from whom he derived anything useful or good, and she could find no patron for him but her old father and godfather.

"Dear Bob," said she, "what is to become of poor Tip?" His name was Edward, and Ted had been transformed into Tip within the walls.

The turnkey had strong private opinions as to what

would become of poor Tip, and had even gone so far, with the view of averting their fulfilment, as to sound Tip in reference to the expediency of running away and going to serve his country. But Tip had thanked him, and said he didn't seem to care for his country.

"Well, my dear," said the turnkey, "something ought to be done with him. Suppose I try and get him into the law?"

"That would be so good of you, Bob!"

The turnkey had now two points to put to the professional gentlemen as they passed in and out. He put this second one so perseveringly, that a stool and twelve shillings a week were at last found for Tip in the office of an attorney in a great National Palladium called the Palace Court; at that time one of a considerable list of everlasting bulwarks to the dignity and safety of Albion, whose places know them no more.

Tip languished at Clifford's Inn for six months, and at the expiration of that term, sauntered back one evening with his hands in his pockets, and incidentally observed to his sister that he was not going back again.

"Not going back again?" said the poor little anxious Child of the Marshalsea, always calculating and planning for Tip, in the front rank of her charges.

"I am so tired of it," said Tip, "that I have cut it."

Tip tired of everything. With intervals of Marshalsea lounging, and Mrs. Bangham succession, his small second mother, aided by her trusty friend, got him into a warehouse, into a market garden, into the hop trade, into the law again, into an auctioneer's, into a brewery, into a stockbroker's, into the law again, into a coach office, into a wagon office, into the law again, into a general dealer's, into a distillery, into the law again, into a wood house, into a dry goods house, into the Billingsgate trade, into the foreign fruit trade, and into the docks. But whatever Tip went into, he came out of tired, announcing that he had cut it. Wherever he went, this foredoomed Tip appeared to take the prison walls with him, and to set them up in such trade or calling; and to prowl about within their narrow limits in the old slipshod, purposeless, down-at-heel way; until the real im-

movable Marshalsea walls asserted their fascination over him, and brought him back.

Nevertheless, the brave little creature did so fix her heart on her brother's rescue that while he was ringing out those doleful changes she pinched and scraped enough together to ship him for Canada. When he was tired of nothing to do, and disposed in its turn to cut even that, he graciously consented to go to Canada. And there was grief in her bosom over parting with him, and joy in the hope of his being put in a straight course at last.

"God bless you, dear Tip. Don't be too proud to come and see us when you have made your fortune."

"All right!" said Tip, and went.

But not all the way to Canada; in fact, not farther than Liverpool. After making the voyage to that port from London, he found himself so strongly impelled to cut the vessel that he resolved to walk back again. Carrying out which intention, he presented himself before her at the expiration of a month, in rags, without shoes, and much more tired than ever. . . .

This was the life, and this the history, of the Child of the Marshalsea, at twenty-two. With a still surviving attachment to the one miserable yard and block of houses as her birth-place and home, she passed to and fro in it shrinkingly now, with a womanly consciousness that she was pointed out to every one. Since she had begun to work beyond the walls she had found it necessary to conceal where she lived, and to come and go as secretly as she could, between the free city and iron gates, outside of which she had never slept in her life. Her original timidity had grown with this concealment, and her light step and her little figure shunned the thronged streets while they passed along them.

Worldly wise in hard and poor necessities, she was innocent in all things else. Innocent, in the mist through which she saw her father, and the prison, and the turbid living river that flowed through it and flowed on.— *Little Dorrit.*

MRS. BAGNET'S BIRTHDAY.

It is the old girl's birthday; and that is the greatest holiday and reddest-letter day in Mr. Bagnet's calendar. The auspicious event is always commemorated according to certain forms settled and prescribed by Mr. Bagnet some years since. Mr. Bagnet, being deeply convinced that to have a pair of fowls for dinner is to attain the highest pitch of imperial luxury, invariably goes forth himself very early in the morning of this day to buy a pair; he is as invariably taken in by the vender, and installed in the possession of the oldest inhabitants of any coop in Europe. Returning with these triumphs of toughness tied up in a clean blue-and-white cotton handkerchief essential to the arrangements, he in a casual manner invites Mrs. Bagnet to declare at breakfast what she would like for dinner. Mrs. Bagnet, by a coincidence never known to fail, replying fowls, Mr. Bagnet instantly produces his bundle from a place of concealment, amidst generous amazement and rejoicing. He further requires that the old girl shall do nothing all day long but sit in her very best gown and be served by himself and the young people. As he is not illustrious for his cookery, this may be supposed to be a matter of state rather than enjoyment on the old girl's part; but she keeps her state with all imaginable cheerfulness.

On this present birthday Mr. Bagnet has accomplished the usual preliminaries. He has bought two specimens of poultry, which, if there be any truth in adages, were certainly not caught with chaff, to be prepared for the spit; he has amazed and rejoiced the family by their unlooked-for production; he is himself directing the roasting of the poultry; and Mrs. Bagnet, with her wholesome brown fingers itching to prevent what she sees going wrong, sits in her gown of ceremony an honored guest. Quebec and Malta lay the cloth for dinner, while Woolwich, serving, as beseems him, under his father, keeps the fowls revolving. To these young scullions Mrs. Bagnet occasionally imparts a wink, or a shake of the head, or a crooked face, as they make mistakes.

The dinner is a little endangered by the dry humor of the fowls in not yielding any gravy, and also by the made gravy acquiring no flavor, and turning out of a flaxen complexion. With a similar perverseness, the potatoes crumble off forks in the process of peeling, upheaving from their centres in every direction, as if they were subject to earthquakes. The legs of the fowls, too, are longer than could be desired, and extremely scaly. Overcoming these disadvantages to the best of his ability, Mr. Bagnet at last dishes, and they sit down at table, Mrs. Bagnet occupying the guest's place at his right hand. It is well for the old girl that she has but one birthday a year, for two such indulgences in poultry might be injurious. Every kind of finer tendon and ligament that it is in the nature of poultry to possess is developed in those specimens in the singular form of guitar-strings. Their limbs appear to have struck roots into their breasts and bodies, as aged trees strike roots into the earth. Their legs are so hard as to encourage the idea that they must have devoted the greater part of their long and arduous lives to pedestrian exercises and the walking of matches. But Mr. Bagnet, unconscious of these little defects, sets his heart on Mrs. Bagnet's eating a most severe quantity of the delicacies before her; and as that good old girl would not cause him a moment's disappointment on any day, least of all on such a day, for any consideration, she imperils her digestion fearfully. How young Woolwich cleans the drumsticks without being of ostrich descent his anxious mother is at a loss to understand.

The old girl has another trial to undergo after the conclusion of the repast, in sitting in state to see the room cleared, the hearth swept, and the dinner-service washed up and polished in the back yard. The great delight and energy with which the two young ladies apply themselves to these duties, turning up their skirts in imitation of their mother, and skating in and out on little scaffolds of pattens, inspire the highest hopes for the future, but some anxiety for the present. . . . At last the various cleansing processes are triumphantly completed; . . . and the old girl enjoys the first peace of

mind she ever knows on the day of this delightful entertainment.— *Bleak Houśe.*

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1878, in an article on *Dickens as a Dramatist and Poet,* says that a little volume might almost be made out of the various scattered trifles known as occasional verses which the great novelist wrote. Some of these were written in the albums of his friends; a number were contributed to early issues of the London *Daily News;* several made up his opera entitled *The Village Coquette;* one was a prologue written for Marston's *Patrician's Daughter;* others were to be found here and there in his novels; and a few gems of prose had been shown by Richard Hengist Horne to be virtually blank verse — notably that beautiful passage in *The Old Curiosity Shop,* beginning "And now the bell — the bell She had so often heard by night and day," and ending, "She passed again, and the old church Received her in its quiet shade;" twenty-eight lines of blank verse imbedded in poetical prose. Of the verse of Dickens the best known is the still popular song found in *Pickwick,* entitled *The Ivy Green;* of which it has been related that the author gave the royalty to Russell, the singer, and of which Percy Fitzgerald writes: "It is a really excellent song, with a very poetical idea for its basis. Many will recall the pleasant style in which that not ungifted entertainer, Henry Russell, used to troll it, and the rather seducing burden, 'Creeping where,' etc. The music may not be of the highest merit, but we would have no other for the words. The pleasant Henry, with his whole *bagage littéraire* of *'Ships on Fire'* and *'Man the Life Boat,'* and his piano, on which he was as much

at home as a deft skater on the ice — who gives him a thought now? Yet erst he held audiences spell-bound."

THE IVY GREEN.

O a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold,
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, for he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he!
How close he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak-tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

DIDEROT, Denis, a French philosopher; born at Langres, Champagne, October 5, 1713; died at Paris, July 31, 1784. He was educated for the Church, but abandoning theology he entered an attorney's office at Paris, devoting himself, however, to literature rather than to law. In consequence of the laxity of some of his earlier works, he was thrown into prison. After his release in 1749 he planned, in conjunction with d'Alembert, the great *Encyclopédie,* upon which his reputation mainly rests. The first two volumes of the *Encyclopédie* appeared in 1751; they were suppressed by the authorities in consequence of their alleged hostility to the Christian religion. The suspension was revoked after a year or two; but in 1757, when five additional volumes had appeared, the suspension was again ordered. D'Alembert now abandoned the work, but Diderot carried it on; and to escape the censorship, the remaining ten volumes were nominally issued at Neufchâtel instead of Paris. Besides the *Encyclopédie,* Diderot wrote numerous other works — fictitious, dramatic, and historical. A collected edition of his works, in fifteen volumes, appeared in 1798.

The Preface to the first volume of the *Encyclopédie* bears the joint signatures of Diderot and d'Alembert. This preface itself would form a considerable volume. We give a few extracts:

DESIGNS OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIE.

The Encyclopedia to be now laid before the public is not the work of a single hand or two; but of a learned body, all the members whereof, except ourselves, either

have or deserve an established character as authors. We presume not to anticipate a judgment which only belongs to the proper judges; but think it incumbent upon us to remove an objection that might otherwise prejudice this great undertaking. We therefore declare, that from the rashness of charging ourselves with a load so disproportioned to our strength, our part, as editors, principally consists in arranging the articles chiefly contributed by others, entire. . . . The Work has two principal views. That of an Encyclopedia and that of a Philosophical Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Trades. As an Encyclopedia, it should exhibit, as much as possible, the order, succession, and connection of all the parts of human knowledge. As a Philosophical Dictionary, it should contain the general principles, or fundamentals, of every science and every art, whether liberal or mechanical; along with the most essential descriptions that constitute the body or substance of each respectively. . . . All human knowledge may be divided into *direct* and *reflex*. The "direct" is what we receive immediately by the senses, without any exertion of the will, and comes uncalled and unobstructed to the mind. The "reflex" is what the mind acquires by speculating upon the "direct," in the way of uniting, separating, arranging, or combining. As all our direct knowledge comes in by the senses, all our Ideas are consequently owing to our Sensations.—*Preface to the Encyclopédie.*

UPON HISTORY.

Man is not contented to live and reign among his contemporaries alone; but, drawn by curiosity and self-love, eagerly and naturally endeavors at once to embrace the past, the present, and future times. We desire at once to live with our successors and our predecessors. This shows us the origin and design of History, which unites us with the ages past, by representing their vices, virtues, knowledge, and errors; and transmitting our own to posterity. It is only by History we learn to esteem men only for the good they do, and not for the seducing pomp that surrounds them. Sovereigns who are so unhappy

as to be excluded from truth on all sides, may here pass judgment upon themselves beforehand; for History is a tremendous, uncorrupt tribunal, which judges their resembling predecessors just as it will do them. Chronology and Geography are the two appendages, or supporters of History: the one fixing the inhabitants of the earth in point of time; and the other assigning their place upon our globe. They both derive great advantages from the history of the earth and heavens, or from historical facts and celebrated observations; and may therefore be regarded as descendants of Astronomy and History.

It is one of the principal advantages arising from the history of empires, and their revolutions, to see how mankind, separated as it were into numerous large families, formed different Societies; how these Societies gave rise to different forms of Government; and how each people endeavored to distinguish themselves from the rest by Laws, and by particular signs as the means of more easily communicating their thoughts; whence arose that great diversity of languages and laws which, to our misfortune, is become a principal object of study. Hence also we see the origin of Civil Policy, as a particular and higher kind of Morality, to which it is sometimes difficult, without straining, to accommodate the principles of common moral duty. For, Civil Policy, entering into the principal motives of Government, aims at discovering what may tend to preserve, weaken, or destroy a State. This is perhaps the most difficult kind of study. It requires a deep knowledge of mankind in general, and of the people to be governed, in particular; as also a great compass and variety of abilities: especially if the politician would not forget that the Law of Nature, being prior to all particular Associations, is the first Law of the People; and that his being a Statesman does not preclude his being a Man.—*Preface to the Encyclopédie.*

INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS.

The contempt thrown upon mechanic arts seems, in a degree, to reach their Inventors. The names of these benefactors to mankind are rarely heard of; whilst the

great destroyers of our species — called Conquerors — are universally known, yet we find among artisans many extraordinary proofs of sagacity, genius, assiduity, and invention. Most arts, indeed, are discovered by degrees; and ages have been employed in bringing them to perfection: as we remarkably find in watch-work. And the same may be said of the sciences. How many discoveries, which have immortalized their finishers, were begun and continued by the labor of preceding ages! Some of them, already brought near to perfection, might require a little more than a single addition. Should not the inventors of the spring, the chain, and repeating parts of a Watch be equally esteemed with those who have successively studied to perfect Algebra! But though the contempt cast upon the Arts may not have hindered their gradual improvement, yet there are certain machines so complicated, and their parts so depending upon one another, that it is hard to conceive they should have been invented by different persons. Such extraordinary inventors — instead of having their names buried in oblivion — might well deserve a place among the few discoverers who strike out new paths of science.— *Preface to the Encyclopédie.*

ORIGIN AND USES OF KNOWLEDGE.

It follows, from what has already been said, that the different ways in which our mind operates upon objects, and the different uses it derives from them, are the first means of distinguishing, in general, our different kinds of knowledge from each other; and that the whole of it relates to our wants, either of necessity, convenience, amusement, real use, or capricious abuse. What advances would the art of Physic have made, to the discredit of sciences merely speculative, were its principles as certain as those of Geometry!— *Preface to the Encyclopédie.*

THE LITERARY WORLD CLASSED.

The general division of knowledge, according to the three faculties of our minds, enables us to make a correspondent division of the literary world into Men of

Erudition, Philosophers, and Wits. Memory is the predominant talent of the first, Sagacity of the second, Pleasing the third: so that, taking Memory for the beginning of Reflection, and adding the combinatory and imitatorial parts thereto, it may be said in general, that the difference betwixt men consists in the nature and the number of the ideas of Reflection each man has respectively; and that Reflection alone, taken in its most extensive sense, forms the character, or special differences, of men's minds.

These three republics into which we divide the literary world, have scarce anything in common besides a mutual contempt of each other. The philosopher and the poet regard each other as frantics, fed with chimeras. They both agree that the man of erudition is a miser, hoarding the wealth he never enjoys; and treasuring up the basest as anxiously as the most valuable coin. The man of erudition, regarding the finest productions of genius, without facts, but as mere groups of words, equally despises poets and philosophers for fancying themselves rich, only because their expenses outrun their income. And in this manner it is that men endeavor to make their own deficiencies good.

But the learned would better consult their interest if, instead of pretending to stand separate, they mutually supported each other. Society is certainly indebted to the polite arts for its principal pleasures, and to philosophy for its knowledge. But both of these are greatly beholden to Memory, which preserves the original matter of all our knowledge. The labors of the learned have furnished many a subject for philosophers and poets to work on. The ancients, by styling the Muses Daughters of Memory, showed how necessary they thought it to the Memory as well as to Fortune.— *Preface to the Encyclopédie.*

EARLY SHARE OF D'ALEMBERT AND DIDEROT IN THE ENCYCLOPÉDIE.

M. d'Alembert has either drawn up or revised all the articles of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy that do

not depend upon the parts already mentioned; and has furnished some few articles in the other branches of science. In the articles of Transcendental Mathematics he has particularly endeavored to show the general nature of Methods; to point out the best books, where the most important particulars in every subject may be found; to clear up what seemed but imperfectly, or scarce at all attempted before; and, as far as possible, to give accurate and simple metaphysical principles in all cases.

But the province of M. Diderot is more laborious: he being the author of the most extensive and important part of this Dictionary — a part the most wanted by the public, and the most difficult to execute; *viz.*, the History of Arts. This history M. Diderot drew up from memoirs communicated to him either by workmen or lovers of Art, or from verbal and ocular information of artificers employed at their work, or of handcraftsmen, which he took the trouble of examining, and sometimes causing models to be made of their engines and apparatus, that he might study them more at his leisure. To this complicated undertaking, which he executed with great exactness, he had added another no less considerable, by supplying in different parts of our Work an immense number of articles that were wanting. He applied himself to the task with a disinterestedness that does honor to his learning, and a zeal deserving the acknowledgment of all well-wishers to Science.— *Preface to the Encyclopédie.*

DIES IRÆ, a famous mediæval Latin Hymn, usually cited by the two opening words, although the proper title is *De Novissimo Judicio,* (On the Last Judgment). There has been some question as to the authorship of this Hymn; but there can be little doubt that it was composed by Thomas of Celano, an Italian monk of the Franciscan Order, who died in

1255. The Hymn has been many times translated and paraphrased. In the following version, an attempt has been made not only to give the meaning but to reproduce the form of the original.

I.

Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sibyllâ.
Day of wrath! ah me that day!
Earth to ashes melts away,
David and the Sibyl say.

II.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta strictè discussurus.
Ah, what trembling and affright,
When the Judge shall come in sight,
All to search in strictest right.

III.

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.
Sends the trump its wondrous tone
Through the graves of every zone,
Bidding all before the throne.

IV.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Quum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.
Nature, with death, astounded lies
When all created things arise,
Before the Judge to make replies.

V.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
De quo mundus judicetur.
Forth is brought the written scroll,
Whereby, if for bliss or dole,
Judgèd shall be every soul.

VI.

Judex ergo, quum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultam remanebit.
See the Judge his seat assume:
Hidden things emerge from gloom,
Nothing shall escape its doom.

VII.

Quod sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus est securus?
Wretched me, what shall I say,
Unto what protector pray,
When the just shall scarce find stay?

VIII.

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salve me, fons pietatis!
O King of awful majesty,
Who to the saved giv'st safety free,
Save me, fount of lenity.

IX.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ
Ne me perdas illâ die.

Gentle Jesu, think, I pray,
I am cause of thy hard way:
Let me not perish in that day.

X.

Quærens me sediste lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.
Me seeking hast thou wearied lain,
Redeemed me with Thy mortal pain:
Let not such labor be in vain.

XI.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis!
Righteous Judge of retribution,
Unto me grant absolution
Ere the day of execution!

XII.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus!
Here culprit-like, I groaning bow,
The flush of guilt is on my brow;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant now.

XIII.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronum exaudisti;
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.
Thou didst from guilt set Mary free,
Didst hear the thief on Calvary;
Hope hast Thou also given to me.

XIV.

Præces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benignè,
Ne perenni cremer igne!
Of nothing worth are prayers of mine,
But unto me be Thou benign,
Nor to eternal fire consign!

XV.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ!
Among thy sheep O let me stand,
Sequestered from the goatish band,
Stationed secure at Thy right hand.

XVI.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.
When the cursèd are confounded,
And by fiercest flames surrounded,
Unto me be mercy sounded.

XVII.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritam quasi cinis;
Gere curam mei finis.
Heart crushed to ashes, I am bending,
Unto Thee petition sending,
Give to me care at my ending.

XVIII.

Lachrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favillâ,
Judicantis homo reus;
Huic ergo parce, Deus.

Full of tears will be that day
When man to judgment springs from clay,
Guilty man for sentence there —
Spare him, O God, in mercy spare.
— *Translation of* ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

DILKE, SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH, an English statesman and traveller; born at Chelsea, London, September 4, 1843. His father, also Charles Wentworth Dilke (1810–1869) was the son of another Charles Wentworth Dilke (1789–1864), editor and proprietor of the *Athenæum* and of other periodicals. The second Charles Wentworth Dilke was educated at Westminster School and at Cambridge; was one of the most active promoters of the Royal Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851; one of the Royal Commissioners at the New York Crystal Palace Exhibition in 1853, and of the second London Exhibition in 1862, when he was created a Baronet. He sat in Parliament from 1865 to 1868.

The third Charles Wentworth Dilke was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated as "Senior Legalist" in 1866, and was called to the bar at the Middle Temple. Directly afterward he set out upon an extensive tour, visiting Canada; the Eastern and Northwestern States of the Union, Utah, Colorado, and California; New Zealand, Australia, and India — nearly all the regions which are peopled or governed by the English-speaking race. This tour occupied nearly two years. The narrative of his observations was published in 1868, under the title ***Greater Britain: a Record of Travel in English-speak-***

ing Countries. Upon the death of his father he succeeded to the baronetcy and to the proprietorship of the *Athenæum* and of *Notes and Queries.* In 1874 he published anonymously a political satire entitled *The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco.* In 1875 he edited the works of his grandfather, under the title of *Papers of a Critic;* and in the same year he made a visit to China and Japan, of which he published accounts in magazines.

Meanwhile in 1868 he was returned to Parliament for the new borough of Chelsea, and was returned to the successive Parliaments, notwithstanding that he publicly avowed that he preferred a republican to a monarchical form of government. In 1880 he became Under-Secretary of State, in the administration of Mr. Gladstone; and at the close of 1882 he was made President of the Local Government Board, with a seat in the Cabinet. He was now universally recognized as one of the most promising public men of the time. But in 1885 he was made co-defendant in a divorce suit. The Court decided against him. At his instance a rehearing of the case was had, when the former decision was emphatically confirmed.

His later works include *The Present Position of European Politics* (1887); *The British Army* (1888); *Problems of Greater Britain* (1890), and *Imperial Defence* (1892); written with Spencer Wilkinson; and *The British Empire* (1898).

GREATER BRITAIN.

In 1866 and 1867 I followed England round the world: everywhere I was in English-speaking, or English-governed lands. If I remarked that climate, soil, manners of life, that mixture with other peoples had modified the

blood, I saw, too, that in essentials the race was always one. The idea which in all the length of my travels has been at once my fellow and my guide — a key wherewith to unlock the hidden things of strange new lands — is a conception, however imperfect, of the grandeur of our race, already girdling the earth, which it is destined, perhaps, eventually, to overspread. In America the peoples of the world are being fused together, but they are run into an English mould: Alfred's laws and Chaucer's tongue are theirs, whether they would or no. There are men who say that Britain, in her age, will claim the glory of having planted greater Englands across the seas. They fail to perceive that she has done more than found plantations of her own — that she has imposed her institutions upon the offshoots of Germany, of Ireland, of Scandinavia, and of Spain. Through America England is speaking to the world.— *Preface to Greater Britain.*

THE CELTIC IMMIGRATION.

While the Celtic men are pouring into New York, the New Englanders and New Yorkers, too, are moving. They are not dying. Facts are opposed to this portentous theory. They are going West. The unrest of the Celt is mainly caused by discontent with his country's present; that of the Saxon by hope for his private future. The Irishman flies to New York because it lies away from Ireland: the Englishman takes it upon his road to California. Where one race is dominant, immigrants of another blood soon lose their nationality. In New York and Boston the Irish continue to be Celts, for these are Irish cities. In Pittsburg, in Chicago, still more in the country districts, a few years make the veriest Paddy English. On the other hand, the Saxons are disappearing from the Atlantic cities, as the Spaniards have gone from Mexico. The Irish here are beating down the English, as the English have crushed out the Dutch. The Hollander's descendants in New York are English now. It bids fair that the Saxons should be Irish. . . . The Puritans of New England are sprung from those of the "associated counties;" but the victors of Marston Moor

may have been cousins to those no less sturdy Protestants — the Hollanders who defended Leyden. It may be that they were our ancestors — those Dutchmen that we crowded out of New Amsterdam — the very place where we are sharing the fate we dealt. The fiery temper of the new people of the American coast towns, their impatience of free government, are better proofs of Celtic blood than are the color of the eyes and beard.— *Greater Britain, Part I., Chap. 4.*

THE FRENCH-CANADIANS.

Quebec Lower Town is very like St. Peter Port in Guernsey. Norman-French inhabitants, guarded by British troops, step-built streets, thronged fruit market, and citadel upon a rock, frowning down upon the quays, are alike in each. A slight knowledge of the Upper-Normandy *patois* is not without its use. There has been no dying-out of the race among the French-Canadians. They number twenty times the thousands that they did a hundred years ago. The American soil has left their physical type, religion, language, laws, and habits absolutely untouched. They herd together in their rambling villages, dance to the fiddle after mass on Sundays as gayly as once did their Norman sires, and keep up their *fleur-de-lys* and the memory of Montcalm. More French than the French are the Lower-Canadian habitants.— *Greater Britain, Part I., Chap. 6.*

THE CORNFIELDS OF THE NORTHWEST.

"Where men grow tall, there will maize grow tall," is a good sound rule: Limestone makes both bone and straw. The Northwestern States, inhabited by the giant men, are the chosen home of the most useful and beautiful of plants, the maize — in America called "corn." For hundreds of miles the railway track, protected not even by a fence or hedge, runs through the towering plants, which hide all prospects, save that of their own green pyramids. Maize feeds the people, it feeds the cattle and the hogs that they export to feed the cities of

the East; from it is made yearly, as an Ohio farmer told me, "whiskey enough to float the ark." Rice is not more the support of the Chinese than maize of the English in America.— *Greater Britain, Part I., Chap. 7.*

PHYSICAL CONFORMATION OF NORTH AMERICA

It is strange how the Western country dwarfs the Eastern States. Buffalo is called a "Western City;" yet from New York to Buffalo is only 350 miles, and Buffalo is but 700 miles to the west of the most eastern point in all the United States. On the other hand, from Buffalo we can go 2,500 miles westward without quitting the United States. "The West" is eight times as wide as the Atlantic States, and will soon be eight times as strong.

The conformation of North America is widely different to that of any other continent on the globe. In Europe the glaciers of the Alps occupy the centre point, and shed the waters toward each of the surrounding seas; confluence is almost unknown. So is it in Asia; the Indus, flowing into the Arabian Gulf, the Oxus into the Sea of Aral, the Ganges into the Bay of Bengal, the Yangtse Kiang into the Pacific, and the Yenesei into the Arctic Ocean, all take their rise in the central table-land. But in South America the mountains form a wall upon the west, whence the rivers flow eastward in parallel lines. In North America alone are there mountains on each coast, and a trough between, into which the rivers flow together, giving in a single valley 23,000 miles of navigable stream to be ploughed by steamships. The map proclaims the essential unity of North America. Political Geography might be a more interesting study than it has yet been made.— *Greater Britain, Part I., Chap. 9.*

THE INDIANS OF THE PLAINS.

"These Red Indians are not red," was our first cry when we saw the Utes in the streets of Denver. They had come into the town to be painted, as English ladies

go to London to shop. When we met them with unpainted cheeks we saw that their color was brown, copper, dirt — anything you please except red. . . . Low in stature, yellow-skinned, small-eyed, and Tartar-faced, the Indians of the plains are a distinct people from the tall, hooked-nose warriors of the Eastern States. It is impossible to set eyes upon their women without being reminded of the dwarf-skeletons found in the mounds of Missouri and Iowa; but, men or women, the Utes bear no resemblance to the bright-eyed, graceful people with whom Penn traded and Standish fought. They are not less inferior in mind than in body. It was no Shoshoné, no Ute, no Cheyenne, who called the rainbow the "heaven of flowers," the moon the "night queen," or the stars "God's eyes." The tribes of the plains are as deficient, too, in heroes as in poetry; they have never even produced a general. Their mode of life, the natural features of the country in which they dwell, have nothing in them to suggest a reason for their debased condition.— *Greater Britain, Part I., Chap. II.*

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Brigham's personal position is (1866) a strange one. He calls himself prophet, and declares that he has revelations from God himself; but when you ask him quietly what all this means, you will find that for prophet you must read political philosopher. He sees that a canal from Utah Lake to Salt Lake Valley would be of vast utility to the Church and People — that a new settlement is urgently required. He thinks about these things till they dominate in his mind, and take in his brain the shape of physical creations. He dreams of the canal, the city; sees them before him in his waking moments. That which is so clearly for the good of God's people, becomes God's will. Next Sunday at the Tabernacle he steps to the front, and says: "God has spoken; He has said unto his prophet, 'Get thee up, Brigham, and build me a city in the fertile valley to the south, where there is water, where there are fish, where the sun is strong enough to ripen the cotton-plants, and give rai-

ment as well as food to My saints on earth.' Brethren willing to aid God's work should come to me before the Bishops' meeting." As the prophet takes his seat again and puts on his broad-brimmed hat, a hum of applause runs around, and teams and barrows are freely promised. Sometimes the canal, the bridge, the city, may prove a failure — but this is not concealed; the prophet's human tongue may blunder even when he is communicating holy things. "After all," Brigham said to me one day, "the highest inspiration is good sense — the knowing what to do, and how to do it." . . . Brigham's head is that of a man who nowhere could be second.— *Greater Britain, Part I., Chap. 14.*

SIMILARITY AMONG CHINESE.

It is said to be a peculiarity of the Chinese that they all look alike: no European without he has dealings with them, can distinguish one Celestial from another. The same, however, may be said of the Sikhs, the Australian natives, of most colored races, in short. The points of difference which distinguish the yellow men, the red men, the black men with straight hair, the negroes from any other race whatever, are so much more prominent than the minor distinctions between individuals, that individual characteristics are sunk and lost in the national distinctions. To the Chinese in turn all Europeans are alike; but beneath these obvious facts there lies a solid grain of truth. Men of similar habits of mind and body are alike among ourselves in Europe. . . . Irish laborers — men who for the most part work hard, feed little, and leave their minds entirely unploughed — are all alike. Chinese, who all work hard, and work alike, who live alike, and who go farther, and all think alike, are, by a mere law of nature, indistinguishable one from the other.— *Greater Britain, Part I., Chap. 23.*

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

In all history nothing can be found more dignified than the action of America upon the Monroe Doctrine.

Since the principle was first laid down in words, in 1823, the national behavior has been courteous, consistent, firm; and the language used now that America is all powerful, is the same that her statesmen made use of during the rebellion, in the hour of her most instant peril. It will be hard for political philosophers of the future to assert that a democratic republic can have no foreign policy. . . . . Where the conqueror marries into the conquered race, it ends by being absorbed; and the mixed breed gradually becomes pure again in the type of the more numerous race. It would seem that the North American Continent will soon be divided between the Saxon and the Aztec republics. . . . The French mission in Mexico was the making of that great country a further field for the Latin immigration; and when the Californians marched to Juarez's help, it was to save Mexico to North America.— *Greater Britain, Part I., Chap. 25.*

SQUATTER ARISTOCRACY IN AUSTRALIA.

The word "Squatter" has undergone a remarkable change of meaning since the time when it denoted those who stole government land, and built their dwellings upon it. As late as 1837 Squatters were defined by the Chief Justice of New South Wales as people occupying lands without legal title, and who were subject to a fine on discovery. They were described as living by bartering rum with convicts for stolen goods; and as being themselves invariably convicts or "expirees." Escaping suddenly from these low associations, the word came to be applied to graziers who drove their flocks into the unsettled interior; and thence to those of them who received leases from the Crown of pastoral lands.

The squatter is the nabob of Melbourne and Sydney — the inexhaustible mine of wealth. He patronizes balls, promenade concerts, flower-shows; he is the mainstay of the great clubs, the joy of shopkeepers, the good angel of the hotels; without him the opera could not be kept up, and the jockey-clubs would die a natural death.

Neither squatters nor townsfolk will admit that this view

of the former's position is exactly correct. The squatters, the townsfolk sometimes say, may well set up to be a great landed aristocracy, for they have every fault of a dominant caste except its generous vices. They are accused of piling up vast hordes of wealth, while living a most penurious life, and contributing less than would so many mechanics to the revenue of the country, in order that they may return in later life to England, there to spend what they have wrung from the soil of Victoria or New South Wales. The occupation of the whole of the crown lands by squatters has prevented the making of railways to be paid for in land on the American system. But the chief of all the evils connected with squatting is the tendency to the accumulation in a few hands of all the lands and all the pastoral wealth of the country — an extreme danger in the face of democratic institutions, such as those of Victoria and New South Wales.— *Greater Britain, Part III., Chap. 4.*

EXTENT OF THE GREATER BRITAIN.

The countries ruled by a race whose very scum and outcasts have founded empires in every portion of the globe even now consist of over 9,500,000 square miles and contain a population of 300,000,000 of people. Their surface is five times as great as that of the empire of Darius, and four and a half times as large as the Roman empire at its greatest extent. It is no exaggeration to say that in power the English countries would be more than a match for the remaining nations of the world. . . . No possible series of events can prevent the English race itself, a century hence, from numbering 300,000,000 of human beings of one national character and one tongue. . . . The ultimate future of any one section of our race is of little moment by the side of its triumph as a whole; but the power of English laws and English principles of government is not merely an English question. Its continuance is essential to the freedom of mankind.— *Greater Britain, Part IV., Chap. 23.*

DIMITRY, Charles Patton, an American journalist, novelist, and poet; born at Washington, D. C., July 31, 1837. He was educated at Georgetown College, from which he received the degree of M.A. in 1867. During the Civil War he was a private in the Confederate Army. He was afterward connected with many prominent papers in the larger cities of the United States — Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, New York, New Orleans. His writings, both prose and poetry, have appeared under various names, "Braddock Field" and "Tobias Guarnerius, Jr.," being his most familiar pseudonyms. Of his novels, the best known is *The House in Balfour Street* (1868). He also wrote *Guilty or Not Guilty* (1864); *Angela's Christmas* (1865); and *The Alderly Tragedy* (1866). "His works," says J. Wood Davidson, writing more particularly of Mr. Dimitry's novels, "are all distinctly able, and all clearly above the popular novels of the day; there is nothing commonplace, or flimsy, or feeble, about any of them." Among his poems is the following:—

VIVA ITALIA.

[*On the departure of the Austrians from Venice, 1860.*]

Haste! open the gate, Giulia,
And wheel me my chair where the sun
May fall on my face while I welcome
The sound of the life-giving gun!
The Austrian leaves with the morning,
And Venice hath freedom to-day!
Viva! Evivva Italia!
Viva il Re!

Would God that I were only younger
To stand with the rest on the street,
To fling up my cap on the Mola,
And the tricolor banner to greet!
The gondolas girl — they are passing;
And what do the gondoliers say?
Viva! Evivva Italia!
Viva il Re!

Oh, cursed be these years, and this weakness,
That shackle me here in my chair,
When the people's loud clamor is rending
The chains that once made them despair!
So young when the Corsican sold us
So old when the Furies repay! —
Viva! Evivva Italia!
Viva il Re!

Not these were the cries when our fathers
The gonfalon gave to the breeze,
When Doges sate solemn in council,
And Dandolo harried the seas!
But the years of the future are ours,
To humble the pride of the gray:—
Viva! Evivva Italia!
Viva il Re!

Bring, girl, from your closet
The sword that your ancestor bore
When Genoa's prowess was humbled,
Her galleys beat back from our shore!
O great Contareno! your ashes
To Freedom are given to-day!
Viva! Evivva Italia!
Viva il Re!

What! tears in your eyes, my Giulia?
You weep when your country is free?
You mourn for your Austrian lover,
Whose face never more you shall see? —

Kneel, girl, beside me, and whisper,
While to Heaven for vengeance you pray,
Viva! Evivva Italia!
Viva il Re!

Shame, shame on the weakness that held you,
And shame on the heart that was won!
No blood of the gonfalioniere
Shall mingle with the blood of the Hun!
Swear hate to the name of the spoiler;
Swear lealty to Venice, and say,
Viva! Evivva Italia!
Viva il Re!

Hark! heard you the gun from the Mola!
And hear you the welcoming cheer!
Our army is coming, Giulia!
The friends of our Venice are near!—
Ring out from your old Campanile,
Free bells from San Marco, to-day,
Viva! Evivva Italia!
Viva il Re!

DIMOND, WILLIAM, an English dramatist and poet; born at Bath in 1780; died about 1814. His father was patentee of the Theatre Royal at Bath. The son was entered a student of the Inner Temple, with a view to the legal profession. He wrote several dramatic pieces, the latest of which, *The Foundling of the Forest,* was brought out in 1809. He also published a little volume entitled *Petrarchal Sonnets.* One poem, *The Mariner's Dream,* preserves his memory.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home — of his dear native bowers —
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory each scene gayly covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted each thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstacy rise:—
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes!

The jessamine clambers, in flower, o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is bedewed with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses; his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest:—
"O God! thou hast blest me; I ask for no more!"

Ah! whence is that flame that now glares on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now bursts on his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock — he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a-wreck;
The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave.

O sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight.
In darkness dissolved the gay frost-work of bliss;
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

O sailor-boy! sailor-boy; never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid;
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye:—
O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

DINGELSTEDT, FRANZ VON, a German poet and novelist; born at Halsdorf, Upper Hesse, June 30, 1814; died at Vienna, May 15, 1881. He became professor at Cassel in 1836, and in 1841 he was appointed Librarian and Royal Counsellor at Stuttgart. In 1850 he became intendant of the Theatre Royal and Counsellor of Legation at Munich; and in 1859 he was appointed to the same position at Weimar. In 1867 he removed to Vienna, being appointed

director of the Court Opera there, which post he exchanged in 1871 for that of director of the Burg Theatre. He translated Shakespeare for the German stage; published a series of novels and a fine tragedy, and several sketches of travels. His collected works fill twelve volumes, of which several are collections of poems displaying great versatility and power. His *Songs of a Cosmopolitan Watchman,* issued in 1841, brought him into so great reputation among the living political poets of Germany that our own Longfellow said he "hoped the poet would not be lost in the politician." Other works of his were: *The House of Barnevelt* (1850), a tragedy; *Night and Morning* (1850), a collection of poems; *The Amazons* (1868). In 1870 he was made a baron by the Emperor of Austria.

Upon the appearance of Dingelstedt's early poems, while their author was an almost unknown writer, *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine,* in an able and appreciative review, said: "The most pleasing quality of these poems is that genial simplicity of thought and expression, that openness and want of affectation, which at once endears the author to the reader. There is no false straining after effect, no meretricious artificiality of costume. The writer is evidently a man of high-minded, and generous, and, at the same time, kindly imagination. He has thought much, if not always correctly, and has felt more; and he gives us his thoughts and sentiments in a plain, unvarnished manner. Oh, if some of our own writers would but remember that the duty of writing intelligible English is even paramount to that of writing poetry! This principle Dingelstedt adheres to. He is not afraid of calling things by their right names, for fear they

should sound prosaic; he is not always striving to give a poetical turn to his simplest thoughts, and he appears to think it better to be precise than mystical; and the consequence is, that combined with lightness and brilliancy of execution, a clear epigrammatic strength runs through all his argumentive and didactic poems. The images are distinct and forcible; the language is such as men and women, not mere poetasters, use, while it is completely free from tameness and vulgarity."

THE COSMOPOLITAN WATCHMAN.

The last faint twinkle now goes out
  Up in the poet's attic;
The roisters, in merry rout,
  Speed home with steps erratic.

The roofs shower down the feathery snow,
  The vane creaks on the steeple;
The lanterns wag and glimmer low
  In the storm o'er the hurrying people.

The houses all stand black and still,
  The churches and inns are deserted;
A body may now wend along as he will,
  With nought but his fancies diverted.

No squinting eye now looks this way,
  No scandalous tongue is dissembling;
The heart that has slept the livelong day
  May love and hope with trembling.

Dear Night! thou foe to each base end,
  The good a blessing prove thee;—
They tell me thou art no man's friend;
  But O sweet Night, I love thee.

— *Translation for The London Athenæum.*

THE FLOWERET'S KISS.

Tell me, Floweret, Tell me!
What was it that she said to thee,
The maiden sweet and fair?—
She gazed so long upon thy face
And whispered something there;

And then your blushing cup she kissed,
Before she turned to go;—
Ah, many a secret of delight
Your cunning flowerets know!

Was it a little, lightsome kiss,
Of such as sisters pay?
Or was it a longer, warmer one,
For him that's far away?

The little floweret looked at me,
And slyly smiling said:
Art sure thou art the proper one
To whom it should be paid?

For know, there's love 'twixt girls and flowers,
As well as that that's sent.—
Well, this she said: *The time has come!*
And blushed, and away she went.

Now, were I not the *proper* one,
And should the message miss,
Yet would I gladly take the same,
The message and the kiss;

So down I stooped with drunken joy,
Down to the floweret fair,
And snatched away the sugared kiss
Left by the maiden there.

— *Translation for Tait's Magazine.*

DIOGENES, LAERTIUS, a Greek philosopher; supposed by some to have received his surname from the town of Laerte, in Cilicia, where he was born, and by others from the Roman family of the Laertii. He lived, as near as can be determined, just previous to 200 A.D.

Of his youth, education, and general circumstances of his life, very little is known. Even the period in which he wrote — probably during the reign of Septimius Severus (193–121) — is altogether a matter of conjecture, and his personal opinions are equally uncertain. Some good authorities claim that he was a Christian, but from recent researches it is more probable that he was an Epicurean. He is known to have been the author of a biographical work giving an account of the lives and sayings of the Greek philosophers. While the best that can be said of this work is that it is an uncritical and unphilosophical compilation, yet its value, in so far as it gives us an insight into the private life of the Greek sages, is great. Montaigne stated succinctly the importance of this work when he said: "I wish that instead of one Laertius there had been a dozen." The beginning of the work classes the philosophers into the Ionic and Italic Schools, the former class beginning with the biography of Anaximander and ending with Clitomachus, Theophrastus, and Chrysippus; the latter class beginning with Pythagoras and ending with Epicurus. The Socratic School and its branches is treated with the Ionic; the Eleatics and Sceptics are classed with the Italic. The entire last book is given to Epicurus. From the statements of Burlaeus it would appear that

the text of Laertius was much fuller than that which we now have, and hopes are still entertained of finding a more complete copy. A very good modern edition is that of Hübner, published in two volumes at Leipsic in 1828-31.

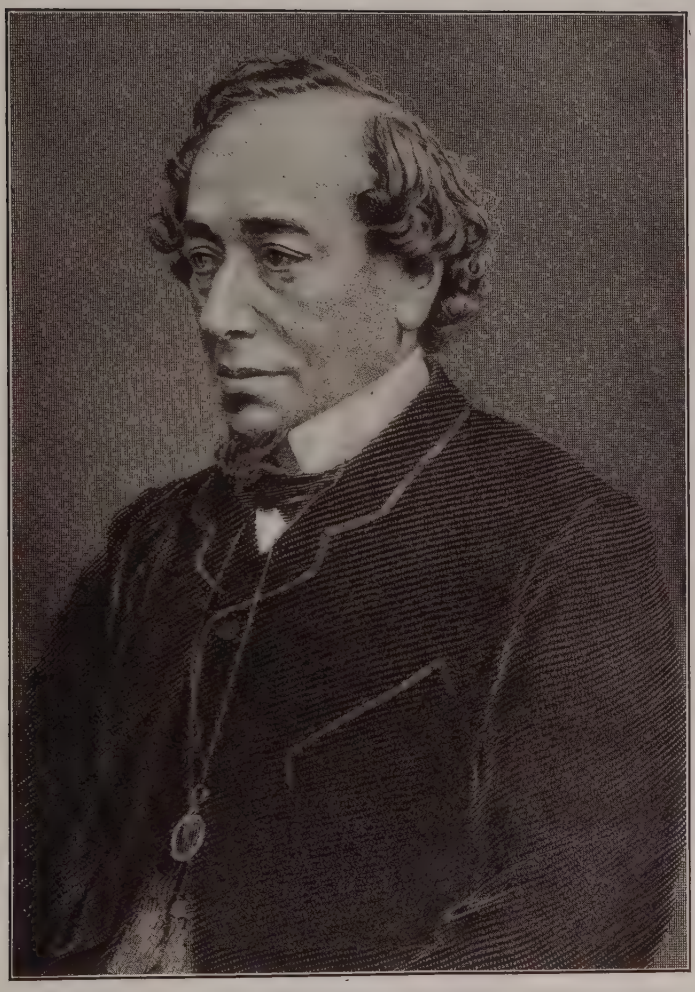
Professor Stahr, of Oldenburg, thus expresses the opinion of many scholars concerning the historical value of Diogenes Laertius: "The love of scandal and anecdotes, which had arisen from petty views of men and things, at a time when all political freedom was gone, and among a people which had become demoralized, had crept into literature also, and such compilations as those of Phlegon, Ptolemæus, Chennus, Athenæus, Ælian, and Diogenes Laertius, display this taste of a decaying literature. All the defects of such a period, however, are so glaring in the work of Diogenes, that in order to rescue the common sense of the writer, critics have had recourse to the hypothesis that the present work is a mutilated abridgment of the original production." "The compilation of Diogenes is of incalculable value to us as a source of information concerning the history of Greek philosophy." "It contains a rich store of living features, which serve to illustrate the private life of the Greeks, and a considerable number of fragments of works which are lost."

THE WIFE OF SOCRATES.

It happened that Xanthippe reviled him, and afterward threw dirty water upon him; upon which he said, "I told thee, when it thundered, that it would presently rain." And when Alcibiades said that Xanthippe was a scold beyond all endurance, he answered, "I am used to it, as to the constant creaking of a pulley; and you yourself put up with the cackling of geese." "Why,

yes," rejoined Alcibiades; "for these supply me with eggs and young geese." "And so," added Socrates, "does Xanthippe bear me children." It happened that being in the agora, she pulled his cloak off from him; and his friends counselled him with manly force to defend himself. "Yea, by Jove," said he, "so that while we are fighting, ye may cry out, 'Bravo, Socrates!' 'Well done, Xanthippe!'" He would say that he made the same use of Xanthippe as trainers made of fiery horses; "For as they, in getting the better of one, learn to control others, so I, becoming accustomed to Xanthippe, learn to get along with all."—*From the Life of Socrates.*

DISRAELI, BENJAMIN, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD; an English statesman and novelist; born at London, December 21, 1804; died there April 19, 1881. He was the eldest son of Isaac Disraeli. After receiving a private education, he was placed in a solicitor's office, but he preferred literature to law, and in 1826–27 produced a novel, *Vivian Grey,* which was well received in England, and was translated into several languages. *The Voyage of Captain Pompanilla,* a flimsy satire, followed in 1828. The young author then travelled for two years in Europe, Syria, and Egypt. On his return he published *The Young Duke* (1831), and *Contarini Fleming* (1832), the latter of which was highly praised by Heine, Goethe, and Beckford. An Oriental romance, *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy,* another *The Rise of Iskander,* and *Ixion in Heaven,* were published in 1833. *The Revolutionary Epic* (1834), in which the Genius of Feudalism and the Genius of Federalism plead their cause before the



BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

throne of Demogorgon, and several political pamphlets, among them a *Vindication of the English Constitution,* followed. A series of political letters in the London *Times,* under the signature of "Runnymede," and a novel, *Henrietta Temple,* appeared in 1836, and *Venetia,* an attempt to portray the characters of Byron and Shelley, in 1837.

Disraeli had made several efforts to enter Parliament. He was now successful as a representative of the borough of Maidstone. His first speech in the House of Commons was received with shouts of laughter. The clamor compelled him to sit down; but before he did so, he said: "I have begun several times many things, and have succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when *you will* hear me." A tragedy, *Alcaros* (1839), was his next literary effort. In this year he married the wealthy widow of Wyndham Lewis. *Coningsby* (1844), and *Sibyl, or the Two Nations* (1845), two semi-political novels, are intended to portray the public men of the time, and the English people during the Chartist agitation. *Tancred, or the New Crusade* (1847), takes its hero to the Holy Land, relates his adventures and records his soliloquies and conversations. Disraeli was now recognized as a leader in the House of Commons. His reputation as a speaker was established by his attacks on the free-trade policy of Sir Robert Peel. He was immersed in politics. His only literary productions for many years were the *Life of Isaac Disraeli* (1849), and *Lord George Bentinck; a Political Biography* (1852). In 1852 he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, which office he again held in 1858 and in 1865. He was the chief supporter of the Reform Bill of 1867, extending suffrage to the rural

population. In 1868 he became Prime Minister, and was offered a peerage. This he declined for himself, but accepted for his wife, who was made Viscountess of Beaconsfield. He now reappeared as a novelist, in *Lothair* (1870), which had an enormous circulation. In 1874 he again became Prime Minister, and in 1877 took his seat in the House of Lords, as Earl of Beaconsfield. Another novel, *Endymion,* published in 1880, was his last literary work.

ALROY'S VISION OF THE KING.

In this wise they proceeded for a few minutes, until they entered a beautiful and moonlit lake. In the distance was a mountainous country. . . . At length the boat reached the opposite shore of the lake, and the Prince of the Captivity disembarked. He disembarked at the head of an avenue of colossal lions of red granite, which extended far as the eye could reach, and which ascended the side of the mountain, which was cut into a flight of magnificent steps. The easy ascent was in consequence soon accomplished, and Alroy, proceeding along the avenue of lions, soon gained the summit of the mountain. To his infinite astonishment, he beheld Jerusalem. That strongly marked locality could not be mistaken: at his feet were Jehoshaphat, Kedron, Siloa: he stood upon Olivet; before him was Sion. But in all other respects, how different was the landscape to the one he had gazed upon a few days back, for the first time! The surrounding hills sparkled with vineyards and glowed with summer palaces, and voluptuous pavilions, and glorious gardens of pleasure. The city, extending all over Mount Sion, was encompassed with a wall of white marble, with battlements of gold, a gorgeous mass of gates and pillars, and gardened terraces, lofty piles of rarest materials, cedar, and ivory, and precious stones, and costly columns of the richest workmanship, and the most fanciful orders, capitals of the lotus and the palm, and flowing friezes of the olive and

the vine. And in the front a mighty temple rose, with inspiration in its very form — a temple so vast, so sumptuous, there required no priest to tell us that no human hand planned that sublime magnificence!

"God of my fathers," said Alroy, "I am a poor, weak thing, and my life has been a life of dreams and visions, and I have sometimes thought my brain lacked a sufficient master. Where am I? Do I sleep or live? Am I a slumberer or a ghost? This trial is too much." He sank down and hid his face in his hands: his over-exerted mind appeared to desert him; he wept hysterically. Many minutes elapsed before Alroy became composed. His wild bursts of weeping sank into sobs, and the sobs died off into sighs. And at length, calm from exhaustion, he again looked up, and lo! the glorious city was no more! Before him was a moonlit plain, over which the avenue of lions still advanced, and appeared to terminate only in the mountainous distance. This limit, the Prince of the Captivity at length reached, and stood before a stupendous portal, cut out of the solid rock, four hundred feet in height, and supported by clusters of colossal caryatides. Upon the portals were engraven some Hebrew characters, which, upon examination, proved to be the same as those upon the talisman of Jabaster.

And so, taking from his bosom that all-precious and long-cherished deposit, David Alroy, in obedience to his instructions, pressed the signet against the gigantic portal. The portal opened with a crash of thunder louder than an earthquake. Pale, panting, and staggering, the Prince of the Captivity entered an illimitable hall, illuminated by pendulous and stupendous balls of glowing metal. On each side of the hall, sitting on golden thrones, was ranged a line of kings, and as the pilgrim entered, the monarchs rose, and took off their diadems, and waved them thrice, and thrice repeated, in solemn chorus, "All hail, Alroy! Hail to thee, brother king! Thy crown awaits thee!"

The Prince of the Captivity stood trembling, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and leaning breathless against a column. And when at length he had recovered

himself and dared again to look up, he found the monarches were reseated; and from their still and vacant visages, apparently unconscious of his presence. And this emboldened him, and so staring alternately at each side of the hall, but with a firm, perhaps desperate step, Alroy advanced. And he came to two thrones which were set apart from the others in the middle of the hall. On one was seated a noble figure, far above the common stature, with arms folded and downcast eyes. His feet rested upon a broken sword, and a shivered sceptre, which told he was a monarch, in spite of his discrowned head. And on the opposite throne was a venerable personage, with a long flowing beard, and dressed in white raiment. His countenance was beautiful, although ancient. Age had stole on without its imperfections, and time had only invested it with a sweet dignity and solemn grace. The countenance of the king was upraised with a seraphic gaze, and as he thus looked up on high, with eyes full of love and thanksgiving and praise, his consecrated fingers seemed to touch the trembling wires of a golden harp.

And farther on, and far above the rest, upon a throne that stretched across the hall, a most imperial presence straightway flashed upon the startled vision of Alroy. Fifty steps of ivory, and each step guarded by golden lions, led to a throne of jasper. A dazzling light blazed forth from the glittering diadem and radiant countenance of him who sat upon the throne — one beautiful as a woman, but with the majesty of a god. And in one hand he held a seal, and in the other a sceptre. And when Alroy had reached the foot of the throne, he stopped, and his heart misgave him. And he prayed for some minutes in silent devotion, and without daring to look up, he mounted the first step of the throne, and the second, and the third, and so on, with slow and faltering feet, until he reached the forty-ninth step. The Prince of the Captivity raised his eyes. He stood before the monarch face to face. In vain Alroy attempted to attract his attention, or to fix his gaze. The large black eyes, full of supernatural lustre, appeared capable of piercing all things, and illuminating all things; but

they flashed on without shedding a ray upon Alroy. Pale as a spectre, the pilgrim, whose pilgrimage seemed now on the point of completion, stood cold and trembling before the object of all his desires and all his labors. But he thought of his Country, his People, and his God, and while his noiseless lips breathed the name of Jehovah, solemnly he put forth his arm, and with a gentle firmness grasped the unresisting sceptre of his great ancestor. And as he seized it, the whole scene vanished from his sight.

Hours or years might have passed away as far as the sufferer was concerned, when Alroy again returned to self-consciousness. His eyes slowly opened, he cast round a vacant stare, he was lying in the cave of Gethsemane. The moon had set, but the storm had not broken. A single star glittered over the brow of the black mountains. He faintly moved his limbs, he would have raised his hand to his bewildered brain, but found that it grasped a sceptre. The memory of the past returned to him. He tried to rise, and found that he was reposing in the arms of a human being. He turned his head — he met the anxious gaze of Jabaster.— *Alroy.*

VENICE.

If I were to assign the particular quality which conduces to that dreamy and voluptuous existence which men of high imagination experience in Venice, I should describe it as the feeling of abstraction, which is remarkable in that city, and peculiar to it. Venice is the only city which can yield the magical delights of solitude. All is still and silent. No rude sounds disturbs your reveries; fancy, therefore, is not put to flight. No rude sound distracts your self-consciousness. This renders existence intense. We feel everything. And we feel this keenly in a city not only eminently beautiful, not only abounding in wonderful creations of art, but each step of which is hallowed ground, quick with associations, that in the more various nature, their nearer relation to ourselves, and perhaps their more picturesque character, exercise a greater influence over the imagina-

tion than the more antique story of Greece and Rome. We feel all this in a city too, which, although her lustre be indeed dimmed, can still count among her daughters maidens fairer than the orient pearls with which her warriors once loved to deck them. Poetry, Tradition, and Love — these are the Graces that have invested with an ever-charming cestus this Aphrodite of cities.— *Contarini Fleming.*

GREECE.

A country of promontories, and gulfs, and islands clustering in an azure sea, a country of wooded vales and purple mountains, wherein the cities are built on plains, covered with olive-woods, and at the base of an Acropolis, crowned with a temple or tower. And there are quarries of white marble, and vines, and much wild honey. And wherever you move is some fair and elegant memorial of the poetic past, a lone pillar on the green and silent plain once echoing with the triumphant shouts of sacred games, the tomb of a hero, or the fane of a God. Clear is the sky, and fragrant is the air, and, at all seasons, the magical scenery of this land is colored with that mellow tint, and invested with that pensive character, which, in other countries, we conceive to be peculiar to autumn, and which beautifully associate with the recollections of the past. Enchanting Greece! . . .

I quitted the Morea without regret. It is covered with Venetian memorials; no more to me a source of joy, and bringing back to my memory a country on which I no longer loved to dwell. I cast anchor in a small but secure harbor. I landed. I climbed a hill. From it I looked over a vast plain, covered with olive-wood and skirted by mountains. Some isolated hills, of every picturesque form, rose in the plain at a distance from the terminating range. On one of these I beheld a magnificent temple bathed in the sunset. At the foot of the craggy steep on which it rested was a walled city of considerable dimensions, in front of which rose a Doric temple of exquisite proportion, and apparently uninjured.

The violet sunset threw over this scene a coloring becoming its loveliness, and, if possible, increasing its refined character. Independent of all associations, it was the most beautiful spectacle that had ever passed before a vision always musing on sweet sights; yet I could not forget that it was the bright capital of my youthful dreams, the fragrant city of the violet crown, the fair, the sparkling, the delicate Athens! — *Contarini Fleming.*

JERUSALEM.

The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron, and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendor, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills, far more famous than those of Rome; for all Europe has heard of Sion and of Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are as ignorant of the Capitoline and Aventine Mounts as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern Hills.

The broad steep of Sion crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; farther on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolated pile that now covers Calvary — called the Street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human, as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine son of the most favored of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honor. Passing over groups and masses of houses

built of stone with terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedek built his mystic citadel; and still remains the hill of Scopas, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob is now worshipped before every altar in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land!

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze, that seems to have travelled over the plains of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea?

Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had designed to dwell, and over whose impending fall Omnipotence had shed human tears, from this mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city! There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch, whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose

wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher, whose doctrines have modelled civilized Europe — the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, the greatest of reformers — what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these!

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of Sacred Sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopas, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

And why is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre a beacon light? Why, when it is already passed the noon of darkness, when every soul slumbers in Jerusalem, and not a sound disturbs the deep repose except the howl of the wild dog crying to the wilder wind — why is the cupola of the sanctuary illumined, though the hour has long since been numbered, when pilgrims there kneel and monks pray.

An armed Turkish guard are bivouacked in the court of the church; within the church itself, two brethren of the convent of Terra Santa keep holy watch and ward: while, at the tomb beneath, there kneels a solitary youth, who prostrated himself at sunset, and who will there pass unmoved the whole of the sacred night. Yet the pilgrim is not in communion with the Latin Church; neither is he of the Church Armenian, or the Church Greek; Maronite, Coptic, or Abyssinian — these also are Christian Churches which cannot call him child.

He comes from a distant and a northern isle to bow before the tomb of a descendant of the kings of Israel, because he, in common with all the people from that isle, recognizes in that sublime Hebrew incarnation the presence of a Divine Redeemer. Then why does he

come alone? It is not that he has availed himself of the inventions of modern science, to repair first to a spot which all his countrymen may equally desire to visit, and thus anticipate their hurrying arrival. Before the inventions of modern science, all his countrymen used to flock hither. Then why do they not now? Is the Holy Land no longer hallowed? Is it not the land of sacred and mysterious truths? The land of heavenly messages and earthly miracles? The land of prophets and apostles? Is it not the land upon whose mountains the Creator of the Universe parleyed with man and the flesh of whose anointed race He mystically assumed, when He struck the last blow at the powers of evil? Is it to be believed that there are no peculiar and eternal qualities in a land thus visited, which distinguish it from all others — that Palestine is like Normandy or Yorkshire, or even Africa or Rome?

There may be some who maintain this; there have been some, and those too, among the wisest and the wittiest of the northern and western races, who, touched by a presumptuous jealousy of the long predominance of that oriental intellect to which they owed their civilization, would have persuaded themselves and the world that the traditions of Sinai and Calvary were fables. Half a century ago, Europe made a violent and apparently successful effort to disembarrass itself of its Asian faith. The most powerful and the most civilized of its kingdoms, about to conquer the rest, shut up its churches, desecrated its altars, massacred and persecuted their sacred servants, and announced that the Hebrew creeds which Simon Peter brought from Palestine, and which his successors revealed to Clovis, were a mockery and a fiction. What has been the result? In every city, town, village, and hamlet of that great kingdom, the divine image of the most illustrious of Hebrews has been again raised amid the homage of kneeling millions; while, in the heart of its bright and witty capital, the nation has erected the most gorgeous of modern temples, and consecrated its marble and golden walls to the name, and memory, and celestial efficacy of a Hebrew woman.

The country of which the solitary pilgrim, kneeling at this moment at the Holy Sepulchre, was a native, had not actively shared in that insurrection against the first and second Testament which distinguished the end of the eighteenth century. But more than six hundred years before, it had sent its king, and the flower of its peers and people, to rescue Jerusalem from those whom they considered infidels! and now, instead of the third crusade, they extend their superfluous energies in the construction of railroads.

The failure of the European kingdom of Jerusalem on which such vast treasures, such prodigies of valor, and such ardent belief had been wasted, has been one of those circumstances which have tended to disturb the faith of Europe, although it should have carried convictions of a very different character. The Crusaders looked upon the Saracens as infidels, whereas the children of the Desert bore a much nearer affinity to the sacred corpse that had, for a brief space, consecrated the Holy Sepulchre, than any of the invading host of Europe. The same blood flowed in their veins, and they recognized the divine missions both of Moses and of his greater successor. In an age so deficient in physiological learning as the twelfth century the mysteries of race were unknown. Jerusalem, it cannot be doubted, will ever remain the appanage either of Israel or of Ishmael; and if, in the course of those great vicissitudes which are no doubt impending for the East, there be any attempt to place upon the throne of David a prince of the House of Coburg or Deuxponts, the same fate will doubtless await him, as, with all their brilliant qualities and all the sympathy of Europe was the final doom of the Godfreys, the Baldwins, and the Lusignans. — *Tancred.*

MR. PHŒBUS'S VIEWS OF ART AND EDUCATION.

Mr. Phœbus was the most successful, not to say the most eminent, painter of the age. He was the descendant of a noble family of Gascony that had emigrated to England from France in the reign of Louis XIV. Un-

questionably they had mixed their blood frequently during the interval and the vicissitudes of their various life; but in Gaston Phœbus, Nature, as is sometimes her wont, had chosen to reproduce exactly the original type. He was the Gascon noble of the sixteenth century, with all his brilliancy, bravery, and boastfulness, equally vain, arrogant, and eccentric, accomplished in all the daring or the graceful pursuits of man, yet nursed in the philosophy of our times.

"It is presumption in my talking about such things," said Lothair; "but might I venture to ask what you may consider the true principles of art?"

"*Aryan* principles," said Mr. Phœbus; "not merely the study of Nature, but of beautiful Nature; the art of design in a country inhabited by a first-rate race, and where the laws, the manners, the customs are calculated to maintain the health and beauty of a first-rate race. In a greater or less degree these conditions obtained from the age of Pericles to the age of Hadrian in pure Aryan communities; but Semitism began then to prevail, and ultimately triumphed. Semitism has destroyed Art; it taught man to despise his own body, and the essence of art is to honor the human frame."

"I am afraid I ought not to talk about such things," said Lothair, "but, if by Semitism you mean religion, surely the Italian painters, inspired by Semitism, did something."

"Great things," said Mr. Phœbus — "some of the greatest. Semitism gave them subjects, but the Renaissance gave them Aryan art, and it gave that art to a purely Aryan race. But Semitism rallied in the shape of the Reformation, and swept all away. When Leo the Tenth was Pope, popery was pagan; popery is now Christian and Art is extinct."

"I cannot enter into such controversies," said Lothair. "Every day I feel more and more I am extremely ignorant."

"Do not regret it,' said Mr. Phœbus. "What you call ignorance is your strength. By ignorance you mean a want of knowledge of books. Books are fatal; they are the curse of the human race. Nine-tenths of existing

books are nonsense, and the clever books are the refutation of that nonsense. The greatest misfortune that ever befell man was the invention of printing. Printing has destroyed education. Art is a great thing, and Science is a great thing; but all that Art and Science can reveal can be taught by man and by his attributes — his voice, his hand, his eye. The essence of education is the education of the body. Beauty and health are the chief sources of happiness. Men should live in the air; their exercises should be regular, varied, scientific. To render his body strong and supple is the first duty of man. He should develop and completely master the whole muscular system. What I admire in the order to which you belong is that they do live in the air; that they excel in athletic sports; that they can only speak in one language; and that they never read. This is not a complete education, but it is the highest education since the Greek."

"What you say I feel encouraging," said Lothair, repressing a smile, "for I myself live very much in the air, and am fond of all sports; but I confess I am often ashamed of being so poor a linguist, and was seriously thinking that I ought to read."

"No doubt every man should combine an intellectual with a physical training," replied Mr. Phœbus; "but the popular conception of the means is radically wrong. Youth should attend lectures on art and science by the most illustrious professors, and should converse together afterward on what they have heard. They should learn to talk, it is a rare accomplishment and extremely healthy. They should have music always at their meals. The theatre, entirely remodelled and reformed, and under a minister of state, should be an important element of education. I should not object to the recitation of lyric poetry. That is enough. I would not have a book in the house, or even see a newspaper."

"These are Aryan principles?" said Lothair.

"They are," said Mr. Phœbus; "and of such principles I believe a great revival is at hand. We shall both live to see another Renaissance." — *Lothair.*

D'ISRAELI, Isaac, an English essayist; born at Enfield, Middlesex, May, 1766; died at Bradenham House, Bucks, England, January 19, 1848. His father, a Venetian, whose Hebrew ancestors, refugees from Spanish persecution, had assumed the name of D'Israeli to distinguish their race, removed to England in 1748. Isaac was intended for commercial pursuits, and he was sent to a college at Amsterdam, from which he returned at the age of eighteen, prepared to publish a poem against commerce. His parents then sent him to travel in France, with the hope that mingling with the world might divert his mind from the pursuits of literature. He spent much of the time in libraries and with literary men, and on his return in 1788, published a satire, *On the Abuse of Satire.* Through the influence of Mr. Pye, afterward poet-laureate, the elder D'Israeli was persuaded to cease opposing the literary tastes of his son, who, in 1790, produced a *Defence of Poetry,* of which he afterward destroyed all the copies he could obtain. In 1791-93 he published *The Curiosities of Literature,* in four volumes, to which he afterward added (1817) another volume. *Miscellanies, or Literary Recreations* appeared in 1796. This work was followed by *Vaurien, or Sketches of the Times* (1797); *Romances,* a volume of prose tales (1799); *Narrative Poems* (1803); *Flim-flams, or the Life and Errors of my Uncle and the Amours of my Aunt* (1805); *Despotism, or the Fall of the Jesuits,* a novel (1811); *The Calamities of Authors* (1814); *The Quarrels of Authors* (1814); and *The Literary Character, or the History of Men of Genius* (1816). *The Life and Reign of Charles I.* (1828-31) gained for

him from Oxford the degree of D.C.L. He had long intended to write a history of English Literature, but a paralysis of the optic nerve prevented the accomplishment of this design. A selection from his manuscripts preparatory to this work was published in 1841 under the title of *The Amenities of Literature.*

PALINGENESIS.

Never was a philosophical imagination more beautiful than that exquisite *Palingenesis,* as it has been termed from the Greek, or a re-generation: or rather, the apparitions of animals, and plants. Schoot, Kircher, Gaffarel, Borelli, Digby, and the whole of that admirable school, discovered in the ashes of plants their primitive forms, which were again raised up by the force of heat. Nothing, they say, perishes in nature; all is but a continuation, or a revival. The *semina* of resurrection are concealed in extinct bodies, as in the blood of man; the ashes of roses will again revive into roses, though smaller and paler than if they had been planted; unsubstantial and unodoriferous, they are not roses which grow on rose-trees, but their delicate apparitions; and like apparitions, they are seen but for a moment! The process of the *Palingenesis,* this picture of immortality, is described. These philosophers having burnt a flower, by calcination disengaged the salts from its ashes, and deposited them in a glass phial; a chemical mixture acted on it, till in the fermentation they assumed a bluish and spectral hue. This dust, thus excited by heat, shoots upward into its primitive forms; by sympathy the parts unite, and while each is returning to its destined place, we see distinctly the stalk, the leaves, and the flower arise; it is the pale spectre of a flower coming slowly forth from its ashes. The heat passes away, the magical scene declines, till the whole matter again precipitates itself into the chaos at the bottom. This vegetable phœnix lies thus concealed in its cold ashes, till the pres-

ence of heat produces its resurrection — in its absence it returns to its death.— *Curiosities of Literature.*

THE NECESSITY OF SOLITUDE TO GENIUS.

It is, however, only in solitude that the genius of eminent men has been formed. There their first thoughts sprang, and there it will become them to find their last: for the solitude of old age — and old age must be often in solitude — may be found the happiest with the literary character. Solitude is the nurse of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the true parent of genius. In all ages solitude has been called for, has been flown to. No considerable work was ever composed, till its author, like an ancient magician, first retired to the grove, or to the closet, to invocate. When genius languishes in an irksome solitude among crowds — that is the moment to fly into seclusion and meditation. There is a society in the deepest solitude: in all the men of genius of the past

"First of your kind, Society divine!"

and in themselves; for there only can they indulge in the romances of their soul, and there only can they occupy themselves in their dreams and their vigils, and, with the morning, fly without interruption to the labor they had reluctantly quitted. If there be not periods when they shall allow their days to melt harmoniously into each other, if they do not pass whole weeks together in their study, without intervening absences, they will not be admitted into the last recess of the Muses. Whether their glory comes from researches, or from enthusiasm, Time, with not a feather ruffled on his wings, Time alone opens discoveries and kindles meditation. This desert of solitude, so vast and so dreary to the man of the world, to the man of genius is the magical garden of Armida, whose enchantments arose amidst solitude, while solitude was everywhere among those enchantments.

Whenever Michelangelo, that 'divine madman," as Richardson once wrote on the back of one of his draw-

ings, was meditating on some great design, he closed himself up from the world. "Why do you lead so solitary a life?" asked a friend. "Art," replied the sublime artist, "Art is a jealous god; it requires the whole and entire man." During his mighty labor in the Sistine Chapel, he refused to have any communication with any person even at his own house. Such undisturbed and solitary attention is demanded even by undoubted genius as the price of performance. How then shall we deem of that feebler race who exult in occasional excellence, and who so often deceive themselves by mistaking the evanescent flashes of genius for that holier flame which burns on its altar, because the fuel is incessantly applied?

We observe men of genius, in public situations, sighing for this solitude. Amidst the impediments of the world, they are doomed to view their intellectual banquet often rising before them like some fairy delusion, never to taste it.

The great Verulam often complained of the disturbances of his public life, and rejoiced in the occasional retirement he stole from public affairs. "And now, because I am in the country, I will send you some of my country fruits, which with me are good meditations; when I am in the city, they are choked with business."

Lord Clarendon, whose life so happily combined the contemplative with the active powers of man, dwells on three periods of retirement which he enjoyed; he always took pleasure in relating the great tranquility of spirit experienced during his solitude at Jersey where, for more than two years, employed on his history, he daily wrote "one sheet of large paper with his own hand." At the close of his life, his literary labors in his other retirements are detailed with a proud satisfaction. Each of his solitudes occasioned a new acquisition; to one he owed the Spanish, to another the French, and to a third the Italian literature. The public are not yet acquainted with the fertility of Lord Clarendon's literary labors.

It was not vanity that induced Scipio to declare of solitude, that it had no loneliness for him, since he voluntarily retired amidst a glorious life to his Linternum. Cicero was uneasy amid applauding Rome, and has dis-

tinguished his numerous works by the title of his various villas. Aulus Gellius marked his solitude by his *Attic Nights.* The *Golden Grove* of Jeremy Taylor is the produce of his retreat at the Earl of Carberry's seat in Wales; and the *Diversions of Purley* preserved a man of genius for posterity.

Voltaire had talents, well adapted for society; but at one period of his life he passed five years in the most secret seclusion, and indeed usually lived in retirement. Montesquieu quitted the brilliant circles of Paris for his books and his meditations, and was ridiculed by the gay triflers he deserted; "but my great work," he observes in triumph, "*avance à pas de géant.*" Harrington, to compose his *Oceana,* severed himself from the society of his friends. Descartes, inflamed by genius, hires an obscure house in an unfrequented quarter of Paris, and there he passes two years unknown to his acquaintances. Adam Smith, after the publication of his first work, withdrew into a retirement that lasted ten years; even Hume rallies him for separating himself from the world; but by this means the great political inquirer satisfied the world by his great work. And thus it was with men of genius, long ere Petrarch withdrew to his Valchiusa.— *The Literary Character.*

DIX, JOHN ADAMS, an American statesman and orator; born at Boscawen, N. H., July 24, 1798; died at New York, April 21, 1879. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1812, but near the close of the following year he resigned the appointment in order to become an ensign in the army, and served on the northern frontier during the remainder of the war with Great Britain. He left the army in 1828, having risen to the rank of captain of artillery. He then traveled in Europe for a year;

JOHN A. DIX.

and in 1830 entered upon the practice of law at Cooperstown, N. Y. From 1833 to 1839 he was Secretary of State in New York. In 1845 he succeeded Silas Wright in the United States Senate, and was succeeded in 1849 by Mr. Seward. In 1861, near the close of the administration of Mr. Buchanan, he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury. As such he issued the order to the commanding officer at New Orleans, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." Among the early acts of President Lincoln was the appointment of Mr. Dix as a major-general in the army. He was not engaged in active operations in the field; but he held in succession the command of the military departments of Maryland, of Virginia and North Carolina, and of New York. He was in command of this last department at the time of the draft-riots in July, 1863. In 1866–69 he was Minister to France; and in 1872 was elected Governor of New York. He held, from time to time, many other important civil positions. He wrote a treatise on *The Resources of the City of New York* (1827); *Decisions of the Superintendent of Common Schools of New York* (1837); *A Winter in Madeira* (1857), and *A Summer in Spain and Florence* (1857). Two volumes of his *Speeches and Addresses,* selected by himself, were published in 1875. Just after the occurrence of the draft-riots in New York, and when there was imminent danger of their renewal, General Dix issued, August 17, 1863, a proclamation giving warning against any such renewed outbreak:

THE DRAFT-RIOT PROCLAMATION.

The law under which this draft is to be made is for enrolling and calling out the national forces. It is founded on the principle that every citizen, who enjoys the protection of the Government and looks to it for the security of his property and his life, may be called on in seasons of great public danger to take up arms for the common defence. No political society can be held together unless this principle is acknowledged as one to which the Government may have recourse when its existence is in peril. There is no civilized country in which it is not recognized. . . . The draft about to be made is for one-fifth part of all persons between twenty and thirty-five years of age, and of the unmarried between thirty-five and forty-five. The entire class between eighteen and thirty-five was long since drafted in the seceded states, and the draft has recently been extended to embrace nearly the whole arms-bearing population. Compared with the burdens they are sustaining ours is as nothing.

The contest on our part is to defend our nationality, to uphold the institutions under the protection of which we have lived and prospered, and to preserve untarnished the proud memories of our history, brief it is true, but full of high achievements in science, in art, and in arms. Shall we, in such a cause, shrink from labors and sacrifices which our misguided brethren in the seceded States are sustaining in the cause of treason and social disorganization? For the honor of the State of New York, let us take care that the history of this rebellion, more vast than any which has ever convulsed a nation, shall contain nothing to make our children blush for the patriotism of their fathers.

Whatever objection there may be to the law authorizing the draft, whatever defects it may have, it is the law of the land, and resistance to it is revolt against the constituted authority of the country. If one law can be set at defiance, any other may be, and the foundation of all government be broken up. Those who, in the

history of political societies, have been the first to set themselves up against the law, have been the surest victims of the disorder which they have created. The poor have a far deeper interest in maintaining the inviolability of the law than the rich. Property, through the means it can command, is power. But the only security for those who have little more than life and the labor of their own hands to protect, lies in the supremacy of the law. On them, and on those who are dependent on them, social disorder falls with fatal effect. . . .

Under these circumstances, no good citizen will array himself, either by word or deed, against the draft. Submission to the law in seasons of tranquility is always the highest of political duties. But when the existence of the Government is in peril, he who resists its authority commits a crime of the deepest turpitude. He is the voluntary instrument of those who are seeking to overthrow it, and becomes himself a public enemy. Moreover, resistance to the Government by those who are living under its protection, and are indebted to it for the daily tenure of their property and their lives, has not even the palliation under which those who lead the insurrection at the South seek to shelter themselves: — that they are acting under color of authority derived from legislatures or conventions of the people in their respective States. . . .

Should these suggestions be disregarded by any among you, and renewed attempts be made to disturb the public peace, to break down the barriers which have been set up for the security of property and life, and to defeat the execution of a law which it is my duty to enforce, I warn all such persons that ample preparation has been made to vindicate the authority of the Government, and that the first exhibitions of disorder or violence will be met by the most prompt and vigorous measures for their repression.

RURAL LIFE AND EMBELLISHMENT.

Farm-houses should be surrounded with the beautiful and graceful in nature: the vine, the flowering shrub,

and such other plants as will bear the rigor of our winters. These are the true ornaments for the rural dwellings. They are far more appropriate and tasteful than the most elaborate carvings in wood and stone; and nature offers them freely to all who will take pains once a year to bestow on them a few hours of attention. It is in these appendages to rural dwellings that the great charm of the country in England consists. English farm-houses and cottages are not often — I may say very rarely — faultless structures, when tested by a strict application of architectural rules. Nay, they are often ungraceful in design and rude in execution; but with the ivy spreading itself over the gable, or covering up the porch and the woodbine climbing up the casement and enveloping it in foliage, they acquire a beauty and a grace which no work of man's hand can equal. Such as these I should wish our rural habitations to be. They should be embelished not so much by the hands of the architect as by the taste and care of the occupants. The mistress presiding over the household and the family dwelling should see to it that this dwelling should be externally a type of the neatness and order which reign within. Ornament it with the vines, plants, and flower-bearing shrubs which are suited to our climate. These require little attention, and many of them carry their foliage and verdure far beyond the season when most others decay. Flowers which require to be housed in winter demand too much care, and, as a general rule, they are in the open air ephemeral in their bloom. The hardier plants — those which come out early and bear their foliage late — are preferable for the decoration of the family dwelling. It is not easy to conceive with how little expenditure of time the most gratifying results may be obtained. A gravelled walk from the entrance-gate to the porch, running through a lawn of well-cropped grass, with here and there a lilac, an althea, or a syringa, a vine trained upon a frame — no matter how rough, for the foliage will cover it — will change the coldest prospect into one of warmth and beauty and grace.

Nor is it to the taste alone that these rural embellishments address themselves; they tend to elevate and re-

fine the moral feelings and to make us better men. It seems difficult to connect with the homestead the sacred feelings which belong to it, when all around is bare and cold. But when clothed in rural beauty by kindred hands, the sentiment of home is exalted, and those who have thus embellished it are presented to our minds and hearts under new and more endearing aspects. The leading impulses by which men are governed are constantly drawing them out into the world. Ambition, the desire of accumulation, the necessary business of life, are perpetually calling them away from home. Let home, then, be made so attractive in its external as well as its internal aspect, that it shall always be left with regret and regained with eagerness, as the most grateful refuge from the active duties of life. Under these circumstances the minutest work of your hands will have its value. The vine you have trained, the shrub you have planted, will possess an interest in the sight of those who are dear to you which the most elaborate ornament wrought by the hands of the carver can never attain.—*Agricultural Address, 1851.*

DIX, MORGAN, an American clergyman, son of John A. Dix; born in New York City, November 1, 1827. He was graduated from Columbia College, and took Holy Orders in 1853. Two years later he became assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York, and in 1862 was made rector of the same church. Among his published works are a *Commentary on Romans* (1864); a *Commentary on Galatians* (1866); *Lectures on Pantheism* (1868); *Lectures on the Two Estates* (1872); *Sermons Doctrinal and Practical* (1878); *Lectures on the Prayer-book of Edward VI.* (1881); *Memoir of John A. Dix*

(1883); *The Gospel and Philosophy* (1885); *Christ at the Door of the Heart* (1886); *Sermons* (1891); *The Sacramental System* (1892); and *History of the Parish of Trinity Church* (1901).

THE CONDITIONS OF PERFECT DEVELOPMENT.

It has been well said, that "in Human Nature, it is the balance, harmony, and co-equal development of Sense, Intellect, and Spirit which constitutes perfection." "Body, Soul, and Spirit," said the Apostle, summing up what we are. And in man, we find, over and above the physical senses three more: the intellectual sense, the moral sense, and the æsthetic sense. Man has an intelligent sense of the true, a moral sense of the good, an æsthetic sense of the beautiful. His are the reason, the affections, and the imagination; he sympathizes, he thinks, he loves. Each element in him desires its own, and abhores what is alien; thought and reason cannot endure the irrational, the impossible, the absurd; the heart, if pure, abhors the evil and the corrupt; the cultured taste revolts at the squalid, the sordid, and the ugly. And true progress depends on the just and even development of the entire nature; cultivate one part, neglecting the rest, and the product is a monster. Stunt the intellectual powers, and you have a fool; drawf the moral powers and you have a devil; starve the affections, and the life is hard, cynical, and cold; kill the imagination, and all things become stiff, dry, and gloomy. Develop, evenly and faithfuly, the full manhood, and you find your reward in the sweetness and strength of a thoughtful, pure, and beautiful life.

But how shall this complex nature be developed? Progress must be toward some anticipated end; advance is made by the help of lights and marks along the way and far in front. You come at once to the questions, not to be evaded: Whither we are going, and for what do we exist? Is this world all? or is there another? Is the life of man complete in three-score years and ten, or is there more of it to come? Is this natural order the

only one with which we have to do, or is there also a supernatural order? Your answer to these questions is decisive of your fate. For if this world be all, and we have no other life, then the goal of human development and its limits must be sought somewhere this side of the barrier of death. But if not; if there be also a supernatural order, with which our relations are direct; if man has an immortal soul; if God "hath given him length of days forever and ever," then the outlook for us is away beyond the black furrow of the grave. Development stops not here; it goes on, through things temporal into things eternal; and the final objects of life, the ideas, the motive powers, must be in that radiant front. The intellect seeks an absolute truth, where alone it should be sought, in God. The modal nature cries out for a perfect righteousness. The æsthetic nature discerns the outlines of an ideal loveliness feebly realized in nature. Development, in any creature capable of it, is the working toward the highest point which, by the constitution of the creature, it is able to reach. If man be not body only, but body, soul, and spirit, made "in the Image of God," the limits of development for him can only be attained in perfect union with that God "who is a spirit," and in that state where they "never die." For us, the "Reason Why" is in the life beyond the tomb; the beacons are on the coast of the eternal land. And now, that there may be growth, healthful and steady — intellectual, moral, and æsthetic advance — three things must be made known to us; an absolute truth, a faultless righteousness, and a perfect beauty. The intellect demands the knowledge of a Truth, in which to rest, and by which to measure all lower and minor truths; the affections demand union with a Love which may fill the heart and hallow all lesser loves; the imagination seeks the sight of a supreme ideal beauty, which shall throw its bright beams on this inferior state,

> "Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
> And making that which is not, till the place
> Becomes religion."

and killing the taste for what is vulgar, foul, and impure. Nor can it ever be well with men, unless they know the truth, and love righteousness, and see that nothing is beautiful which is not also holy and pure.— *The Gospel and Philosophy.*

DIXON, THOMAS, JR., an American clergyman and novelist; born at Shelby, N. C., January 11, 1864. He was graduated from Wake Forest College, North Carolina, in 1883, and from the Greensboro, N. C., Law School in 1886. He was admitted to the bar and served in the Legislature, resigning to enter the Baptist ministry. He was a pastor in Raleigh, N. C., in 1888, in Boston, Mass., in 1889, and from 1890 to 1899, in New York city. During these years he wrote *Living Problems in Religion and Social Science* (1891); *What is Religion?* (1892); and *Sermons on Ingersoll* (1894).

In 1902, Dr. Dixon wrote his first novel, *The Leopard's Spots,* which met with such popular favor that he abandoned the ministry to devote himself to the writing of fiction. *The One Woman* appeared in 1903 and *The Clansman* in 1904. In 1905 he published *The Life Worth Living,* a volume of essays. Dr. Dixon dedicates *The One Woman* to his mother, and writes: "To whose Scotch love of romantic literature, I owe the heritage of eternal youth." *The Leopard's Spots* deals with the negro question, while *The Clansman* tells the story of the Ku Klux Klan.

MODERN NEW YORK.

The next day Gordon walked from the church down Fourth Avenue to Union Square and down Broadway to the Battery. It was a glorious day in early spring. The air had in it yet the cool breath of winter, but the electric thrill of coming life was in the soft breezes that came from the South, where flowers were already blooming and birds singing. Fourth Avenue was piled with builders' material. The old brick homes were crumbling and steel-ribbed monsters climbing into the sky from their sites.

"Progress everywhere but in the churches," muttered Gordon. "The Church alone seems dead in New York."

Broadway was one vast river of humanity. As far as the eye could reach the throng engulfed the pavements and overflowed into the streets between the curbs, mingling with the mass of cars, cabs, trucks and wagons.

Shadowy and far away seemed the Spirit world from those hurrying, rushing, cursing, struggling men. And yet the earth was quivering beneath them with the shock of spiritual forces. The age of miracles was only dawning.

He felt like climbing to the tower of one of those great temples of trade and shouting to the throng to lift up their heads from the stones below and beyond the line of towering steel and granite see the Glory of God.

As he passed the City Hall his eye rested on the towering castles of the metropolitan newspapers. He could feel in the air the throb of their presses, the whir of their wheels within wheels telling the story of a day's life, wet with tears of hope and love, or poisoned with slander and falsehood, their minarets and domes the flaming signs in the sky of a new power in history, a menace to the life of the ancient Church and its priesthood.

He walked past old Castle Garden where so many weary feet have landed and found hope. His heart filled with patriotic pride. Far out in the harbor stood Liberty Enlightening the World, lifting her torch among the

stars, her face calm and majestic, gazing serenely out to sea.

"Land of faith and hope — my country!" he exclaimed. "Here the commonest man has risen from the dust and proved himself a king. Home of the broken-hearted, the tyrant-cursed, the bruised, the oppressed, within thy magic gates the miracle of life has been renewed!"

He looked out on the great emerald harbor gleaming in the sunlight. His soul was flooded again with the sense of the city's imperial splendor, stretching out her hand to grasp the financial sceptre of the world, already the second city of the earth, a kingdom mightier than Cæsar ruled and richer than Crœsus dreamed.— *The One Woman.* (Copyright 1903 by THOMAS DIXON, JR., Reprinted by permission of DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND CO.)

THE COMMON PEOPLE.

"Let snobs and apes hear me. Democracy is the goal of the race, the destiny of the world. American Democracy is but a hundred years old, yet not one crowned head is left on the western hemisphere. Crowns, thrones, sceptres, titles, privileges belong to the past; they are doomed. The people already rule the world. Emperors, kings and presidents exist, not by the grace of God, but by the consent of the people, to whom they give account of their stewardship. Empires are the dungheaps out of which democracies grow.

"The historian writes of the common people. Once of kings and princes were their stories. The eyes of the world are on the masses. Science toils to make Nature their servant. Art portrays their life. Literature, once a clown at the feet of Fortune's fools, now writes of the people. Wealth lays its tribute at their feet.

"Outside the history of the common people there is nothing worth recording. They are mankind!"— *The One Woman.* (Copyright 1903 by THOMAS DIXON, JR., Reprinted by permission of DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND CO.)

DIXON, William Hepworth, an English journalist, biographer, and traveler; born at Manchester, June 30, 1821; died at London, December 27, 1879. He was in early life a clerk in a mercantile house in Manchester, and contributed to several periodicals. In 1846 he went to London and entered himself as a student of law in the Inner Temple. In 1853 he became editor of the *Athenæum,* and continued such until 1869, when he was appointed a magistrate for Middlesex, and in the following year was elected a member of the London School Board. During these years he traveled extensively in various parts of the world. He visited the East in 1864, the United States in 1866, and Russia in 1870. His principal works are: *Life of John Howard* (1849); *Biography of William Penn* (1851; subsequent editions contain a chapter vindicating Penn against the charges of Macaulay); *Life of Robert Blake* (1852); *Lives of the Archbishops of York* (1853); *Personal History of Lord Bacon* (1861); *The Holy Land* (1865); *New America* (1867); *Spiritual Wives,* among the Mormons (1868); *Free Russia* (1870); *Her Majesty's Tower* (1869–71); *The Switzers* (1872); *Catharine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn* (1874); *The White Conquest* (1876); *Diana, Lady Lyle* (1877), and *Ruby Grey* (1878).

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE.

With the letter of thanks from Cromwell, a new set of instructions arrived, which allowed him to return with part of his fleet, leaving his squadron of some fifteen or twenty frigates to ride before the Bay of Cadiz and intercept its traders: with their usual deference to his

judgment and experience, the Protector and Board of Admiralty left the appointment of the command entirely with him. Hoisting his pennon on his old flag-ship, the *St. George,* Blake saw for the last time the spires and cupolas, the masts and towers, before which he had kept his long and victorious vigils. While he put in for fresh water at Cascaes Road, he was very weak. "I beseech God to strengthen me," was the fervent prayer of the English Resident at Lisbon, as he departed on the homeward voyage. While the ships rolled through the tempestuous waters of the Bay of Biscay he grew every day worse and worse. Some gleams of the old spirit broke forth as they approached the latitude of England. He enquired often and anxiously if the white cliffs were yet in sight. He longed to behold the swelling downs, the free cities, the goodly churches of his native land. But he was now dying beyond all doubt. Many of his favorite officers silently and mournfully crowded round his bed, anxious to catch the last tones of a voice which had so often called them to glory and victory. Others stood at the poop and forecastle, eagerly examining every speck and line of the horizon, in hope of being first to catch the welcome glimpse of land. Though they were coming home crowned with laurels, gloom and pain were in every face. At last the Lizard was announced. Shortly afterward, the bold cliffs and bare hills of Cornwall loomed out grandly in the distance. But it was now too late for the dying hero. He had sent for the captains and other great officers of his fleet to bid them farewell; and while they were yet in his cabin, the undulating hills of Devonshire, glowing with the tints of early autumn, came full in view. As the ships rounded Rame Head, the spires and masts of Plymouth, the woody heights of Mount Edgecombe, the low island of St. Nicholas, the rocky steeps of the Hoe, Mount Batten, the citadel, the many picturesque and familiar features of that magnificent harbor rose one by one to sight. But the eyes that had so yearned to behold this scene once more were at that very instant closing in death. Foremost of the victorious squadron, the *St. George* rode with its precious burden into the Sound; and just as it came into full view of the eager thousands

crowding the beach, the pier-heads, the walls of the citadel, or darting in countless boats over the smooth waters between St. Nicholas and the docks, ready to catch the first glimpse of the hero of Santa Cruz, and salute him with a true English welcome, he, in his silent cabin, in the midst of his lion-hearted comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielded up his soul to God.— *Life of Blake.*

THE BLACK, RED, AND YELLOW MAN.

The Black Man, a true child of the tropics, to whom warmth is like the breath of life, flees from the bleak fields of the North, in which the white man repairs his fibre and renews his blood; preferring the swamps and savannas of the South, where, among palms, cotton-plants, and sugar-canes, he finds the rich colors in which his eye delights, the sunny heats in which his blood expands. Freedom would not tempt him to go northward, into frost and fog. Since the South has been made free to Sam to live in, he has turned his back on the cold and friendly North, in search of a brighter home. Sitting in the rice-field, by the cane-break, under the mulberry-trees of his darling Alabama, with his kerchief round his head, his banjo on his knee, he is joyous as a bird, singing his endless and foolish roundelay, and feeling the sunshine burn upon his face. The negro is but a local fact in the country; having his proper home in a corner — the most sunny corner — of the United States.

The Red Man, once a hunter of the Alleghanies, not less than of the prairies and the Rocky Mountains, has been driven by the paleface — he and his squaw, his elk, his buffalo, and his antelope — into the far Western country; into the waste and desolate lands lying westward of the Mississippi and Missouri. The exceptions hardly break the rule. The red-skin will not dig, and to beg he is not ashamed. Hence, he has been pushed away from his place, driven out by the spade, and kept at bay by the smoke of chimney fires. A wild man of the plain and forest, he makes his home with the wolf, the rattlesnake, the buffalo, and the elk. When the wild beast flees, the wild man follows. The Alleghany slopes, on

which, only seventy years ago, he chased the elk and scalped the white woman, will hear his war-whoop, see his war-dance, feel his scalping-knife, no more. The red men find it hard to lay down a tomahawk, to take up a hoe; some thousands of them only yet have done so; some hundreds only have learned from the whites to drink gin and bitters, to lodge in frame houses, to tear up the soil, to forget the chase, the war-dance, and the Great Spirit.

The Yellow Man, generally a Chinese, often a Malay, sometimes a Dyak, has been drawn into the Pacific States from Asia, and from the Eastern Archipelago, by the hot demand for labor; any kind of which comes to him as a boon. From digging in the mine to cooking an omelet and ironing a shirt, he is equal to everything by which dollars can be gained. Of these yellow people there are now sixty thousand in California, Utah and Montana; they come and go; but many more of them come than go. As yet these harmless crowds are weak and useful. Hop Chang keeps a laundry; Chi Hi goes out as cook; Cum Thing is a maid-of-all-work. They are in no man's way, and they labor for a crust of bread. To-day, those yellow men are sixty thousand strong. They will ask for votes. They will hold the balance of parties. In some districts they will make a majority; selecting the judges, forming the juries, interpreting the laws. Next year is not more sure to come in its own season, than a great society of Asiatics to dwell on the Pacific slopes. A Buddhist church, fronting the Buddhist churches in China and Ceylon, will rise in California, Oregon, and Nevada. More than all, a war of labor will commence between the races which feed on beef and the races which thrive on rice; one of those wars in which the victory is not necessarily with the strong.— *New America.*

A CENTURY OF WHITE PROGRESS.

The European races are spreading over every continent, and mastering the islets of every sea. During these hundred years some Powers have shot ahead, and some have slipped into the second rank. Austria, a hundred years ago the leading power in Europe, has been rent

asunder and has forfeited her throne in Germany. Spain, a hundred years ago the first colonial empire in the world, has lost her colonies and conquests, and sunk into a third-rate power. France, which little more than a hundred years ago possessed Canada, Louisiana, the Mississippi Valley, the island of Mauritius, and a strong hold in Hindustan, has lost all these possessions, and exchanged her vineyards and corn-fields on the Rhine for the snows of Savoy and the sands of Algiers. Piedmont and Prussia, on the other hand, have sprung into the foremost rank of nations. Piedmont has become Italy, with a capital in Milan and Venice, Florence and Naples, as well as in Rome. Still more striking and more glorious has been the growth of Prussia. A hundred years ago Prussia was just emerging into notice as a small but well-governed and hard-fighting country, with a territory no larger than Michigan, and a population considerably less than Ohio. In a hundred years this small but well-governed and hard-fighting Prussia has become the first military power on earth. Prussia, during these hundred years, has carried her arms into Finland, Crim Tartary, the Caucasus, and the Mohammedan Khanates, extending the White empire on the Caspian, and Euxine, and along the Oxus and Jaxartes into Central Asia. Vaster still have been the marches and the conquests of Great Britain — her command of the ocean giving her facilities which are not possessed by any other power. Within a hundred years or thereabouts, she has grown from a kingdom of ten millions of people into an empire of two hundred and twenty millions, with a territory covering nearly one-third of the earth. Hardly less striking than the progress of Russia and England has been that of the United States. Starting with a population no larger than that of Greece, the Republic has advanced so rapidly that in a hundred years she has become the third power as to size of territory, the fourth as to wealth of population in the world. Soil and population are the two prime elements of power. Climate and fertility count for much; nationality and compactness count for more; but still the natural basis of growth is land, the natural basis of strength of population. Taking these two elements together, the Chinese

were, a hundred years ago, the foremost family of mankind. They held a territory covering three millions of square miles, and a population counting more than four hundred millions of souls. But what a change has taken place! China has been standing still, while England, Russia, and America have been conquering, planting, and annexing lands.— *The White Conquest.*

DOANE, GEORGE WASHINGTON, an American clergyman and poet; born at Trenton, N. J., May 27, 1799; died at Burlington, N. J., April 27, 1859. He was graduated from Union College in 1818, and was admitted to Holy Orders in 1821. He officiated for three years in Trinity Church, New York; in 1824 was appointed professor at Washington College (now Trinity College), Hartford, Conn. In 1828 he became assistant minister, and subsequently rector, of Trinity Church, Boston. In 1832 he was elected Bishop of the Episcopal diocese of New Jersey, and soon afterward established St. Mary's Hall, at Burlington, N. J., and later founded Burlington College. In 1824 he published a volume of poems entitled *Songs by the Way;* and in 1840 *Sermons* and *Charges.* In 1860 was published a collection of his *Poetical Works, Sermons, and Miscellaneous Writings,* with a *Memoir* by his son, W. C. Doane.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

"What is that, Mother?"—
"The Lark, my child.—
The morn has but just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,

And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the Lark's, to thy Maker's praise.'

"What is that, Mother?"—
"The Dove, my son;
And that low, sweet voice, like the widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured out from some crystal urn,
For the distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the Dove:—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love."

"What is that, Mother?"—
"The Eagle, boy,
Proudly careering in his course of joy;
Firm, in his own mountain vigor relying;
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward — right on
Boy, may the Eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward — true to the line."

"What is that, Mother?"—
"The Swan, my love —
He is floating down from his native grove:
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die.
Death darkens his eye, it unplumes his wings;
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.—
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home."

DOBELL, SYDNEY THOMPSON, an English poet; born at Cranbrook, Kent, April 5, 1824; died at Nailsworth, Gloucester, August 22, 1874. At the age of twelve he entered the office of his father, a wine-merchant of Cheltenham. In 1848 he published his first poem, *The Roman,* under the *nom de plume* of "Sydney Yendys" (the last name being his baptismal name reversed). This was followed in 1850 by *Balder.* These poems found numerous admirers, and the author was looked upon by many as the coming poet of his day; they were, however, sharply criticised and travestied by Aytoun in his *Firmilian.* His subsequent productions were *Sonnets on the War,* in conjunction with Alexander Smith (1855); *England in Time of War* (1856), and *England's Day* (1871).

He occupied a foremost place among the modern minor poets of England in the class with Philip James Bailey, George Gilfillan, Stanyan Bigg, Alexander Smith, and Gerald Massey. One of the distinguishing features of Dobell's style is discontented criticism of the existing order of society, and an undercurrent of complaint at the mystery of existence. His writings are marked by passionate love of nature and political liberty, originality, and an absence of humor.

THE RUINS OF ANCIENT ROME.

Upstood
The hoar unconscious walls, bisson and bare,
Like an old man deaf, blind, and gray, in whom
The years of old stand in the sun, and murmur
Of childhood and the dead. From parapets
Where the sky rests, from broken niches — each
More than Olympus — for gods dwelt in them —

Below from senatorial haunts and seats
Imperial, where the ever-passing fates
Wore out the stone, strange hermit birds croaked forth
Sorrowful sounds, like watchers on the height
Crying the hours of ruin. When the clouds
Dressed every myrtle on the walls in mourning,
With calm prerogative the eternal pile
Impassive shone with the unearthly light
Of immortality. When conquering suns
Triumphed in jubilant earth, it stood out dark
With thoughts of ages: like some mighty captive
Upon his death-bed in a Christian land
And lying, through the chant of psalm and creed
Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
And on his lips strange gods.
Rank weeds and grasses,
Careless and nodding, grew, and ask no leave,
Where Romans trembled. Where the wreck was saddest,
Sweet pensive herbs, that had been gay elsewhere,
With conscious mien of place rose tall and still,
And bent with duty. Like some village children
Who found a dead king on a battle-field,
And with decorous care and reverent pity
Composed the lordly ruin, and sat down
Grave without tears. At length the giant lay,
And everywhere he was begrit with years.
And everywhere the torn and mouldering Past
Hung with the ivy. For Time, smit with honor
Of what he slew, cast his own mantle on him,
That none should mock the dead.

— *The Roman.*

TO AMERICA.

No force nor fraud shall sunder us! O ye,
Who North or South, on East or Western land,
Native to noble sounds, say Truth for truth,
Freedom for freedom, Love for love, and God
For God; O ye who in eternal youth
Speak, with a living and creative flood,
This universal English, and do stand

Its breathing book! live worthy of that grand
  Heroic utterance — parted, yet a whole,
Far, yet unsevered — children brave and free,
Of the great mother-tongue; and ye shall be
  Lords of an empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spencer's
    dream.

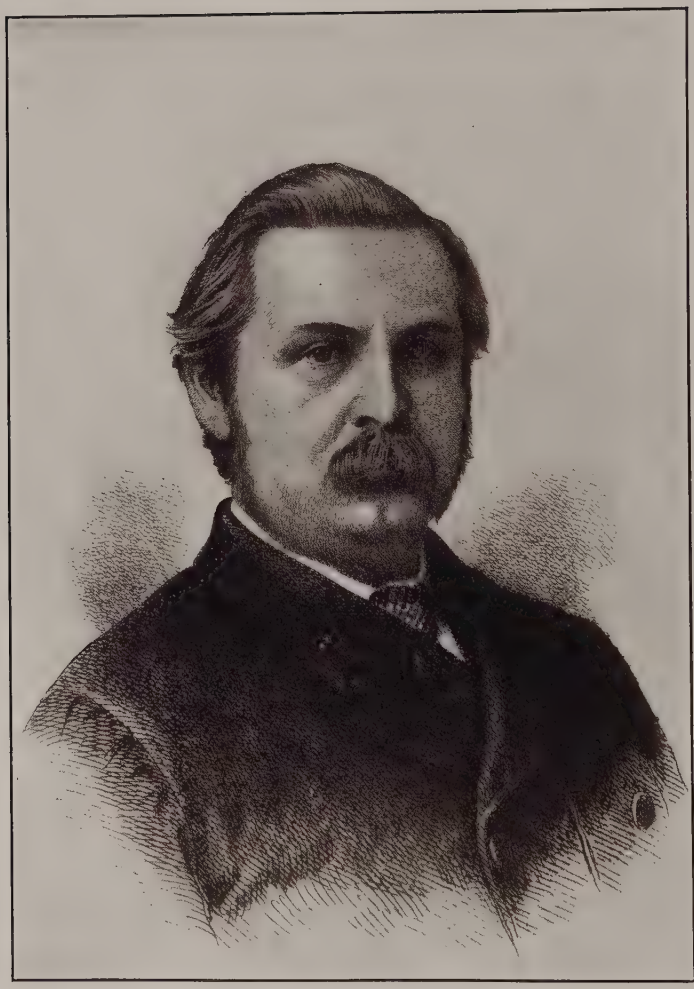
HOW'S MY BOY.

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy — my boy!"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what ship sailed he?"—

"My boy John —
He that went to sea:
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.
You come back from the sea,
And know not my son John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.

There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.
How's my boy — my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor —
Blue jacket or no, sailor —
Anchor and crown or no!
Sure his ship was the Jolly Briton."—

"Speak low, woman, speak low!"
"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was as loud as I am proud,
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down!"



AUSTIN DOBSON.

"How's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
I was never aboard her!
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"—

"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her!"—
"How's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother.
How's my boy — my boy?
Tell me of him, and no other!
How's my boy — my boy?

DOBSON, HENRY AUSTIN, an English critic, poet and biographer; born at Plymouth, January 18, 1840. He was educated partly in England, partly in France and Germany, with the purpose of becoming a civil engineer; but at the age of sixteeen he was appointed to a clerkship in the Board of Trade. He has been a regular contributor in prose and verse to English periodicals. His writings are exceedingly clever and graceful; his verses particularly showing a cultivated imagination and much tenderness of expression. In 1873 he collected his scattered lyrics into a volume entitled *Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société,* which was followed in 1877 by *Proverbs in Porcelain; Old World Idylls* (1883); and *At the Sign of the Lyre* (1885). His principal prose work is the

Life of Fielding, forming one of the volumes of "The English Men of Letters," a series of biographies edited by John Morley. He has also written many biographical and critical sketches; among which are those of *Hogarth* in the "Biographies of Great Artists;" of *Prior, Praed, Gay* and *Hood* in Ward's "English Poets;" and *Eighteenth Century Essays* in "The Parchment Library." Among his best works are *After Sedan; The Dead Letter,* and *The Young Musician.* Among his later works are *Thomas Bewick and His Pupils* (1884); *Life of Steele* (English Worthies, 1886); *Life of Goldsmith* (Great Writers, 1888); *Memoir of Horace Walpole* (1890); *Four French Women,* essays (1890); an enlarged edition of *Life of Hogarth* (1891); *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* (1892), a second series (1894), and *A Palodin of Philanthrophy* (1899). He has edited a number of works for the Temple Library, for the Parchment Library, for the Chiswick Press Reprints, and for the Ex-Libris series.

MORE POETS YET.

"More Poets yet?" I hear him say,
Arming his heavy hand to slay;—
"Despite my skill and 'swashing blow,'
They seem to sprout where'er I go:
I killed a host but yesterday!"

Slash on, O Hercules! You may:
Your task's at best a Hydra-fray;
And, though you cut, not less will grow
More Poets yet!

Too arrogant! For who shall stay
The first blind motions of the May?
Who shall outblot the morning glow:

Or stem the full heart's overflow:
Who? There will rise, till Time decay,
More Poets yet!

ANGEL VISITANTS.

Once at the Angelus (ere I was dead),
Angels all glorious came to my bed:
Angels in blue and white, crowned on the head.

One was the friend I left stark in the snow
One was the wife that died long, long ago;
One was the love I lost — how could she know?

One had my mother's eyes, wistful and mild;
One had my father's face; one was a child:
All of them bent to me; bent down and smiled.

GIVE US BUT YESTERDAY.

Princes! and you most valorous,
Nobles and Barons of all degrees!
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us,
Prodigals driven by the Destinies!
Nothing we ask or of gold or fees;
Harry us not with the hounds, we pray;
Lo — for the surcoat's hem we seize;
"Give us — ah! give us — but Yesterday!"

Dames most delicate, amorous!
Damosels blithe as the belted bees!
Beggars are we that pray you thus;
Beggars outworn of miseries!
Nothing we ask of the things that please;
Weary are we, and old, and gray;
Lo — for we clutch, and we clasp your knees;
"Give us — ah! give us but Yesterday!"

Damosels, Dames, be piteous!
(But the Dames rode fast by the roadway trees.)
Hear us, O Knights magnanimous!

(But the Knights pricked on in their panoplies.)
Nothing they gat of hope or ease,
But only to beat on the breast and say:
"Life we drank to the dregs and lees;
Give us — ah! give us — but Yesterday!"

Youth, take heed to the prayer of these!
Many there be by the dusty way,
Many that cry to the rocks and seas,
"Give us — ah! give us but Yesterday!"

A SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

When Spring comes laughing, by vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking, and daffodil,
Sing stars of morning, sing morning skies,
Sing of blue speedway, and my Love's eyes.

When comes the Summer, full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip, the orchard long,
Sing hid, sweet honey, that no bee sips;
Sing red, red roses, and my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters the leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury the broad-wheeled wain,
Sing flutes of harvests, where men rejoice;
Sing rounds of reapers, and my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter, with hail and storm
And red fire roaring, and ingle warm,
Sing first sad going of friends that part;
Then sing glad meeting, and my Love's heart.

DODDRIDGE, PHILIP, an English clergyman; born at London, June 26, 1702; died at Lisbon, Portugal, October 26, 1751. He was left an orphan at the age of thirteen. He early manifested talents of such high order that the Duchess of Bedford offered to defray his expenses at either of the great universities; but he declined the proposal on account of the implied condition that he should take Orders in the Established Church. In 1719 he entered the Dissenting Academy at Kibworth; from 1722 to 1729 he exercised pastoral functions in several places, still diligently prosecuting his studies. In 1729 he was placed in charge of the academy, which he removed from Kibworth to Northampton, where he had been invited to become pastor. He filled these positions with great success for twenty years, when, his health failing, he sailed for Lisbon, hoping to derive benefit from a milder climate, but died only five days after his arrival.

The *Works* of Doddridge are very numerous. They consist of *Sermons; Treatises,* and *Lectures* on theological and religious topics; *Miscellanies; Hymns; The Family Expositor; The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul* (the most popular of all his books), and several volumes of *Correspondence,* collected by his great-grandson, and published eighty years after his death. A complete edition of his *Works* (not including the *Correspondence*) was published in 1802, in ten large volumes.

Among the *Hymns* of Doddridge are several which are sung in Protestant churches of every denomination.

VINDICATION OF HIS RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

Had the letter which I received from you so many months ago been merely an address of common friendship, I hope no hurry of business would have led me to delay so long the answer which civility and gratitude would in that case have required; or had it been to request any service in my power to you, sir, or to any of your family or friends, I would not willingly have neglected it so many days or hours; but when it contained nothing material, except an unkind insinuation that you esteemed me a dishonest man, who, out of a design to please a party, had written what he did not believe, or, as you thought fit to express yourself, had "trimmed it a little with the gospel of Christ," I thought all that was necessary — after having fully satisfied by own conscience on that head, which, I bless God, I very easily did — was to forgive and pray for the mistaken brother who had done me the injury, and to endeavor to forget it, by turning my thoughts to some more pleasant, important, and useful subject. . . . But I have been certainly informed that you, interpreting my silence as an acknowledgment of the justice of your charge, have sent copies of your letter to several of your friends, who have been industrious to propagate them far and near. . . .

Though it was unkind readily to entertain the suspicions you express, I do not so much complain of your acquainting me with them; but on what imaginable humane or Christian principle could you communicate such a letter, and grant copies of it? With what purpose could it be done, but with a design of aspersing my character? and to what purpose could you desire my character to be reproached? Are you sure, sir, that I am not intending the honor of God, and the good of souls, by my various labors of one kind and another — so sure of it, that you will venture to maintain at the bar of Christ, before the throne of God, that I was a person whom it was your duty to endeavor to discredit? for, considering me as a Christian, a minister, and a tutor, it

could not be merely an indifferent action; nay, considering me as a man, if it was not a duty, it was a crime!

I will do you the justice, sir, to suppose you have really an ill opinion of me, and believe I mean otherwise than I write; but let me ask, what reason have you for that opinion? Is it because you cannot think me a downright fool, and conclude that every one who is not, must be of your opinion, and is a knave if he does not declare that he is so? or is it from anything particular which you apprehend you know of my sentiments contrary to what my writings declare? He that searches my heart, is witness that what I wrote on the very passage you except against, I wrote as what appeared to me most agreeable to truth, and most subservient to the purposes of His glory and the edification of my readers; and I see no reason to alter it in a second edition, if I should reprint my Exposition, though I had infinitely rather the book should perish than advance anything contrary to the tenor of the gospel, and subversive to the souls of men. I guard against apprehending Christ to be a mere creature, or another God, inferior to the Father, or co-ordinate with Him. And you will maintain that I believe Him to be so; from whence, sir, does your evidence of that arise? If from my writings, I apprehend it must be in consequence of some inference you draw from them, of laying any just foundation for which I am not at present aware; nor did I ever intend, I am sure, to say or intimate anything of the kind. If from report, I must caution you against rashly believing such reports. I have heard some stories of me, echoed back from your neighborhood, which God knows to be as false as if I had been reported to have asserted the divine authority of the Alcoran! or to have written Hobbes's *Leviathan;* and I can account for them in no other way than by supposing, either that coming through several hands, every one mistook a little, or else that some people have such vivid dreams, that they cannot distinguish them from realities, and so report them as facts; though how to account for their propagating such reports so zealously, on any principles of Christianity or common humanity, especially considering how far I am from having

offered them any personal injury, would amaze me, if I did not know how far *party* zeal debases the understandings of those who in other matters are wise and good. All I shall add with regard to such persons is, that I pray God this evil may not be laid to their charge. I have seriously reflected with myself whence it should come that such suspicions should arise of my being in what is generally called the Arian scheme, and the chief causes I can discover are these two: my not seeing the arguments which some of my brethren have seen against it in some disputed texts, and my tenderness and regard to those who, I have reason to believe, do espouse it, and whom I dare not in conscience raise a popular cry against! Nor am I at all fond of urging the controversy, lest it should divide churches, and drive some who are wavering, as indeed I myself once was, to an extremity to which I should be sorry to see such worthy persons, as some of them are, reduced.—*Letter to the Rev. Mr. Bourne, 1742.*

HARK, THE GLAD SOUND.

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song! . . .

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyelids of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor. . . .

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
  Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
  With Thy beloved name.

AWAKE, YE SAINTS.

Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
  And raise your voices high;
Awake and praise that sovereign love
  That shows salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies,
  Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
  Welcome each closing year!

Not many years their round shall run,
  Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
  To our admiring eyes!

Ye wheels of nature speed your course!
  Ye mortal powers, decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
  Ye bring eternal day!

YE GOLDEN LAMPS.

Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
  With all your feebler light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon
  Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
  In brighter flames arrayed!
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
  No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
  Of my divine abode
The pavement of those Heavenly courts
  Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light,
Shall there His beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

There all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

DODGE, Mary Abigail ("Gail Hamilton"), an American novelist; born at Hamilton, Mass., in 1838; died there, August 17, 1896. She began literary work by contributing to periodicals. Her style was witty and piquant, and quite entertaining. Her works include *Country Living and Country Thinking* (1862); *Gala Days* (1863); *Stumbling Blocks* (1864); *Red-Letter Days in Applethorpe* and *Summer Rest* (1866); *Wool Gathering* (1867); *Woman's Wrongs* (1868); *Battle of the Books* (1870); *Woman's Worth and Worthlessness* (1872); *Twelve Miles from a Lemon* (1874); *Sermons to the Clergy* (1875); *What Think ye of Christ* (1877); *Our Common School System* and *Wool Gathering* (1880); *The Insuppressible Book* (1885); *A Washington Bible-class* (1891); *English Kings in a Nutshell* (1893), and *Life of James G. Blaine* (1895).

INTIMACY.

There is no such thing as knowing a man intimately. Every soul is, for the greater part of its mortal life, isolated from every other. Whether it dwell in the Garden of Eden or the Desert of Sahara, it dwells alone. Not only do we jostle against the street-crowd unknowing and unknown, but we go out and come in, we lie down and rise up, with strangers. Jupiter and Neptune sweep the heavens not more unfamiliar to us than the worlds that circle our own hearth-stone. Day after day, and year after year, a person moves by your side; he sits at the same table; he reads the same books; he kneels in the same church. You know every hair of his head, every trick of his lips, every tone of his voice; you can tell him far off by his gait. Without seeing him, you recognize his step, his knock, his laugh. "Know him?" "Yes, I have known him these twenty years." No, you don't know him. You know his gait, and hair, and voice. You know what preacher he hears, what ticket he voted, and what were the last year's expenses; but you don't know *him*. He sits quietly in his chair; but he is in his temple. You speak to him; his soul comes out into the vestibule to answer you, and returns — and the gates are shut; therein you cannot enter. You were discussing the state of the country; but when you ceased, he opened a postern-gate, went down a bank, and launched on a sea over whose waters you have no boat to sail, no star to guide. You have loved and reverenced him. He has been your concrete of truth and nobleness. Unwittingly you touch a secret spring, and a Blue-Beard chamber stands revealed. You give no sign; you meet and part as usual; but a Dead Sea rolls between you two forevermore.

It must be so. Not even to the nearest and dearest can one unveil the secret place where his soul abideth, so that there shall be no more any winding ways or hidden chambers; but to your indifferent neighbor, what blind alleys, and deep caverns, and inaccessible mountains! To him who "touches the electric chain, where-

with you're darkly bound" your soul sends back an answering thrill. One little window is opened, and there is short parley. Your ships speak to each other now and then in welcome, though imperfect communication; but immediately you strike out again into the great shoreless sea, over which you must sail forever alone. You may shrink from the far-reaching solitudes of your heart, but no other foot than yours can tread them save those

> "That eighteen hundred years ago were nailed,
> For our advantage, to the bitter cross."

FISHING.

Some people have conscientious scruples about fishing. I respect them. I had them once myself. Wantonly to destroy, for mere sport, the innocent life in lake and river, seemed to me a cruelty and a shame. But people must fish. Now, then, how shall your theory and practice be harmonized? Practice can't yield. Plainly, theory must. A year ago, I went out on a rock in the Atlantic Ocean, held a line — just to see how it seemed — and caught eight fishes; and every time a fish came up, a scruple went down. . . . Which facts will partially account for the eagerness with which I, one morning, seconded a proposal to go a-fishing in a river about fourteen miles away.

One wanted the scenery, another the drive, a third the chowder, and so on; but I — I may as well confess — wanted the excitement, the fishes, the opportunity of displaying my piscatory prowess. I enjoyed in anticipation the masculine admiration and feminine chagrin that would accompany the beautiful, fat, shining, speckled, prismatic trout into my basket, while other rods waited in vain for a "nibble." I resolved to be magnanimous. Modesty should lend to genius a heightened charm. I would win hearts by my humility, as well as laurels by my dexterity. I would disclaim superior skill, attribute success to fortune, and offer to distribute my spoil among the discomfited. Glory, not pelf, was my object.

You may imagine my disgust on finding, at the end

of our journey, that there was only one rod for the whole party. Plenty of lines, but no rod. What was to be done? It was proposed to improvise rods from the trees. "No," said the female element. "We don't care. We shouldn't catch any fish. We'd just as soon stroll about." I bubbled up, if I didn't boil over. "*We* shouldn't, should *we?* Pray, speak for yourselves! Didn't I catch eight cod-fishes in the Atlantic Ocean, last summer? Answer me that!" I was indignant that they should so easily be turned away, by the trivial circumstance of there being no rods, from the noble art of fishing. My spirits rose to the height of the emergency. The story of my exploits makes an impression. There is a marked respect in the tone of their reply. "Let there be no division among us. Go you to the stream, O Nimrod of the waters, since you alone have the prestige of success. We will wander quietly in the woods, build a fire, fry the potatoes, and wait your return with the fish."

They go to the woods. I hang my prospective trout on my retrospective cod, and march riverward. Halicarnassus, according to the old saw, "leaves this world and climbs a tree," and, with jack-knife, cord, and perseverance, manufactures a fishing-rod which he courteously offers to me, which I succinctly decline, informing him in no ambiguous phrase that I consider nothing beneath the best as good enough for me. Halicarnassus is convinced by my logic, overpowered by my rhetoric, and meekly yields up the best rod, though the natural man rebels. The bank of the river is rocky, steep, shrubby, and difficult of ascent or descent. Halicarnassus bids me tarry on the bridge, while he descends to reconnoitre. I am acquiescent, and lean over the railing awaiting the result of investigation. Halicarnassus picks his way over the rocks, sideways and zigzaggy along the bank, and down to the river, in search of fish. I grow tired of playing Casabianca, and steal behind the bridge, and pick my way over the rocks sidewise and zigzaggy along the bank, and up the river, in search of "fun;" practice irregular and indescribable gymnastics with variable success for half an hour or so.

Shout from the bridge. I look up. Too far off to hear the words, but see Halicarnassus gesticulating furiously; and evidently laboring under great excitement. Retrograde as rapidly as circumstances will permit. Halicarnassus makes a speaking trumpet of his hands, and roars, "I've found — a Fish! Left — him for — You — to Catch! come Quick!"— and plunging headlong down the bank, disappears. I am touched to the heart by this sublime example of self-denial and devotion, and scramble up to the bridge, and plunge down after him. Heel of boot gets entangled in dress every third step — fishing-line in tree-top every second; progress consequently not so rapid as could be desired. Reach the water at last. Step cautiously from rock to rock to the middle of the stream — balance on a pebble just large enough to plant both feet on, and just firm enough to make it worth while to run the risk — drop my line into the spot designated — a quiet, black little pool in the rushing river — see no fish, but have faith in Halicarnassus.

"Bite?" asks Halicarnassus, eagerly.

"Not yet," I answer, sweetly. Breathless expectation. Lips compressed. Eyes fixed. Five minutes gone.

"Bite?" calls Halicarnassus, from down the river.

"Not yet," hopefully.

"Lower your line a little. I'll come in a minute." Line is lowered. Arms begin to ache. Rod suddenly bobs down. Snatch it up. Only an old stick. Splash it off contemptuously.

"Bite?" calls Halicarnassus from afar.

"No," faintly responds Marius, amid the ruins of Carthage.

"Perhaps he will by and by," suggests Halicarnassus encouragingly. Five minutes more. Arms breaking. Knees trembling. Pebble shaky. Brain dizzy. Everything seems to be sailing down the stream. Tempted to give up, but look at the empty basket, think of the expectant party and the eight cod-fish, and possess my soul in patience.

"Bite?" comes the distant voice of Halicarnassus, disappearing by a bend in the river.

"No!" I moan, trying to stand on one foot to rest

the other, and ending by standing on neither; for the pebble quivers, convulses, and finally rolls over and expires; and only a vigorous leap and a sudden conversion of the fishing-rod into a balancing-pole save me from an ignominious bath. Weary of the world, and lost to shame, I gather all my remaining strength, wind the line about the rod, poise it on high, hurl it out into the deepest and most unobstructed part of the stream, climb up *pugnis et calcibus* on the back of an old bowlder; coax, threaten, cajole, and intimidate my wet boots to come off; dip my handkerchief in the water, and fold it on my head, to keep from being sun-struck; lie down on the rock, pull my hat over my face, and dream, to the purling of the river, the singing of the birds, and the music of the wind in the trees, of another river far, far away — broad, and deep, and seaward rushing — now in shadow, now in shine — now lashed by storm, now calm as a baby's sleep — bearing on its vast bosom a million crafts, whereof I see only one — a little pinnace, frail yet buoyant — tossed hither and thither, yet always keeping her prow to the waves — washed, but not whelmed. . . . O brave little bark! It is Love that watches at the masthead? It is Wisdom that stands at the helm? Is it Strength that curves the swift keel?

"Hullo! how many?"

I start up wildly, and knock my hat off into the water. Jump after it, at the imminent risk of going in myself, catch it by one of the strings, and stare at Halicarnassus.

"Asleep, I fancy?" says Halicarnassus, interrogatively.

"Fancy!" I echo, dreamily.

"How many fishes?" persists Halicarnassus.

"Fishes!" says the echo.

"Yes, fishes," repeats Halicarnassus, in a louder tone.

"Yes, it must have been the fishes," murmurs the echo.

"Goodness gracious me!" ejaculated Halicarnassus, with the voice of a giant; "how many fishes have you caught?"

"Oh! yes," waking up and hastening to appease his wrath; "eight — chiefly cod."

Indignation chokes his speech. Meanwhile I wake up

still further, and, instead of standing before him like a culprit, beard him like an avenging Fury, and upbraid him with his deception and desertion. He attempts to defend himself, but is overpowered. Conscious guilt dyes his face, and remorse gnaws at the roots of his tongue. . . . We walk silently toward the woods. We meet a small boy with a tin pan and thirty-six fishes in it. We accost him.

"Are these fishes for sale?" asks Halicarnassus.

"Bet they be!" says small boy with energy.

Halicarnassus looks meaningly at me. I look meaningly at Halicarnassus, and both look meaningly at our empty basket. "Won't you tell?" says Halicarnassus. "No; won't you?" Halicarnassus whistles, the fishes are transferred from pan to basket, and we walk away "chirp as a cricket," reach the sylvan party, and are speedily surrounded.

"O what beauties! Who caught them? How many are there?"

"Thirty-six," says Halicarnassus, in a lordly, thorough-bred way. "I caught 'em."

"In a tin pan," I explain, disgusted with his self-conceit.

A cry of rage from Halicarnassus, a shout of derision from the party.

"And how many did you catch, pray?" demands he.

"Eight — all cods," I answer placidly.—*Gala Days.*

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

This I reckon to be success in life — fitness — perfect adaptation. I hold him successful, and him only, who has found or conquered a position in which he can bring himself into full play. Success is perfect or partial, according as it comes up to, or falls below, this standard. But entire success is rare in this world. Success in business, success in ambition, is not success in life, the symmetrical lives. Very few of us are working at the top of our bent. One may give scope to his mechanical invention; but his poetry is cramped. One has

his intellect at high pressure; but the fires are out under his heart. One is the bond-servant of love; and Pegasus becomes a dray-horse, Apollo must keep the pot boiling, and Minerva is hurried with the fall sewing. So we go, and above us the sun shines, and the stars throb; and beneath us the snows, and the flowers, and the blind, instinctive earth, and over all, and in all, God blessed forever. Now, then, success being the best thing, we do well to strive for it; but success being difficult to attain, if not unattainable, it remains for us to wring from our failures all the sap and sustenance and succor that are in them, if so be we may grow thereby to a finer and fuller richness, and hear one day the rapturous voice bid us come up higher.

And be it remembered, what a man *is* — not what a man *does* — is the measure of success. The deed is but the outflow of the soul. By their fruits ye shall know *them*. The outward act has its inward significance, though we may not always interpret it aright, and its moral aspect depends upon the agent. "In vain," says Sir Thomas Browne, "we admire the lustre of anything seen; that which is truly glorious is invisible." Character, not condition, is the trust of life. A man's own self is God's most valuable desposit with him. This is not egotism, but the broadest benevolence. A man can do no good to the world beyond himself. A stream can rise no higher than its fountain. . . .

When I see, as I sometimes do see, those whom the world calls unsuccessful, furnished with every virtue and adorned with every grace, made considerate through suffering, sympathetic by isolation, spiritedly patient, meek yet defiant, calm and contemptuous, tender even of the sorrows and tolerant of the joys which they despise, enduring the sympathy and accepting the companionship of weakness because it is kindly offered, though it be a burden to be dropped just inside the door, and not a treasure to be taken into the heart's chamber — I am ready to say, "Blessed are the unsuccessful." Blessed *are* the unsuccessful, the men who have nobly striven and nobly failed. He alone is in an evil case who has set his heart on false or selfish or trivial ends. Whether

he secure them or not, he is alike unsuccessful. But he who "loves high" is king in his own right, though he "live low." His plans may be abortive, but himself is sure. . . . From the grapes of sorrow he shall press the wine of life.— *Gala Days.*

DODGE, Mary Elizabeth Mapes, an American juvenile writer and editor; born at New York, January 26, 1838; died at Tannersville, N. Y., August 21, 1905. Her husband, William Dodge, was a lawyer in New York; upon whose death Mrs. Dodge, having from a child displayed a taste for literary composition, began to write for a living. Her *Irvington Stories,* published in 1864, brought her into prominence as a writer for the young. This volume was followed by *Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates* (1865), a story of life in Holland, which was awarded a prize of fifteen hundred francs by the French Academy, and was soon translated into several European languages. She was a co-editor with Harriet Beecher Stowe and Donald G. Mitchell, of *Hearth and Home;* and upon the establishment of *St. Nicholas* in 1873, she became its editor. She had already published *A Few Friends, and How They Amused Themselves* (1868); and in 1874 she brought out *Rhymes and Jingles,* which was followed by *Theophilus and Others* (1876); *Along the Way* (1879); *Donald and Dorothy* (1883); *The Land of Pluck* (1894); *Baby Days* (1903); and *Rhymes and Jingles* (1904). Among the periodicals which have published her contributions are *Harper's,* the *Atlantic, Century,* and

MARY MAPES DODGE.

Scribner, in the latter of which appeared, in 1870, her *Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question.*

THE DAY OF THE SKATING RACE.

The 20th of December came at last, bringing with it the perfection of winter weather. All over the level landscape lay the warm sunlight. It tried its power on lake, canal, and river; but the ice flashed defiance and showed no signs of melting. The very weather-cocks stood still to enjoy the sight. This gave the windmills a holiday. Nearly all the past week they had been whirling briskly; now, being rather out of breath, they rocked lazily in the clear, still air. Catch a windmill working when the weather-cocks have nothing to do! There was an end to grinding, crushing, and sawing for that day.

It was a good thing for the millers near Brock. Long before noon they concluded to take in their sails, and go to the race. Everybody would be there—already the north side of the frozen *Y* was bordered with eager spectators; the news of the great skating-match had travelled far and wide. Men, women, and children in holiday attire were flocking toward the spot. Some wore furs and wintry cloaks or shawls; but many consulting their feelings rather than the almanac, were dressed as for an October day.

The site selected for the race was a faultless plain of ice near Amsterdam, on that great arm of the Zuyder Zee, which Dutchmen of course must call the *Eye*. The townspeople turned out in large numbers. Strangers in the city deemed it a fine chance to see what was to be seen. Many a peasant from the northward had wisely chosen the 20th as the day for the next city-trading. It seemed that everybody, young and old, who had wheels, skates, or feet at command, had hastened to the scene.

There were the gentry in their coaches, dressed like Parisians, fresh from the Boulevards; Amsterdam children in charity uniforms; girls from the Roman Catholic Orphan House, in sable gowns and white head-bands; boys from the Burgher Asylum, with their black tights and short-skirted harlequin coats. There were old-fash-

ioned gentlemen in cocked hats and velvet knee-breeches; old-fashioned ladies, too, in stiff, quilted skirts and bodies of dazzling brocade. These were accompanied by servants bearing foot-stoves and cloaks. There were the peasant folk arrayed in every possible Dutch costume: Shy young rustics in brazen buckles; simple village maidens concealing their flaxen hair under fillets of gold; women whose long narrow aprons were stiff with embroidery; women with short, corkscrew curls hanging over their foreheads; women with shaved heads and close-fitting caps, and women in striped skirts and windmill bonnets. Men in leather, in homespun, in velvet and broadcloth; burghers in model European attire, and burghers in short jackets, wide trousers, and steeple crowned hats. There were beautiful Friesland girls in wooden shoes and coarse petticoats, with solid gold crescents encircling their heads, finished at each temple with a golden rosette, and hung with lace a century old. Some wore necklaces, pendants, and ear-rings of the purest gold. Many were content with gilt or even with brass; but it was not an uncommon thing for a Friesland woman to have all the family treasures in her head-gear. More than one rustic lass displayed the value of two thousand guilders upon her head that day. Scattered through the crowd were peasants from the Island of Marken, with sabots, black stockings, and the widest of breeches; also women from Marken with short, blue petticoats, and black jackets gayly figured in front. They wore red sleeves, white aprons, and a cap like a bishop's mitre over their golden hair. The children often were as quaint and odd-looking as their elders. In short one-third of the crowd seemed to have stepped bodily from a collection of Dutch paintings.

Everywhere could be seen tall women, and stumpy men, lively faced girls, and youths whose expression never changed from sunrise to sunset. There seemed to be at least one specimen from every known town in Holland. There were Utrecht water-bearers, Gouda cheese-makers, Delft pottery-men, Schiedam distillers, Amsterdam diamond-cutters, Rotterdam merchants, dried up herring-packers, and two sleepy-eyed shepherds from Texel.

Every man of them had his pipe and tobacco-pouch. Some carried what might be called the smoker's complete outfit—a pipe, tobacco, a pricker with which to clean the tube, a silver net for protecting the bowl, and a box of the strongest of brimstone matches. A true Dutchman, you must remember, is rarely without his pipe on any possible occasion. He may for a moment neglect to breathe, but when the pipe is forgotten, he must be dying indeed. There were no such sad cases here. Wreaths of smoke were rising from every possible quarter. The more fantastic the smoke wreath, the more placid and solemn the smoker.

Look at those boys and girls on stilts! That is a good idea. They can see over the heads of the tallest. It is strange to see those little bodies high in the air, carried about on mysterious legs. They have such a resolute look on their round faces, what wonder that nervous old gentlemen, with tender feet, wince and tremble while the long-legged little monsters stride past them. . . . Where are the racers? All assembled together near the white columns. It is a beautiful sight. Forty boys and girls in picturesque attire darting with electric swiftness in and out among each other, or sailing in pairs and triplets, beckoning, chatting, whispering in the fulness of youthful glee. A few careful ones are soberly tightening their straps; others halting on one leg, with flushed, eager faces, suddenly cross the suspected skate over their knee, give it an examining shake, and dart off again. One and all are possessed with the spirit of motion. They cannot stand still. Their skates are a part of them, and every runner seems bewitched. Holland is the place for skaters after all. . . . Such jumping, such poising, such spinning, such india-rubber exploits generally! That boy with a red cap is the lion now; his back is a watch-spring, his body is cork—no, it is iron, or it would snap at that. He is a bird, a top, a rabbit, a corkscrew, a sprite, a flesh-ball all in an instant. When you think he's erect he is down; and when you think he is down he is up. He drops his glove on the ice, and turns a somersault as he picks it up. Without stopping, he snatches the cap from Jacob Pott's astonished head and

claps it back again "hind side before." Lookers-on hurrah and laugh. Foolish boy! It is Arctic weather under your feet, but more than temperate overhead. Big drops already are rolling down your forehead. Superb skater, as you are, you may lose the race.—*Hans Brinker.*

IN THE CANON.

Intent the conscious mountain stood,
The friendly blossoms nodded,
As through the cañon's lonely wood
We two in silence plodded.
A something owned our presence good;
The very breeze that stirred our hair
Whispered a gentle greeting;
A grand, free courtesy was there,
A welcome from the summit bare
Down to the brook's entreating.

Stray warblers in the branches dark
Shot through the leafy passes,
While the long note of meadow-lark
Rose from the neighboring grasses;
The yellow lupines, spark on spark,
From the more open woodland way,
Flashed through the sunlight faintly;
A wind-blown little flower, once gay,
Looked up between its petals gray
And smiled a message saintly.

The giant ledges, red and seamed,
The clear, blue sky, tree-fretted;
The mottled light that round us streamed,
The brooklet vexed and petted;
The bees that buzzed, the gnats that dreamed,
The flitting, gauzy things of June;
The plain, far off like misty ocean,
Or, cloud-land bound, a fair lagoon —
They sang within us like a tune,
They swayed us like a dream of motion.

The hours went loitering to the West.
  The shadows lengthened slowly;
The radiant snow on mountain crest
  Made all the distance holy.
Near by, the earth lay full of rest,
  The sleepy foot-hills, one by one,
Dimpled their way to twilight;
  And ere the perfect day was done
  There came long gleams of tinted sun,
Through heaven's crimson skylight.

Slowly crept on the listening night,
  The sinking moon shone pale and slender;
We hailed the cotton-woods, in sight,
  The home-roof gleaming near and tender,
Guiding our quickened steps aright,
  Soon darkened all the mighty hills,
The gods were sitting there in shadow;
  Lulled were the noisy woodland rills,
  Silent the silvery woodland trills —
'Twas starlight over Colorado.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

We know not what is, dear,
  This sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm,
  The cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again,
  Though we may call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace
  That settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear,
  This desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way,
  And walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere
  The loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wander still,
  Nor why we do not know.

But this we know: our loved and dead,
If they should come this day —
Should come and ask us, "What of life?"
Not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep
As ever death can be;
Yet oh! how dear it is to us —
This life we live and see!

Then might they say — these vanished ones —
And blessed is the thought! —
"So death is sweet to us, beloved,
Though we may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal
The mystery of death —
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would,
The mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not
With knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go
As little children sent,
Nothing is known. But I believe
That God is overhead;
And as life is to the living,
So death is to the dead.

DODGSON, CHARLES LUTWIDGE ("LEWIS CARROLL"), an English clergyman and author; born in 1832; died at Guilford, January 14, 1898. His principal works are *A Syllabus of Plain Algebraical Geometry* (1860); *Guide to the Mathematical Student,* etc. (1864); *Elementary Treatise on Determinants* (1867). He wrote, under the pseudonym of "Lewis Carroll," two very popular tales for

children, entitled *Alice in Wonderland* (1869), and *Through the Looking-glass* (1875). He also published *The Hunting of the Snark* (1876); *Rhyme? and Reason?* (1883); *A Tangled Tale* (1886); *Euclid and His Modern Rivals* (1886); *Game of Logic* (1887); *Curiosa and Mathematica* (1888); *Sylvie and Bruno* (1890), and *Symbolic Logic* (1896).

THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY.

"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle." These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of "Hjckrrh!" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, "Thank you, sir, for your very interesting story," but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing. "When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle — we used to call him Tortoise —"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily; "really you are very dull." The Mock Turtle went on. "We had the best of educations — in fact, we went to school every day —"

"*I've* been to a day-school too," said Alice; "you needn't be so proud as all that."

"With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle, a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice, "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice, indignantly.

"Ah! Then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. "Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, 'French, music, *and washing* extra.'"

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice; "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle, with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied; "and the different branches of Arithmetic — Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision. There was Mystery — Mystery ancient and modern, with Seaography: then Drawling — the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in coils."

"What was *that* like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it you, myself," the Mock Turtle said: "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it."

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle, "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked; "because they lessen from day to day."
—*Alice in Wonderland.*

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

The sun was shining on the sea,
  Shining with all his might;
He did his very best to make
  The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
  The middle of the night.

The sea was wet as wet could be,
  The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
  No cloud was in the sky;
No birds were flying overhead —
  There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his hoary head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat;
There coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice."

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

—*Through the Looking-Glass.*

DODSLEY, ROBERT, an English dramatist; born at Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, 1703; died at Durham, September 25, 1764. His father was a schoolmaster and apprenticed the boy to a Nottingham stocking weaver. The work assigned him was distasteful, and he ran away and took service as a

footman in the family of the Hon. Mrs. Lowther. In 1732 he published a little volume of poems entitled *The Muse in Livery,* and soon after wrote *The Toy Shop,* a dramatic piece which was acted at the Covent Garden Theatre in 1735. Aided by Pope and others, he opened a bookseller's shop in London, an enterprise which was very successful, and he became the leading publisher of his day, and was on intimate terms with the principal British authors. He established several periodicals, including *The Museum; The World* and *The Perceptor,* and in 1758 started *The Annual Register,* of which Edmund Burke was first editor, and which has been published ever since. Among the contributors to his periodicals were Horace Walpole, Akenside, Soame Jenyns, Lord Lyttleton, and Lord Chesterfield. One of his principal literary enterprises was the *Select Collection of Old English Plays* (12 vols., 12mo, 1744), which has been several times republished, with considerable additions; the latest edition (1876) being edited by W. C. Hazlitt, and consisting of fifteen volumes. In 1738 he gave Samuel Johnson ten guineas for the manuscript of *London,* and was afterward the leader of an association of booksellers that furnished Johnson with funds for the preparation of his *English Dictionary.* In 1737 he produced a drama, *The King and the Miller of Mansfield,* which was well received; *Cleone,* a tragedy, was received with even greater enthusiasm than his earlier efforts. It had a long run at Covent Garden. Two thousand copies of it were sold on the day of publication, and it passed through three editions within a year. Dodsley is now chiefly remembered, aside from his fame as a publisher, through his *Select Collection of Old Plays.* He wrote several dramas

and other works, which were collected in 1745 under the title of *Miscellanies, or Trifles in Prose and Verse.* His *Poems* are included in Chalmers's *Collection of British Poets.*

THE PARTING KISS.

One kind wish before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu:
Though we sever, my fond heart,
Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, weep not so, my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear;
Though my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul and all my heart,
And every wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

DOLE, NATHAN HASKELL, an American translator, editor and essayist; born at Chelsea, Mass., August 31, 1852. He was graduated from Harvard in 1874, and then became literary editor of the Philadelphia *Press.* He later devoted himself to literature. He has written *Young Folk's History of Russia* (1881); *A Score of Famous Composers* (1883); *Not Angels Quite* (1885); *On the Point* (1894); *The Hawthorn Tree* (1895); *Mistakes We Make* (1898); and *Omar, the Tent Maker* (1899). In 1899 he edited the complete works of Count Leo Tolstoi, whose novel *Anna Karénina* and *War and Peace,*

he had already translated. He has also translated *Maria of Maria; Maximina;* and *Sister Saint Sulpice,* from the Spanish of Valdés, and also various works from the German, French and Italian. In 1896 he edited a multi-variorum edition of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* This work contained translations in English, French, German, Italian, Hungarian, and Danish, all carefully and studiously collected.

THE CELTS.

The ancient Britons are usually called Celts or Kelts, but the ancient Kelts probably never came into Britor at all. Their peculiar skulls are not found there either in river-bed or barrow. Northern Europe was represented by the ancients as occupied by the Celts — the Western people — and the Scythians — the Eastern people. The Rhine came to be considered the eastern frontier of the Celts, and Celtica, in the time of Cæsar, was called Gaul. The British Islands were never included in the term, and were distinctly stated to be outside of and "opposite" Celtica. Cæsar refers to the Celtæ as a definite race occupying central France.

Wherefore the term "Kelt" should be applied to the Britons, not as a distinct race, but as a people speaking one of the European languages which philologists have merely for convenience chosen to call Keltic. The Britons of pre-Roman and pre-Saxon times were not Kelts *because* they spoke Keltic, any more than an Indian is "Anglo-Saxon" because he speaks English. If language were a test of race, it would be quite allowable to class the Irish of Dublin and the Shetland folk as English.— *Mistakes We Make.*

GRASS WIDOWS.

A grass widow is generally regarded as a woman whose husband has gone to grass. Some writers try to find an explanation in the French *grace,* a widow by courtesy.

As it is grass in the Scandinavian languages, others have conjectured that it comes from the word *gradig* (our greedy), signifying a woman who longs for her husband. Here one may have a wide choice.

It is generally supposed that the word great in the expression "they are great friends" is almost slang, like "thick." But it is commonly used by early writers, often alone. Pepys' in his "Diary," says: "Lady Castlemare is still great with the king." Bishop Hall says: "Moses was great with God." It has been derived in this connection from the Irish *gradh,* dear; from the Anglo-Saxon *grétan,* to know familiarly, our greet.

It is a mistake to suppose that the broad, short, crooked sword commonly used in the Middle Ages, and called *hanger,* was so called because it hung by the side. The name is a corruption of the Arabic and Persian *khanjar,* a sabre. In the French it also appears with the article *al alfange.* Neither has the word hangnail anything to do with *hang;* it is in Old English *agnel,* and may derive from ange, pain.

Husband is not a house band, but simply the house master, *band* in the compound being the teller or owner. —*Mistakes We Make.*

DOMETT, ALFRED, an English poet; born at Camberwell Grove, Surrey, May 20, 1811; died at London, November 12, 1887. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1829, but left without taking a degree. He traveled in America for a couple of years, returning to England in 1836, and subsequently resided in Italy and Switzerland. In 1841 he was called to the bar at Middle Temple. In 1842 he went to New Zealand, where he had purchased a large tract of land, being one of the earliest emigrants to those islands, where he resided until 1871;

holding during those years several important civil positions. He is understood to be the hero of Robert Browning's poem *Waring*. He published several volumes of poems; the earliest appearing in 1832; then appeared *Venice* (1839). After his return from New Zealand he published *Ranold and Amohia* (1872), a poem descriptive of the scenery of New Zealand and its aboriginal inhabitants. In 1877 he made a collection of his poems under the title of *Flotsam and Jetsam, Rhymes Old and New.* His *Christmas Hymn,* the most admired of all his poems, appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1837.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

I.

It was the calm and silent night!
  Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
  And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
  Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
  Held undisturbed their ancient reign
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago.

II.

'Twas in the calm and silent night,
  The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient urged his chariot's flight
  From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
  His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
  A paltry province far away,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago?

III.

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed, for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought —
The air, how calm, and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

V.

It is the calm and silent night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness — charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn —
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and Heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

DONALDSON, JOHN WILLIAM, an English philologist; born at London in 1811; died there February 10, 1861. He was educated at the University of London and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1834, becoming a Fellow in 1835. He subsequently took Orders and became Head Master of the Grammar School of Bury St. Edmunds. He resigned this position in 1855, and removed to Cambridge, where he occupied himself as a private tutor and in writing. In 1856 he was ap-

pointed one of the Classical Examiners of the University of London. His earliest work, *The Theatre of the Greeks* (1837) is still used as a college text-book. In 1839 he published *The New Cratylus,* being an effort to develop the principles of comparative philology as laid down by Bopp, Grimm, Pott, and other German scholars. In his *Varronianus* (1844) he attempted to do for Latin philology what he had done for Greek in *The New Cratylus.* In 1854 he published *Jashar,* an endeavor to restore the lost Hebrew book of that name. He also put forth grammars of the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages. *The New Cratylus* is his most important work

ETYMOLOGICAL STUDIES.

Many people entertain strong prejudices against everything in the shape of etymology — prejudices which would be not only just but inevitable if etymology, or the doctrine of words, were such a thing as they suppose it to be. They consider it as amounting to nothing more than the derivation of words from one another; and as the process is generally confined to a perception of some *prima facie* resemblance of two words, it seldom rises beyond the dignity of an ingenious pun; and, though amusing enough at times, is certainly neither an instruction nor an elevated employment of a rational being.

The only real etymology is that which attempts a resolution of the words of a language into their ultimate elements by a comparison of the greatest possible number of languages of the same family. Derivation is, strictly speaking, inapplicable farther than as pointing out the manner in which certain constant syllables, belonging to the pronominal or formative element of inflected languages, may be prefixed or subjoined to a given form for the expression of some secondary or dependent relation. In order to arrive at the primary origin of a word or a form, we must get beyond the narrow limits of a single

idiom. Indeed, in many cases the source can only be traced by a conjectural reproduction based on the most extended comparison of all the cognate languages; for when we take some given variety of human speech, we find it in systems and series of words running almost parallel to one another, but presenting such resemblances in form and signification that convinces us that, though apparently asymptotes, they must have converged in the form which we know would potentially contain them all. This reproduction of the common mother of our family of languages, by a comparison of the features of all her children, is the most general object to which the efforts of the philologer should be directed; and this — and not a mere derivation of words from one another — constitutes the etymology that is alone worthy of the name.— *Preface to the New Cratylus.*

THE UTILITY OF PHILOLOGICAL STUDIES.

Education is of two kinds: It is either general or professional; it is either designed for the cultivation of the intellect and the development of the reasoning faculties — which all men have in common, though not perhaps to the same degree — or it is calculated to adapt him for some particular calling, which the laws of society — on the principle of the division of labor — have assigned to him as an individual member of the body politic. Now the education of the individual for this particular purpose is not an education of man as such; he might do his particular work as well or better if you deprived him of all his speculative faculties, and converted him into an automaton. In short, the better a man is educated professionally, the less he is a man; for, to use the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson, "The planter, who is a Man sent out into the world to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the at-

torney, a statute-book; the mechanic, a machine; the sailor, a rope of a ship."

It was for this reason that the clear-headed Greeks denied the name of education *(Paideia)* to that which is learned for the sake of some extrinsic gain, or for the sake of doing some work, and distinguished formally between those studies which they called "liberal," or worthy of a free man, and those which were merely mechanical and professional. In the same way Cicero speaks of education, properly so called, which he names "humanity" *(Humanitas)*, because its object is to give a full development to those reasoning faculties which are the proper and distinctive attributes of man as such. Now we do not pretend that philology is of any mechanical or professional use; for we do not call Theology a profession; it is merely a branch or application of philology. We do not say that philology will help a man to plough or to reap; but we do assert that it is of the highest use as a part of humanity, or of education, properly so called.

The test of a good education is the degree of mental culture which it imparts; for education, so far as its object is scientific, is the discipline of the mind. The reader must not overlook what is meant by the word mind when used in reference to education. That some dumb animals are possessed of a sort of understanding is admitted; but it has never been asserted that they enjoy the use of reason. Man, however, has the faculty called reason in addition to his understanding; he has a power of classifying or arranging, abstracting and generalizing, and so arriving at principles. In other words, his mind is capable of method. . . . Accordingly, what we mean by saying that the object of education is the cultivation of our minds, amounts simply to this, that we better perform our functions as rational creatures in proportion as we carry further the distinction between ourselves and the brute creation.— *The New Cratylus.*

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

We think we may fairly assume as the basis of our view with regard to the origin of language the account

given in the Book of Genesis, so far as that account is confirmed by the researches of modern authors. We find that the structure of human speech is the perfect reflection or image of what we know of the organization of the mind: the same description, the same arrangement of particulars, the same nomenclature, would apply to both; and we might turn a treatise on the philosophy of mind into one on the philosophy of language by merely supposing that everything said in the former of the thoughts as subjective is said in the latter of the words as objective. And from this we should infer that if the mind of man is essentially and ultimately the same, then language is essentially the same, and only accidentally different; and there must have been some common point from which all the different languages diverged — some handle to the fan which is spread out over all the world — some first and primeval speech; and that this speech was not gradually invented, but necessarily sprung, all armed, like Minerva, from the head of the first thinking man, as a necessary result of his intellectual conformation. Now this agrees with the account in Genesis ii. 19, 20.— *The New Cratylus.*

DONNE, JOHN, an English clergyman and poet; born at London in 1573; died there March 31, 1631. He studied at Oxford and Cambridge, being designed for the legal profession, but in his nineteenth year he abandoned law for theology. He had been educated in the Roman Catholic religion, but he renounced it for the Church of England. While Secretary to Lord Egerton he privately married a niece of that nobleman and was discharged. In 1610 he wrote the *Pseudo-Martyr,* which procured him the favor of James I., who, about 1614 made him one of his chaplains. He distinguished himself as a preacher,

and was later made Dean of St. Paul's. He wrote sermons, devotional and controversial treatises, poetical satires, elegies and epigrams. A complete edition of his works, was issued in 1839, under the editorial care of Dean Alford. Donne was the first and Cowper the second of the school which Johnson denominated "metaphysical" poets, who labored after conceits and novel turns of thought. Dryden styles him "the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation." Hallam says: "Donne was the most inharmonious of English versifiers. Of his earlier poems many are very licentious; the later are chiefly devout.

THE SOUL'S FLIGHT TO HEAVEN.

Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie;
But think that death hath now enfranchised thee!
And think this slow-paced Soul, which late did cleave
To a body, and but by that body's leave,
Twenty, perchance, or thirty miles a day
Dispatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt heaven and earth! She stays not in the air,
To look what meteors there themselves prepare;
She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
Whether the air's middle region is intense
For the element of fire, she doth not know
Whether she passed by such a place or no;
She baits not at the moon, nor cares to try
Whether in that new world men live and die;
Venus retards her not to inquire how she
Can — being one star — Hesper and Vesper be.
He that charmed Argus's eyes, sweet Mercury,
Works not on her who now is grown all eye;
Who, if she meet the body of the Sun,
Goes through, not staying till her course be run;
Who finds in Mars's camp no corps of guard;
Nor is by Jove, nor by his Father barred;
But, ere she can consider how she went,

At once is at, and through, the firmament:
And, as these stars were but so many beads
Strung on one string, speed undistinguished leads
Her through those spheres, as through those beads a string,
Whose quick succession makes it still one thing;
As doth the pith which, lest our bodies slack,
Strings fast the little bones of neck and back,
So by the Soul doth Death string Heaven and Earth.

SONNET TO DEATH.

Death, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
Mighty and dreadful; for thou art not so:
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not — poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow.
And soonest our best men with thee do go
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery!
Thou'rt slave to Fate, Chance, Kings, and desperate Men
And dost with Poison, War, and Sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
Or better, than thy stroke: Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die!

ELEGY ON MISTRESS ELIZABETH DRURY.

She who had here so much essential joy,
As no chance could distract, much less destroy;
Who with God's presence was acquainted so
(Hearing and speaking to Him) as to know
His face in any natural stone or tree
Better than when in images they be;
Who kept, by diligent devotion,
God's image in such reparation
Within her heart, that what decay was grown
Was her first Parents' fault, and not her own;
Who being solicited to any act,

Still heard God pleading His pre-contract;
Who by a faithful confidence was here
Betrothed to God, and now is married there;
Whose twilights were more clear than our midday;
Who dreamed devoutlier than most use to pray;
Who, being here filled with grace, yet strove to be,
Both where more grace and more capacity
At once is given. She to Heaven is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion
A heaven, and here became unto us all
Joy (as our joys admit) essential.

A VALEDICTION FOREBIDDING MOURNING.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
  And whisper to their souls to go;
Whilst some of their sad friends do say
  The breath goes now — and some say, No;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
  No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
  To tell the laity our love. . . .

Our two souls, therefore — which are one —
  Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
  Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
  As stiff twin compasses are two:
Thy soul, the fixèd foot, makes no show
  To move, but doth, if the other do.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
  Like the other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circles just,
  And makes me end where I begun.

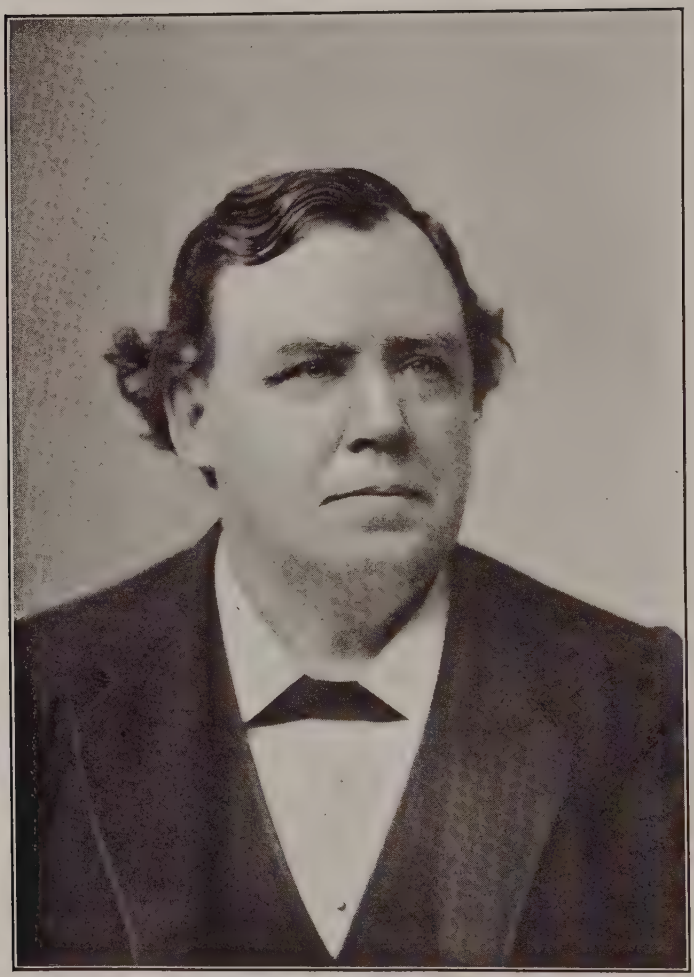
THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies: — I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to Ambassadors mine ears;
To Women, or the Sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the Planets give:
My truth to them who at Court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits: to Buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any who abroad have been;
My money to a Capuchin;
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the Schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an University;
My modesty I give to Soldiers bare;
My patience let Gamesters share;
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my Friends; mine industry to Foes;
To Schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness
My sickness to Physicians, or Excess;
To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ;
And to my Company my wit.
Thou, Love, by making me adore



IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when I do but
restore.

To him for whom the Passing-bell next tolls
I give my physic-books; my written rolls
Of moral councils I do Bedlam give;
My brazen medals unto them which live
In Want of Bread; to them which pass among
All Foreigners, my English tongue.
Thou, Love, my making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more; but I'll undo
The world by dying, because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines where none doth draw it forth;
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To practise this one way to annihilate all three.

DONNELLY, IGNATIUS, an American lawyer; born at Philadelphia, November 3, 1831; died at Minneapolis, Minn., January 18, 1901. He was educated at the Philadelphia High School, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1853. Four years afterward he went to Minnesota, was elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1859 and re-elected in 1861. He served as a member of Congress during several terms. In 1882 he published *Atlantis: the Antediluvian World,* in which he advanced the theory that Plato's account of

Atlantis was not a fable; that there was an island in the Atlantic opposite the mouth of the Mediterranean Sea, the true cradle of the Aryan race and civilization, from which emigration flowed both eastward and westward, and which was at length swallowed up in some great convulsion of nature. He also published *Ragnarok: The Age of Fire and Gravel* (1882); *The Great Cryptogram* (1888); *Cæsar's Column* (1891) *The Golden Bottle* (1892).

The Great Cryptogram attracted wide-spread attention on account of its apparent proof that Bacon produced the Shakespearian plays. It is interesting to read Donnelly's description of the great task he had to perform.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY.

It seems to me that the labors of Champollion le Jeune and Thomas Young, in working out the Egyptian hieroglyphics from the tri-lingual inscription on the Rosetta stone, were simple compared with the task I had undertaken. They had before them a stone with an inscription in three alphabets — the hieroglyphic, the demotic, and the Greek; and the Greek version stated that the three inscriptions *signified the same thing*. The problem was to translate the unknown by the known. It was observed that a certain oval ring, inclosing a group of hieroglyphic phonetic signs, stood in a corresponding place with the name of *Ptolemy* in the Greek; and the same group was found, often repeated, over sitting figures of the temple of Karnak. The conclusion was inevitable, therefore, that that group signified *Ptolemy*. Furthermore, the word *king* occurred twenty-nine times in the Greek version of the Rosetta inscription, and a group holding corresponding positions was repeated twenty-nine times in the demotic. Another stone gave the phonetic elements which constituted the word *Cleopatra*. Champollion and Young thus had acquired the knowledge of

numerous alphabetical signs, with the sounds belonging to them, and the rest of the work of translation was easy, for the Egyptian language still survived in a modified form in the mouths of the Coptic peasants.

But in my case I knew neither the rule nor the story. I tried to obtain a clew by putting together the words which constituted the name of the old play, *The Contention Between York and Lancaster,* as found in the end of *1st Henry IV.* and the beginning of *2d Henry IV.;* but, unfortunately, *Contention* occurs twice (73d word, second column, page 74 *2d Henry IV.,* act i, scene 2, and the 496th word, second column, page 75), while *York* and *Lancaster* are repeated many times.

Even when I had progressed so far, by countless experimentations, as to guess at something of the story that was being told, I could not be certain that I had the real sense of it. For instance, let the reader write out a sentence like this:

And then the infuriated man struck wildly at the dog, and the mad animal sprang upon him and seized him by the throat.

Then let him cut the paper to pieces, so that each slip contains a word, and ask a friend, who has never seen the original sentence, to reconstruct it. He can clearly perceive that it is a description of a contest between a man and a dog, but beyond this he can be sure of nothing. Was the dog *mad* or the man? Which was infuriated? Did the dog spring on the man, or the man on the dog? Which was seized by the throat? Did the man strike wildly at the dog, or the dog spring wildly at the man?

Every word in the sentence is a new element of perplexity. In fact, if you had handed your friend three slips of paper, containing the three words, *struck, Tom, John,* it would have been impossible for him to decide, without some rule of arrangement, whether Tom struck John or John struck Tom; and the great question would remain forever unsettled.

My problem was to find out, by means of a cipher rule of which I knew little, a cipher story of which I knew less. A more brain-racking problem was never submitted to the intellect of man. It was translating into the vernacular an inscription written in an unknown language, with a unknown alphabet, without a single clew, however slight, to the meaning of either. I do not wonder that Bacon said that there are some ciphers which *exclude the decipherer.* He certainly thought he had constructed one in these plays.— *The Great Cryptogram.*

THE IRISH RACE, DESCENDANTS OF THE ATLANTEANS.

According to the ancient books of Ireland the race known as "Partholan's people," the Neuredians, the Fir-Bolgs, the Tua-tha-de Danauns, and the Milesians, were all descended from two brothers, sons of Magog, son of Japheth, son of Noah, who escaped from the catastrophe which destroyed his country. Thus all these races were Atlantean. They were connected with the African colonies of Atlantis, the Berbers, and with the Egyptians. The Milesians lived in Egypt: they were expelled thence; they stopped a while in Crete, then in Scythia, then they settled in Africa at the place called Gaethulight or Getulia, and lived there during eight generations, say two hundred and fifty years; "then they entered Spain, where they built Brigantia, or Briganza, named after their King Breogan: they dwelt in Spain a considerable time. Milesius, a descendant of Breogan, went on an expedition to Egypt, took part in a war against the Ethiopians, married the King's daughter, Scota: he died in Spain, but his people soon afterward conquered Ireland. On landing on the coast they offered sacrifices to Neptune or Poseidon"— the god of Atlantis.

The Book of Genesis gives us the descendants of Noah's three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. We are told that the sons of Japheth were Gomer, and Magog, and Madai, and Javan, and Tubal, and Meshech, and Tiras. We are then given the names of the descendants of Gomer and Javan, but not of Magog. Josephus says the sons of Magog were Scythians. The Irish annals take up the

genealogy of Magog's family where the Bible leaves it. The "Book of Invasions," the *Cin* of *Drom-Snechta,* claims that these Scythians were the Phœnicians; and we are told that a branch of this family were driven out of Egypt in the time of Moses. . . . From all these facts it appears that the population of Ireland came from the West, and not from Asia — that it was one of the many waves of population flowing out from the Island of Atlantis — and herein we find the explanation of that problem which has puzzled the Aryan scholars. As Ireland is farther from the Punjab than Persia, Greece, Rome, or Scandinavia, it would follow that the Celtic wave of migration must have been the earliest sent out from the Sanskrit centre; but it is now asserted by Professor Schleicher and others that the Celtic tongue shows that it separated from the Sanskrit original tongue later than the others, and that it is more closely allied to the Latin than any other Aryan tongue. This is entirely inexplicable upon any theory of an Eastern origin of the Indo-European races, but very easily understood if we recognize the Aryan and Celtic migrations as going out about the same time from the Atlantean fountain head. . . .

There are many evidences that the Old World recognized Ireland as possessing a very ancient civilization. In the Sanskrit books it is referred to as Hiranya, the "Island of the Sun," to wit, of sun-worship: in other words, as pre-eminently the centre of that religion which was shared by all the ancient races of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. It is believed that Ireland was the "Garden of Phœbus" of the Western mythologists. The Greeks called Ireland the "Sacred Isle," and "Ogygia." "Nor can any one," says Camden, "conceive why they should call it Ogygia, unless, perhaps, from its antiquity; for the Greeks called nothing Ogygia unless what was extremely ancient." We have seen that Ogyges was connected by the Greek legends with a first deluge, and that Ogyges was "a quite mythical personage, lost in the nights of ages." It appears, as another confirmation of the theory of the Atlantis origin of these colonies, that their original religion was sun-worship; this, as was the case in other countries, became subsequently overlaid

with idol worship. In the reign of King Tighernmas the worship of idols was introduced. The priests constituted the Order of Druids. Naturally many analogies have been found to exist between the beliefs and customs of the Druids and the other religions which were drawn from Atlantis. We have seen in the chapter on sun-worship how extensive this form of religion was in the Atlantean days, both in Europe and America.— *Atlantis.*

DORAN, JOHN, a British essayist and critic; born at London, March 11, 1807; died there January 25, 1878. He was tutor to several young members of the English nobility, and as such made many observations on the habits and characteristics, as well as the foibles, of aristocracy, which he afterward incorporated in his writings. He resided for many years in France and Germany, receiving the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Marburg. Going to London, he engaged in literary work, and was editorially connected with the *Athenæum, Notes and Queries,* and other periodicals. His principal works are, *Table Traits,* etc. (1854); *Habits and Men,* and *Lives of the Queens of the House of Hanover* (1855); *Knights and Their Days* (1856); *Monarchs Retired from Business* (1857); *Court Fools* (1858); *New Pictures and Old Panels* (1859); *Lives of the Princess of Wales* (1860); *The Bentley Ballads* (1861); *Their Majesties' Servants; that is, Play-actors* (1863); *Saints and Sinners* (1868); *A Lady of the Last Century* (1873).

THE STYLE ROYAL.

With respect to the style and title of kings, it may be here stated that the royal "We" represents, or was supposed originally to represent, the source of the national power, glory, and intellect in the august person of a sovereign. *Le Roi le veut*—"the King will have it so"—sounded as arrogantly as it was meant to sound in the royal Norman mouth. It is a mere form, now that royalty in England has been relieved of responsibility. In haughtiness of expression it was matched by the old French formula at the end of a decree: "For such is our good pleasure." The royal subscription in Spain, *Yo, el Re*—"I, the King"—has a thundering sort of echo about it too. The only gallant expression to be found in royal addresses was made by the kings of France—that is, by the *married* kings. Thus, when the French monarch summoned a council to meet upon affairs of importance, and desired to have around him the princes of the blood and the wiser nobility of the realm, his Majesty invariably commenced his address with the words, "Having previously consulted on this matter with the queen," etc. It is very probable, almost certain, that the king had done nothing of the sort; but the assurance that he *had,* seemed to give a certain sort of dignity to the consort in the eyes of the grandees and the people at large. Old Michel de Marolles was proud of this display of gallantry on the part of the kings of France. "According to my thinking," says the garrulous old abbè of Villeloin, "this is a matter highly worthy of notice, although few persons have condescended to make remarks thereon down to this present time." It may here be added, with respect to English kings, that the first "king's speech" ever delivered was by Henry I., in 1107. Exactly a century later, King John first assumed the royal "We": it had never before been employed in England. The same monarch has the credit of having been the first English king who claimed for England the sovereignty of the seas. "Grace," and "My Liege," were the ordinary titles by which our Henry IV. was addressed. "Excel-

lent Grace" was given to Henry VI., who was not the one, nor yet had the other. Edward IV. was "Most High and Mighty Prince;" Henry VII. was the first English "Highness;" Henry VIII. was the first complimented by the title of "Majesty;" was James I. prefixed to the last title, "Sacred and Most Excellent."—*Monarchs Retired from Business.*

VISIT OF GEORGE III. AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE TO THE CITY OF LONDON.

The Queen was introduced to the citizens of London on Lord-Mayor's Day, on which occasion they may be said emphatically to have "made a day of it." They left St. James's Palace at noon, and in great state, accompanied by all the royal family, escorted by guards, and cheered by the people, whose particular holiday was thus shared in common. There was the usual ceremony at Temple Bar of opening the gates to royalty, and giving it welcome; and there was the once usual address made at the east end of St. Paul's Church-yard, by the senior scholar of Christ's Hospital school. Having survived the cumbrous formalities of the first, and smiled at the flowery figures of the second, the royal party proceeded on their way, not to Guildhall, but to the house of Mr. Barclay, the patent-medicine vendor, an honest Quaker whom the king respected, an ancestor to the head of the firm whose name is not unmusical to Volscian ears — Barclay, Perkins & Co. Robert Barclay, the only surviving son of the author of the same name, who wrote the celebrated *Apology for the Quakers,* and who was now the king's entertainer, was an octogenarian, who had entertained in the same house two Georges before he had given welcome to the third George and his Queen Charlotte. The hearty old man, without abandoning Quaker simplicity, went a little beyond it, in order to do honor to the young queen; and he hung his balcony and rooms with a brilliant crimson damask, that must have scattered blushes on all who stood near — particularly on the cheeks of the crowds of "Friends" who had assembled within the house to do honor to their sovereigns.

Queen Charlotte and George III. were the last of our sovereigns who thus honored a Lord-Mayor's show. And as it *was* the last occasion, and that the young Queen Charlotte was *the* heroine of the day, the opportunity may be profited by to show how that royal lady looked and bore herself in the estimation of one of the Miss Barclays, whose letter, descriptive of the scene, appeared forty-seven years subsequently, in 1808. The following extracts are very much to our purpose: "About one o'clock papa and mamma, with sister Western to attend them, took their stand at the street-door, where my two brothers had long been to receive the nobility, more than a hundred of whom were then waiting in the warehouse. As the royal family came, they were conducted into one of the counting-houses, which was transformed into a very pretty parlor. At half-past two their majesties came, which was two hours later than they intended. On the second pair of stairs was placed our own company, about forty in number, the chief of whom were of the Puritan order, and all in their orthodox habits. Next to the drawing-room doors were placed our own selves, I mean papa's children, none else, to the great mortification of visitors, being allowed to enter: for as kissing the king's hand without kneeling was an unexampled honor, the king confined that privilege to our own family, as a return for the trouble we had been at. After the royal pair had shown themselves at the balcony, we were all introduced, and you may believe, at that juncture, we felt no small palpitations. The king met us at the door — a condescension I did not expect — at which place he saluted us with great politeness. Advancing to the upper end of the room, we kissed the queen's hand, at the sight of whom we were all in raptures, not only for the brilliancy of her appearance, which was pleasing beyond description, but being throughout her whole person possessed of that inexpressible something that is beyond a set of features, and equally claims our attention. To be sure, she has not a fine face, but a most agreeable countenance, and is vastly genteel, with an air, notwithstanding her being a little woman, truly majestic. . . . The king never sat

down, nor did he taste anything during the whole time. Her majesty drank tea, which was brought her on a silver waiter by brother John, who delivered it to the lady-in-waiting, and she presented it kneeling. The leave they took of us was such as we might expect from our equals; full of apologies for our trouble for their entertainment — which they were so anxious to have explained, and the queen came up to us, as we stood on one side of the door, and had every word interpreted. My brothers had the honor of assisting the queen into her coach. Some of us sat up to see them return, and the king and queen took especial notice of us as they passed. The king ordered twenty-four of his guard to be placed opposite our door all night, lest any of the canopy should be pulled down by the mob, in which [the canopy, it is to be presumed] there were one hundred yards of silk damask."— *Queens of the House of Hanover.*

TIME OF THE WORLD'S CREATION.

The first congress of ecclesiastical *savants* that ever met to deal with this question was composed of prelates who met at Jerusalem, at the beginning of the third century, by order of Pope Victor. Their first object was to settle the exact day on which the earth sprang from chaos, in order, they said, that something salutary might be ordained respecting the observation of Easter. The process by which they arrived at the desired conclusion, is told at considerable length by Bede, and the conclusion was this: — The world was made on Sunday, in the Springtime, at the equinox, on the eighth of the Kalends of April, when the moon was at the full! The course of the argument which sustained this very definite conclusion was this: — God rested on the seventh day, which was the Sabbath, or Saturday, after making the world in six days. He must therefore, have begun on the first, which was Sunday; then, as the earth brought forth grass and herb yielding seed, and trees yielding fruit, the not very logical conclusion was, that the world started on its career in fair Springtime. As God divided the light and the darkness, the day and night which he had created, into

equal parts, there scarcely required further proof to show that this must have been the equinox — in other words, and for greater accuracy, the eighth of the Kalends of April; and, finally, the moon must have been full at the time, seeing that God made the two great luminaries that "they might give light upon the earth, the greater luminary in the beginning of the day, the lesser one in the beginning of the night. It could not have been thus," said the bishops, "unless the moon were at the full." By this sort of reasoning, the prelates established an error that was long accepted for truth: and probably no vulgar fallacy was ever conceived, fashioned, forged, and beat into shape with such circumstance and ceremony as this which dated the Creation on a Spring Sunday in March, when the moon was at the full.— *Saints and Sinners.*

DORNER, Isaak August, a German theologian; born at Neuhausen, Würtemberg, June 20, 1809; died at Wiesbaden, July 9, 1884. He studied at Tübingen, became a curate in his native village and subsequently visited Holland and England in order to become acquainted with the condition of the Protestant denominations in those countries. In 1838 he was appointed to the chair of Divinity at Tübingen; subsequently to corresponding positions at Kiel, Königsberg, Bonn, and lastly, in 1862, at Berlin. He contributed largely to current theological literature. His principal works are: *The History of the Development of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ* (1859), and *The History of Protestant Theology* (1867), both of which have passed through several editions, and have been translated into English.

In 1879–80 he published his great work a *System*

of the Doctrine of Christian Faith, in which the study and thought of his life found expression. The influence which Dorner is destined to exert over Protestant Christendom is thus epitomized by Professor C. C. Everett in the *Unitarian Review.* "To all who are interested in the religious life of the present, the work of Dorner may bring inspiration. It may bring the inspiration of greater faith in the advancing thought of the world, and the inspiration of a more tender regard for the past. It may bring to all a fresh confidence in the possibility of a science of religion, and a fresh interest in the more profound problems of Christian thought. The church has reached that point where criticism should be the instrument of construction, where the negative should give place to the positive. We need not merely theological opinions, but theological thought. This thought should be free, reverent, and devout."

LUDWIG LAVATER (1527–1586).

Lavater was, like Klopstock, a poetic genius and full of feeling, but his imagination was less rich, and he had more tenderness than power. Together with a breadth and versatility for the reception of outward impressions, he exhibits a vigorous concentration upon the central part of his mental life, and it is the loyalty of a grateful heart which binds him to the Person of Christ. His chief concern is not exactness of doctrine, but that higher life which emanates from Christ. He, too, favors the view which regards Christianity as the religion of humanity, but he seeks the *true* man, and finds only wretched ruins of the true human image where this has not been reinstated by the Saviour. His lyric poetry, like his other literary productions, aims at something more than to describe and to please; it does not satisfy him to collect all that is great and beautiful in history, nor to idealize

reality through the power of imagination; he is concerned for a real idealization, a moral transfiguration of the disfigured and obscure image of man. His desire is that his words and poetry may exert an influence, and his is not merely a lyric but an ethic pathos, which, however, but too often delights in rhetorical flights. But though he too contributed to the formation of that mental atmosphere and temperament in which the age became susceptible of freer and deeper views of life and of religion, he also was deficient in the possession of solid objective truths, of truths which are not only established, but have also been assimilated by the reason, in that philosophic mind and in that feeling for historical criticism which alone can secure lasting influence. Renouncing the quiet but safe path of scientific thought, ever seeking after fresh excitement or feeling, and straining his ideal emotions to their highest pitch, Lavater was betrayed both in his doctrine of prayer and in his theory of physiognomy into extravagances which had the effect of limiting his influence.—*History of Protestant Theology.*

JOHAN GEORGE HAMANN (1730–88).

Hamann is a kindred spirit of Klopstock, on account both of the profundity and inwardness of his Christian feeling and of his enthusiasm for Christianity, which he proclaims not in verse, but like one exercising the gift of prophecy in the primitive church, in language unconnected, indeed, but often sublime, and still oftener enigmatical by reason of its fulness of matter and abundance of allusion. . . . The freedom and largeness of his views raised him above the anxieties entertained by the pious of his age, because deeply rooted as he was in evangelical Christianity, he was firmly persuaded of its intellectual superiority to the whole kin of neologists, and could look with triumphant certainty of amusement at their efforts to overthrow it. Himself well versed in classical antiquity, he recognized the affinity of Christianity to all that was eternal in the classic world. While to the mass of his contemporaries, Christianity and humanity, historical and eternal truth, the human and the Divine,

are terms expressing irreconcilable opposites, he is able to perceive their unity. His favorite thought is, *omnia divina et humana omnia.* The whole world is to him full of signs, full of meaning, full of the Divine. Man is a tree whose trunk is nourished by two roots, one of which turns to the invisible origin of all things, the other to the earthly and the visible. In history — and not merely in the history of revelation in the Old and New Testament — he sees the historicalization *(Geschichtlichwerden)* the incorporation of the eternal; and faith is, in his view, the faculty of perceiving God's acts in history and his works in nature, the power of beholding the unity of the metaphysical, the eternal and the historical, and of intuitively discerning the divine in the temporal.

His mysticism is not merely the subjective mysticism of the feelings, but is open to objective concrete matter from nature and especially from history; in fact it is theosophy. Thus faith being the focus which comprehends in its entireness, and therefore grasps at its centre of gravity that which unbelief separates in either a nondenial or material manner, he finds in such faith the truth of things *(Hypostasis)*, and therefore the source of true knowledge. Herein it is that he radically differs from the rationalism of the age, which acknowledges none but eternal truths and accepts none but the mathematical mode of proof. He sees in such notions only superstition, delusion, and philosophic juggling. He is, however, no less opposed to the mere experience of the senses, for he perceives that this tends to materialism and atheism. Flesh and blood know no other God than the universe, no other spirit than the letter. He also discovers the inward relation between the intellectualism of orthodoxy and the rationalism of the age, which alike resolved the higher spiritual life into a work of the understanding. The main thing is that that religious susceptibility which forms the very basis of our existence should attain assurance; and be united with God by realities which are their own evidence, and which bring with them conviction to the soul. Thus are we transferred from mere reasoning, or from the impulses and perceptions of the senses, to the atmosphere of true life.

And here it is specially by means of the documents of the history of revelation that — according to Hamann — we become conscious of the presence of God in history. God, at whose bidding are the storm, the fire, and the earthquake, chooses for the token of His presence a still small voice which we tremble to hear in His word and in our own hearts. Grace and truth are not to be discovered or acquired, they must be historically revealed. Revelation takes the form of a servant both in Christ and in the Scriptures; the eternal history bears a human form, a body which is dust and ashes and perishable, the visible letter; but also a soul which is the breath of God. And it is by such self-humiliation of the Spirit of God to the pen of man, such self-abnegation of the Son of God, that the Spirit and the Son dwell among us.

Creation itself is a work of God's word. The wish, "speak that I may see Thee," is fulfilled by creation. All God's works are tokens of His attributes, all corporeal nature is a parable of the spiritual world. At first, all God's works were a word of God to man, emblems and pledges of a new, an unutterable union. But sin interposed. Separated from God, the world became an enigma to us. The knowledge of God, without which love to God is impossible, acquaintance and sympathy being necessary elements of love, is no longer possible through the contemplation of His works, which less know, and less reveal Him than we ourselves. But the books of the covenant as well as the book of nature contain secret articles, and these God has been pleased to reveal to men through their fellow-men. Hence revelation and experience, which are intrinsically harmonious, are the most indispensable crutch, if our reason is not to remain hopelessly lame. God's word is heard in nature and in history; and the noon of history, that is God's day, is in Christ. Judaism had the word and signs, heathenism reason and its wisdom, but Christianity is that to which neither the men of the letter nor the men of speculation could attain; it is the glorification of manhood in the Godhead, and of the Godhead in manhood, through the Fatherhood of God. He regards religious spiritualism, which was then appearing in a deistical form, religious material-

ism, and literal traditionalism as inwardly allied. . . . He holds poetry, religion, philosophy, history, scripture, and spirit to be intrinsically united, but this union he only perceives intellectually and indirectly, without the power of making an orderly and connected statement of the reasons which induce this view.—*History of Protestant Theology.*

DORR, Julia Caroline Ripley, an American poet and novelist; born at Charleston, S. C., February 13, 1825. Her mother died while she was an infant, and her father, William Ripley, a merchant of Charleston, returned to his native State of Vermont, where he became known as a promoter of the development of the marble quarries of Rutland Julia married Seneca M. Dorr, of New York, in 1847; and the same year her husband taking a particular liking to one of the many poems which she had been writing from her early childhood, sent it to the *Union Magazine;* and thus appeared her first published poem. The next year *Sartain's Magazine* gave her a prize of $100 for *Isabel Leslie;* and thus was brought out her first story. In 1857, she removed with her husband to Rutland, where she became the centre of literary life, and where she founded the Rutland Free Library. Her published works include *Farmingdale,* a novel, published in 1854, under the pseudonym of "Caroline Thomas," her mother's maiden name; *Lanmere* (1855); *Sybil Huntington* (1869); *Poems* (1871); *Expiation* (1873); *Friar Anselmo and Other Poems* (1879); *The Legend of the Babouskha* (1881); *Daybreak* (1882); *Bermuda* (1884); *Afternoon Songs*

(1885); *A Cathedral Pilgrimage* (1896); and *Afterglow* (1900).

Of her writings, Frances E. Willard has said: "In Mrs. Dorr's poems are found strength and melody, sweetness and sympathy, a thorough knowledge of poetic technique, and through all a high purpose which renders such work of lasting value. Her stories are particularly skilful in detail and plot, in the interpretation of the New England character. Her essays on practical themes of life and living have had a wide circulation and a large influence."

TWO BROTHERS.

The most noticeable feature of the life at Greyholt had been Mr. Armstrong's extreme devotion to Clyde. They had been the most inseparable of companions — indeed, the father had seemed utterly swallowed up in the son, and to have merged his existence in his. . . . Now Kenneth's devotion to his brother became equally noticeable. He seemed to have stepped at once into his father's place. Quietly, unobtrusively, he filled Clyde's life from out his own fulness. To leave no void, no emptiness there, to crowd his days with pleasant doings, to fill his brain with happy thoughts, seemed to be the end and aim of his existence. Nothing daunted him, nothing repelled him. Clyde's freaks of temper, his occasional waywardness, his self-will, that would at times override all obstacles and overrule all laws, his passionate impulses, his unreasonable caprices — all these seemed only to fill Kenneth with a tenderer, a more long-enduring patience. . . . Their evenings were spent chiefly at home in their own cosey library, save when, upon clear, moonlit nights, they were tempted out for a rapid drive over the sparkling snow, or down to the creek, where the glare ice waited for the music of the skater's steel. If, sometimes, I grew tired of listening to the ticking of my clock, or of thinking my own thoughts, and throwing a shawl about me, ran over the way to see what my neighbors were

about, I knew just the picture that would greet my eyes as I stepped upon the piazza and glanced in at the low window. I knew that the small, inlaid centre-table with the curiously carved legs would be drawn into the middle of the room, in front of the open fireplace, where a bright wood fire would be leaping and sparkling. Upon one side of it I should see the lamplight falling upon Kenneth's dark-brown hair, tossed carelessly back from a low, broad forehead, kindling his cool gray eyes into subtle fire, and lending his cheek a warmer glow; on the other, Clyde's curls of reddish gold would be catching a deeper tint from the glowing flames, and his large, black eyes would be flashing with merriment, or earnest with thought. The table between them would be loaded with books, magazines, reviews, and newspapers. They would be reading together; or, with books dropped upon their knees, they would have floated off upon some sparkling tide of talk. Or the red and white chessmen would be waging mimic war, and kings and queens, knights and bishops, would be trembling in dire dismay. And I knew that as my step crossed the threshold, the books would be thrown down or the chessmen be made to beat an ignominious retreat, and two young voices that I had learned to love would vie with each other in welcoming me. Then may-hap, Patsy would come in with a basket of rosy-cheeked apples, or a dish of hickory-nuts; and sometimes, though very rarely, she would join the little circle. . . .

I watched Kenneth closely that winter. He was a curious study to me. Since that one conversation during the course of which he had said to me, "It is not that; God help me, but it is not *that!*" he had never alluded to the matter. Whatever the burden might be that had fallen upon his young shoulders — or that he had voluntarily lifted to them — he bore it silently, uncomplainingly. He had changed. He seemed suddenly to have sprung out of youth into mature manhood. The vague unrest, the eager longing of the spring, had settled into something akin to the fulness, the rich repose of summer. Was he happy? I doubted it sometimes, when I saw the far-away look in his eyes, or caught a gleam like the bursting forth of smouldering flame. But he was cheerful; he was at

rest. As Patsy had said, he was firm as a rock; and having once chosen his lot, he accepted it — he had no regrets, no misgivings.— *Expiation.*

HEIRSHIP.

Little store of wealth have I,
  Not a rood of land I own;
Nor a mansion fair and high,
  Built of towers of fretted stone.

Stocks nor bonds, nor title-deeds,
  Flocks nor herds have I to show;
When I ride, no Arab steeds
  Toss for me their names of snow.

I have neither pearls nor gold,
  Massive plate, nor jewels rare;
Broidered silks of wealth untold,
  Nor rich robes a queen might wear.

In my garden's narrow bound
  Flaunt no costly tropic blooms,
Ladening all the air around
  With a weight of rare perfumes.

Yet to an immense estate
  Am I heir by grace of God —
Richer, grander than doth wait
  Any earthly monarch's nod.

Heir of all the Ages, I —
  Heir of all that they have wrought,
All their store of emprise high,
  And their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way;
All their labors, all their prayers,
  Sanctify this present day!

Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears —
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the toiling years!

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that Time
To Earth's fainting sons hath given!

Aspirations pure and high —
Strength to dare and to endure —
Heir of all the Ages, I —
Lo! I am no longer poor!

SOMEWHERE.

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day.
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to Him who holds within
The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more because thou canst not hear,
Poor human words of blessing will I pray.
O true, brave heart! God bless thee, wheresoe'er
In His great universe thou art to-day.

THE GUEST.

O thou Guest so long delayed,
Surely, when the house was made,
In its chambers wide and free,

There was set a place for thee.
Surely in some room was spread
For thy sake a snowy bed,
Decked with linen white and fine,
Meet, O Guest, for use of thine.

Yet thou has not kept the tryst.
Other guests our lips have kissed:
Other guests have tarried long,
Wooed by sunshine and by song;
For the year was bright with May,
All the birds kept holiday,
All the skies were clear and blue,
When this house of ours was new.

Youth came in with us to dwell,
Crowned with rose and asphodel,
Lingered long, and even yet
Cannot quite his haunts forget.
Love hath sat beside our board,
Brought us treasures from his hoard,
Brimmed our cups with fragrant wine,
Vintage of the hills divine.

Down our garden path has strayed
Young Romance, in light arrayed;
Joy hath flung her garlands wide;
Faith sung low at eventide;
Care hath flitted in and out;
Sorrow strewn her weeds about;
Hope held up her torch on high
When clouds darkened all the sky.

Pain, with pallid lips and thin,
Oft hath slept our house within;
Life hath called us, loud and long,
With a voice as trumpet strong.
Sometimes we have thought, O Guest,
Thou wert coming with the rest,
Watched to see thy shadow fall
On the inner chamber wall.

For we know that, soon or late,
Thou wilt enter at the gate,
Cross the threshold, pass the door,
Glide at will from floor to floor.
When thou comest, by this sign
We shall know thee, Guest divine;
Though alone thy coming be,
Some one must go forth with thee!

DORSET, CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF, an English poet; born in 1637; died in 1706. He was a favorite at the Courts of Charles II. and of William III. He was a friend and patron of the poets of his day, and had a high reputation as an accomplished man of letters; but his writings consist only of a few lively songs. The best of these is a song popularly said to have been composed on board ship the night before a famous naval battle with a Dutch fleet in 1665. Sackville (then Lord Buckhurst) was on board the English flag-ship as a volunteer at this engagement; but the poem was actually written several months previously.

Walpole said of him: "He had as much wit as his master or his contemporaries Buckingham and Rochester, without the royal want of feeling, the duke's want of principle, or the earl's want of thought."

Richard Garnett says of the few occasional poems which were left by Dorset: "Not one of them is destitute of merit, and some are admirable as 'the effusions of a man of wit (in Johnson's words), gay, vigorous, and airy.'"

TO ALL YE LADIES NOW AT LAND.

To all ye ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way —
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

The king with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold!
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they used of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Let wind and weather do their worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchman vapor, let Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend or who's our foe.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away:
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sighed with each man's care
For being so remote;
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were played.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

In justice, you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honor lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

And now we've told you all our loves
  And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
  Some pity for our tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
  With a fa, la, la, la, la.

DOSTOYEVSKY, Feodor Mikhailovitch, a Russian novelist and journalist; born at Moscow, November 11, 1822; died at St. Petersburg, February 9, 1881. His first novel, entitled *Poor Folk,* issued in 1846, is a vivid and pathetic description of the life of the Russian poor, with whose interests he was all his life identified both sociably and as an author. In 1849 he was arrested and condemned to death with other members of a reform club in which he was prominent; but he received a commutation, and was sent to Siberia for six years; arriving home four years later. He then recommenced, penniless and with a hopelessly broken-down wife leaning upon him, the life of an author writing for bread. The *Downtrodden and Oppressed* appeared within a year after his return. *Evil Hearts* was published in 1867; and *Crime and Punishment* the same year. Of this latter work Professor Marsh of Harvard, writing for *Johnson's Cyclopædia,* says: "This terrible book, with its psychological analysis of apparently the utmost realism, did, as a whole, seem to show in human life a thread, a tendency, a purpose of a distinctly spiritual and even religious character. The extreme party were not slow to see

this, and denounced the author as a reactionary and mystic." His later works include, *The Idiot* (1869); *Podrostok* (1875); *The Brothers Karamrasov* (1875); *Krotvaia* (1875); *The Underground Spirit* (1875); and *An Author's Journal,* a periodical which Dostoyevsky founded in 1876, and of which he was editor and publisher. Neither his mental nor physical health was equal to the task of perfecting all the work that he had marked out for himself in his later years; and much of what he did in his last days — as has been remarked by several critics — "shows a sad falling off, and adds nothing to his literary reputation."

"With all his faults and shortcomings," writes a correspondent of *Temple Bar,* "Dostoyevsky will probably always possess an attraction for certain minds. He deals chiefly, not with normal, but abnormal individuals, and in the domain of mental disease reigns supreme. He hardly ever attempts to explain the motives of the strange characters he introduces to us, and often does not seem to understand them himself. He is a spectator, with a great gift as a *raconteur,* and the quickest powers of observation, who relates facts, conversations, and events to us with so intense an air of realism that his wildest fictions read like truth. And, in spite of so much that is overstrained and repellent, the outcome of the wounds and bruises he could never forget, we can but sympathize with the warm heart that never ceases to bleed for every act of cruelty, injustice, and oppression. No matter how steeped in sin a human being may be, if he is suffering, justly or unjustly, Dostoyevsky is ready to bind up his wounds and bid him sin no more. He passes no judgment on any man, but with groans and tears, he entreats the injured and the injurers alike to pardon and forget."

Of *Poor Folk,* which was his first tale, written at the age of twenty-three, and first put into English by Miss Lena Milman in 1894, with an introduction by George Moore — who says that it challenges comparison with Turgenieff — the Vicomte de Vogüé says: "Into this tender production Dostoyevsky has poured his own nature, all his sensibility, his longing for sympathy and devotion, his bitter conception of life, his savage, pitiable pride;" and speaking of the enthusiasm with which the manuscript was first read by the author's friends, the Chicago *Dial* says that "it was fairly justified by the work." When Bienski, the first and most feared of Russian critics, had read the manuscript of *Poor Folk,* he said to the author: "Do you understand, young man, the truth of what you have written?" And the "young man" said afterward that that was the happiest moment of his life.

POOR FOLK.

One evening we were together when Gregorowitsch said to me: "Give me your manuscript,"— which, by the way, he had never read,—"Nekrassow thinks of publishing an annual — I will show it to him." I took it to Nekrassow myself, but I was so agitated and confused that after shaking hands and exchanging a few words, I hurried back. The same evening I went to see a friend and we sat for hours talking over Gogol's *Dead Souls,* and reading our favorite passages for, I suppose, the hundredth time. It was four o'clock when I reached home; a clear frosty night as light as day, a real St. Petersburg night. Suddenly I heard the bell pulled. On my opening the door Nekrassow and Gregorowitsch rushed at me, both in an indescribable state of excitement. It appeared that early in the evening they had begun reading my tale. "Read ten pages," Nekrassow said; "that will be enough." But when they had finished them they decided to read just ten more; and so they passed

the whole night, one relieving the other when he was tired, like sentinels at a post. When they came to the scene of the student's death, Nekrassow more than once broke down and, suddenly striking the table, exclaimed: "This is genius." At last the reading came to an end, and they agreed at once to go to my rooms. "What does it matter if he is asleep," cried Nekrassow, "this is better than any sleep."

MÁKAR'S LODGING.

Into what a dirty hole I have fallen, Varvara Alexeievna; but still I have a roof over my head. My former lodging was like a little nest, as you know, so quiet that I could hear the beat of a fly's wing as it passed me by. Here, on the contrary, there are noises of shouting, of quarrelling. You have no idea what it is like. Imagine, then, a long passage, dark and dirty. On the right hand, a blank wall; on the left, nothing but doors, doors, like the rooms to which they belong, all in a row. Every room is let to one, two, or three tenants. You cannot expect order; it is a very Noah's ark. But there are some quite nice people, there are even a few learned ones; one gentleman (he is a professor of literature) is very cultured, and speaks of Homer and Brambeus, and other authors; they say he is a very clever man. Then there are two officers, who play cards all day; a sailor, who has been first mate, and an English tutor. Wait a little while, and in my next I will amuse you by describing them humorously in full detail. Our landlady is a dirty little old woman, who keeps her dressing-gown and slippers on all day, and is always scolding Theresa. I live in the kitchen, or rather (to be quite exact) in a little room just off the kitchen. I must say our kitchen is a nice one, cheerful and clean. Mine is a humble little room enough, but let me explain myself more fully: the kitchen is large, with three windows — a partition which runs across it encloses a sumptuous apartment for me; my arrangements are, of course, very simple, but they are also convenient. I have a window, and, as I said before, everything is comfortable. Such is my abode.

And are you not thinking to yourself that there is something very odd about this, about my living so near the kitchen, why should I? But indeed I live quite to myself behind the partition, I keep away from every one, and get on very well in a quiet way. I have a bed, a table, a chest of drawers, a couple of chairs, and some sort of curtains. Of course there are better lodgings, perhaps much better ones, and yet I have chosen this to suit my own convenience: do you think there is no other reason? I will tell you another: your window is just opposite mine. I see you pass, and then all things seem brighter for poor me, and cheaper. In this house the rent of the cheapest room with board is thirty-five roubles. I could not afford so much. My lodging costs me seven roubles, and my board five silver roubles, twenty-four and a half roubles altogether, and hitherto I have paid thirty, although I denied myself many little luxuries. I did not always have tea, and now I can afford myself both tea and sugar. One is ashamed of not drinking tea, somehow; here most of the lodgers are well-to-do, so one is ashamed of not doing the same as they. One drinks it for the sake of the opinion of others, for appearance sake, for position's sake, as it were; but I care very little for such things. I have few fancies. So you see there is not much left for pocket-money, of which every one needs a little for boots and clothes. I spend all my salary; but I do not murmur, and am quite content. I have had sufficient for some years now, and my earnings remain the same.

DOUGLAS, Amanda Minnie, an American juvenile writer and novelist; born at New York, July 14, 1837. She removed to Newark, N. J., in 1853, where she took up a course of English literature and history with Rev. O. S. Stearns, an eminent Massachusetts scholar and divine. Born with a

gift for story-telling she had exercised it upon playmates, continuing stories evening after evening and later on entertaining friends in the same fashion, writing verses, and now and then a short story, while assisting in household duties. Her ambition was to enter Cooper Institute and study designing and engraving, but being disappointed for two successive years by serious illness in the family, by the advice of several literary friends, she turned her attention to literature, and, in the enforced quiet of the sick room, wrote out some of the stories that had taken vivid coloring in her mind and made pictures of themselves. Discussing them with a newspaper friend, *In Trust* was selected and published by Lee & Shepard in 1866. Its success decided her. *Stephen Dane,* a widely different story, followed in 1867. *Claudia,* curiously artistic and musical, in 1868. *Sydnie Adriance,* the first continued effort of girlhood, used as a serial, followed. Since then she has published a novel nearly every year, besides story and sketch writing.

A removal to one of the pretty suburbs gave her a flower and fruit garden, and an interest that has been followed at intervals since. Many of these experiences have been embodied in *A Modern Adam and Eve in a Garden.* Her novels comprehend a considerable range, though largely family stories. *Stephen Dane; A Woman's Inheritance; Hope Mills;* and *Out of the Wreck,* take up some of the larger problems of life, and have a business aspect. *Hope Mills* is a transcript of the hard times from 1873 to 1878. Among the juveniles are: *The Kathie Books; Santa Claus Land; The Sherburne House Series;* and *A Little Girl in Old Newark. Larry,* a story of a New York waif sent West by the Children's Aid Society, took the first

prize offered by the *Youth's Companion* in 1892 over one thousand competitors. Her later books include *A Question of Silence* (1901); *Helen Grant's Friends* (1903); and *Honor Sherburne* (1904). Miss Douglas has been known to write rapidly for weeks without intermission, yet keeping up an interest in the daily round, and disproving the old objection to literary women, that they can do nothing else. Few women excel her in housekeeping, fancy work, and those charming social qualities which are so essentially feminine and are often found wanting in the "new woman."

RECOVERING FROM THE ACCIDENT.

The nurse met Lawrence Rivington with more than usual interest. His sweet, trusty face, shaped into graver lines than six months before, attracted the physicians as well. He haunted the hospital for any stray word; and they had come to hope for his sake, though their lives were made up of hopes and uncertainties, and they occasionally found the sorrows of others heavy burdens to bear.

One morning she said in her well-trained tone of cheerfulness — "She has spoken coherently, and talked on new subjects. We are all waiting to see the effect of your interview. Talk to her in the most ordinary manner. Answer her questions as if all this had occurred only yesterday. Lead her mind back to the moment of the accident."

Larry entered the ward, a private one it was; but it seemed as if his limbs would fail him before he reached the side of the bed. An awful instant it appeared to him, and his whole soul went up in a great wordless cry that only God could hear. He noted the lines that left their impression on the clear face, and some silver threads which had lately appeared in her wavy brown hair. The roundness had gone a little out of her chin,

and in her temples was a faint depression. Yet she did not look old.

She turned slightly and opened her eyes. Had the old light come back? Ah, thank God! She drew her brows into a little crease, as if she were thinking, then she caught sight of him.

"Oh, Larry!" she exclaimed, "it *was* you. I heard you speak to Zip — I was quite sure. But I can't think what happened. Did I faint! I never fainted before in my life. Why, I must have fainted from pure joy! Did you imagine I could be so foolish?"

He stooped and kissed her. It was a resurrection morning. What he said was to the God above, with the voice of his soul. He could not have spoken aloud.

"Where's Lucilla? You can't think how companionable she had grown to be! Everything seems queer and strange, as if I had been ill. I can only remember a darkness and confused noises, and I am weak all over." She gave a faint, little smile.

"You have been ill," he answered, but he could not keep the great tremble out of his voice; "and now you have only to get well. Do not worry about anything. I am saving it all to tell you by and by."

"Oh, are you?" She glanced up gratefully.

Yes, the placid, unmeaning smile was gone; the vacant, troubled expression of the eyes had been replaced by a certain steadiness.

The nurse made a sign.

"Yes." He carried the hand to his lips. It was as white as cousin Helen's. "So you must sleep all you can, and gain your strength — "

She was drowsing off already.

The surgeon stood by the door and seized his hand in a warm grasp.

"It will be a splendid success," he declared enthusiastically. "Her fine physique was in her favor. I am going to write up the case — the delay from the accident to the operation makes it the more interesting. Why, young fellow, you ought to be a surgeon yourself!" — *Larry.*

AFTER A SNOW.

There came vivid, blue streaks in the sky overhead as the sun straggled through filmy drifts that were not quite despoiled of their snowy harvest. Above the distant hills to the north the dim clouds took on violet edges and drooped over the earth with lingering tenderness. Everywhere that white, wonderful, still life. Trees bending with sprays of snowy midwinter blossoms, sparkling in the early sun as if strewn with diamonds; fence posts brooded, and rails wrapped in purest ermine. Long slopes of hill-side, like a dreamy undulating sea, and wide, unbroken plains crowned with the night's harvest. Here and there a forest edge stretched out ghostly arms or crouched low like a group of fairy folk.

How they skimmed along, passing houses that seemed buried in snow, the feathery fragments, hanging from gable, lintel, and window-ledge. Great domes it made of hay stacks, and a grotesque, uneven wood-pile was transformed into an elfin haunt. Sleepy-eyed fowls huddled in groups standing on one foot, while occasionally Chanticleer, from some post of eminence, made his voice resound in the clear, soft air, until a hundred echoes caught it up and shivered it into musical fragments. From under the white roof of their pen the mild-eyed sheep glanced out wistfully. The breath of the kine lowing through the grated windows, made a soft, purplish haze in the air, the edges turning golden as the sun's rays caught it in an embrace so fervent that in a moment it was gone. The slender birches seemed to laugh as a breath of air stirred them, but the clumps of gnarled black oak flaunted their bronze leaves defiantly. — *Claudia.*

DREAMS OF REFORM AND PROSPERITY.

"Darcy, suppose you turn parson!" and Maverick laughed half quizzically. "See here: the world wants a very old sermon preached again to it, hammered into every fibre, put up over every doorway — the essence of

all knowledge, all religion, briefly comprehended in this, "Love thy neighbor *as* thyself.' You won't need gown or bands for that work. Not to have one code of morals for the rich, and one for the poor; one creed for Sunday, and quite another belief for Monday; to have no lofty, impossible theories and exalted moods, but truthful, honest living; not to push away the miserable, ignorant souls, but take them by the hand in hearty co-operation. May be Cameron has the right clew. Why should we let human love be shamed by such things as an Oneida community or a Mormon city?"

The strong, earnest voice stirred Jack like martial music. All these years he had been struggling with a great, blind, confused something,— perhaps it was not a silver mine, or a railroad, but a work just here in the town of his boyhood, where he was known, where he had played and worked.

"Seventeenthly, and lastly," and Maverick looked at his watch, "I cannot idle any more time upon you, and must cut short with a 'to be continued.' We will talk it over again and again; and, if we cannot get it into shape, there is still Florida left. So, while you are dreaming it out by this great silent mill, whose prisoned spirits should prate of prosperity instead of desolation, I'll run my course around Yerbury, and we'll compare notes over our cigars. *Addio,*" waving his hand.

Jack watched the compact figure, as it moved briskly away; then he sauntered round the mill, down one street and up another, strolled out to Lover's Lane and returned by Larch avenue. The Barry house began to show signs of life, for old Mat was clearing up the grounds. This was one oasis that had not been bitten by speculation. He thought of winsome little Sylvie, and one summer evening when Irene Lawrence stepped into that pretty, cosey room with the grace and beauty of a Juno. Where was she now? And what was Fred doing? Making a great leap into name and fame, doubtless, now that he was put upon his mettle. The old boyish freaks came back to his mind, the enthusiastic, unreasoning adoration, the last tender parting. An intense

subtile sympathy filled his soul; and, though he smiled a little, the memory was very sacred.

The texture of Jack's mind was not of the quick, brilliant, or sanguine order. He went over his books again; he ruminated as he cleaned the garden paths, spaded the beds, trimmed the trees and shrubbery, and attended to the odds and ends known only to a careful householder. Cousin Jane was in her element here; and they two discoursed of farming and gardening, and industry, she in a sharp, trenchant way.— *Hope Mills.*

DOUGLAS, GAVIN, a Scottish poet; born at Brechin, about 1474; died at London in September, 1522. He was a younger son of Archibald Douglas, fifth Earl of Angus, known as "Bell-the-Cat." He was educated for the church, and at the age of twenty-two was made Rector of Hawick. He bore a not unimportant part in the civil and religious contests of his time. In 1515 he was made Bishop of Dunkeld; a fierce contest, lasting several years, sprung up for the possession of the See; but in the end those who favored Bishop Gavin were routed in a scrimmage at Edinburgh, and he fled to London, where he died. He was a man of ability and learning. In 1501 he wrote an allegorical poem, *The Palace of Honour,* which bears so marked resemblance to the *Pilgrim's Progress* that it has been fancied that it must have been read by Bunyan. He also wrote another allegorical poem, *King Hart.* His most notable work is translation of the *Æneid* into Scottish verse — being, it is said, the "first translation of a Latin classic into any British tongue." This translation, made about

1512, was first printed at London in 1553, with the following title: "The xiii bukes of Eneados of the famose poet Virgill, translatet out of Latyne verses into Scottish metir, bi the Reuerend Father in God, Mayster, Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkel, & vnkil to the Erle of Angus: euery buke hauing his perticular prologe." One of the best of these Prologues is the following — the original orthography being carefuly retained:

A MAY MORNING.

As fresh Aurore, to mighty Tithon spouse,
Ished of her saffron bed and ivor house,
In cram'sy clad and grained violate,
With sanguine cape, and selvage purpurate,
Unshet the windows of her large hall,
Spread all with roses, and full of balm royal,
And eke the heavenly portis chrystalline
Upwarps braid, the warld till illumine;
The twinkling streamers of the orient
Shed purpour spraings, with gold and azurement. . . .
Under the bowis bene in lovely vales,
Within fermance and parkis close of pales,
The busteous buckis rakis furth on raw,
Herdis of hertis through the thick wood-shaw.
The young fawns follow and the dun daes,
Kids, skippand through, runnis after raes.
In lyssurs and on leyis, little lambs
Full tait and trig socht blotand to their dams.
On salt streams walk Dorida and Thetis,
By rinnand strandis, Nymphis, and Naiadis,
Sic as we clepe wenches and damysels,
In gersey groves wanderand by spring wells;
Of bloomed branches and flowers white and red,
Plettand their lusty chaplets for their head.
Some sang ring-sanges, dances, leids, and rounds,
With voices shrill, while all the dale resounds.
Whereso they walk into their caroling,

For amorous lays does all the rockis ring.
Ane sang; "The ship sails oure the salt faem,
Will bring the merchants and my leman hame."
Some other sings; "I will be blithe and licht,
My heart is lent upon so goodly wicht."
And thoughtful lovers rouinis to and fro,
To leis their pain, and plein their jolly woe.
Atter their guise, now singand, low in sorrow,
With heartis pensive the lang summer's morrow
Some ballads list indite of his lady;
Some livis in hope; and some all utterly
Despairit is, and sae quite out of grace,
His purgatory he finds in every place. . . .
Dame Nature's menstrals, on that other part,
Their blissful bay intoning every art,
And all small fowlis singis on the spray,
Welcome the lord of licht, and lampe of day,
Welcome fosterer of tender herbis green,
Welcome quickener of flouriest flouirs sheen.
Welcome support of every root and vein,
Welcome comfort of all kind fruit and grain,
Welcome the birdis bield upon the brier,
Welcome master and ruler of the year,
Welcome weelfare of husbands at the plows,
Welcome repairer of woods, trees, and bows,
Welcome depainter of the bloomit meads,
Welcome the life of everything that spreads,
Welcome storer of all kind bestial,
Welcome be thy bricht beamis, gladdnan all!

DOUGLASS, Frederick, an American journalist and orator; born a slave on the plantation of Colonel Edward Lloyd, in Maryland, in 1817; died at Washington, D. C., February 20, 1895. His mother was of negro blood; his father

was an unknown white man. While he was a mere infant his mother was separated from him. "I never," he says, "saw my mother, to know her as such, more than four or five times in my life; and each of these times was very short in duration and at night. She died when I was seven years old." While a boy he came into the possession of several masters, from most of whom he received cruel treatment. At the age of seven or eight he went, with his then master, to live in Baltimore. He remained in this family for about seven years, during which time he learned to read and write. How he did this he tells in his *Autobiography*.

LEARNING TO READ.

In accomplishing this, I was compelled to resort to various stratagems. I had no regular teacher. My mistress, who had kindly commenced to instruct me had, in compliance with the direction of her husband not only ceased to do so, but had set her face against my being instructed by any one else; but in teaching me the alphabet she had given me the *inch*, and no precaution could prevent me from taking the *ell*.

The plan which I adopted, and the one by which I was most successful, was that of making friends of all the little white boys whom I met in the street. As many of these as I could, I converted into teachers. With their kindly aid, obtained at different times and in different places, I finally succeeded in learning to read. When I was sent on errands, I always took my book with me, and by going one part of my errand quickly, I found time to get a lesson before my return. I used also to carry bread with me — enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome — for I was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in our neighborhood. This bread I used to bestow upon the hungry little urchins, who, in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge. . . .

I was now about twelve years old and the thought of being a slave for life began to bear heavily upon my heart. Just about this time I got hold of a book entitled *The Columbian Orator.* Among much other interesting matter, I found in it a "Dialogue between a Master and his Slave." The slave was represented as having run away from his master three times: the dialogue represented the conversation between them when the slave was retaken the third time. In this dialogue, the whole argument in behalf of slavery was brought forward by the master, all of which was disposed of by the slave. . . . In the same book I met with one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic Emancipation. These were choice documents to me. I read them over and over again with unabated interest. They gave tongue to interesting thoughts of my own soul, which had frequently flashed through my mind, and died away for want of utterance.—*Autobiography.*

LEARNING TO WRITE.

The idea as to how I might learn to write was suggested to me by being in Durgin and Bailey's shipyard and frequently seeing the ship-carpenters, after hewing and getting a piece of timber ready for use, write on the timber the name of that part of the ship for which it was intended. When a piece was intended for the larboard side it would be marked *L;* when a piece was for the starboard side it would be marked *S.* A piece for the larboard side forward would be marked *LF.* When a piece was for the starboard side forward, it would be marked *SF.* For larboard aft it would be marked *LA;* for starboard aft it would be marked *SA.* I soon learned the names of these letters, and for what they were intended when placed upon a piece of timber in the shipyard. I immediately commenced copying them, and in a short time was able to make the four letters named. After that, when I met with any boy whom I knew could write, I would tell him I could write as well as he. The next word would be, "I don't believe you; let me see you try it." I would then make the letters which I had been

so fortunate as to learn, and ask him to beat that. In this way I got a good many lessons in writing, which it is quite possible I should never have gotten in any other way. During all this time my copy-book was the board fence, brick wall, and pavement; my pen-and-ink was a lump of chalk. With these I learned mainly how to write. I then commenced and continued copying the Italics in Webster's Spelling-Book, until I could make them all without looking in the book. By this time my little master Thomas had gone to school, learned how to write, and had written over a number of copy-books. These had been brought home, shown to some of our neighbors, and then laid aside. My mistress used to go to class-meeting every Monday afternoon, and leave me to take care of the house. When left thus, I used to spend the time in writing in the spaces left in Master Thomas's copy-book, copying what he had written. I continued to do this until I could write a hand very similar to that of Master Thomas. Thus, after a long tedious effort of years, I finally succeeded in learning how to write.—*Autobiography.*

In 1835 he made a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to run away. His master resolved to send him to the far South, but changed his mind and sent him back to Baltimore, hiring him out to a ship-builder, with whom he was to learn the art and mystery of calking vessels.

IN THE BALTIMORE SHIPYARD.

In entering the shipyard, my orders were to do whatever the carpenters commanded me to do. This was placing me at the beck and call of about seventy-five men. I was to regard all these as my master; their word was to be my law. My situation was a most trying one. At times I needed a dozen pairs of hands. I was called a dozen ways in the space of a single minute. Three or four voices would strike my ear at the same moment. It was:—"Fred, come help me cant this

timber here!" — "Fred, come carry this timber yonder!" — "Fred, bring that roller here!" — "Fred, go get a fresh can of water!" — "Fred, come help saw off the end of this timber!" — "Fred, go quick and get the crow-bar!" — "Fred, hold on the end of this fall!" — "Fred, go to the blacksmith's shop and get a new punch!" — "Hurrah, Fred, run and bring me a cold-chisel!" — "I say, Fred, bear a hand and get up a fire as quick as lightning under that steam-box!" — "Halloo, nigger! come, turn this grind-stone!" — "Come, come, move, move, and bowse this timber forward!" — "I say, darkey, blast your eyes, why don't you heat up some pitch?" — "Halloo! halloo! halloo!" (three voices at the same time). "Come here! Go there! Hold on where you are! Damn you, if you move, I'll knock your brains out!"

This was my school for eight months; and I might have remained longer but for a most horrid fight I had with four of the white apprentices, in which my left eye was nearly knocked out, and I was horribly mangled in other respects. . . . My fellow-apprentices began to feel it degrading to them to work with me. They began to put on airs and talk about the "niggers" taking the country, saying we all ought to be killed; and, being encouraged by the journeymen, they commenced by making my condition as hard as they could, by hectoring me around, and sometimes striking me. I struck back again, regardless of consequences; and while I kept them from combining, I succeeded very well; for I could whip the whole of them, taking them separately.

They, however, at length combined, and came upon me, armed with sticks, stones, and heavy handspikes. One came in front with a half brick; there was one on each side of me, and one behind me. While I was attending to those in front and on either side the one behind me ran up with a handspike and struck me a heavy blow upon the head. It stunned me. I fell, and with this they all ran upon me, and fell to beating me with their fists. I let them lay on for awhile, gathering strength. In an instant I gave a sudden surge and rose to my hands and knees. Just as I did that one of their

number gave me, with his heavy boot, a powerful kick in the left eye. My eyeball seemed to have burst. When they saw my eye closed and badly swollen they left me. With this I seized the handspike, and for a time pursued them. But here the carpenters interfered, and I thought I might as well give it up. It was impossible to stand against so many. All this took place in the sight of not less than fifty white ship-carpenters, and not one interposed a friendly word, but some cried, "Kill the damned nigger! kill him! kill him! He struck a white person!" I found that my only chance for life was in flight. I succeeded in getting away without an additional blow, and barely so; for to strike a white man is death by Lynch law — and that was the law in Mr. Gardner's shipyard.

I went directly home and told my story to Master Hugh. He was very much enraged; and as soon as I got a little the better of my bruises he took me to Esquire Watson's to see what could be done about the matter. Mr. Watson inquired who saw the assault committed. Master Hugh told him it was done in Mr. Gardner's shipyard, at mid-day, where there were a large company of men at work: "As to that," he said, "the deed was done, and there is no question as to who did it." The Esquire answered that he could do nothing in the case unless some white man would come forward and testify. He could issue no warrant on my word. If I had been killed in the presence of a thousand colored people, their testimony combined would have been insufficient to have arrested one of the murderers. Of course it was impossible to get any white man to volunteer his testimony in my behalf, and against the white young men.— *Autobiography.*

WORK WITHOUT WAGES.

Master Hugh, finding he could get no redress, refused to let me go back to Mr. Gardner. He took me into the shipyard of which he was foreman, where I was immediately set to calking, and very soon learned the art of using my mallet and irons. In the course of one

year I was able to command the highest wages given to the most experienced calkers. I was now of some importance to my master. I was bringing him from six to seven dollars a week; I sometimes brought him nine dollars a week: my wages were a dollar and a half a day. After learning how to calk, I sought my own employment, made my own contracts, and collected the money which I earned. My condition was now much more comfortable. When I could get no calking to do, I did nothing. I was now getting one dollar and fifty cents per day. I contracted for it; I earned it; it was paid to me; it was rightfully my own. Yet upon each returning Saturday night I was compelled to deliver every cent of that money to Master Hugh. . . . When I carried to him my weekly wages, he would, after counting the money, look me in the face, with a robber-like fierceness, and ask, "Is that all?" He was satisfied with nothing less than the last cent. He would, however, when I made him six dollars, sometimes give me six cents to encourage me.— *Autobiography.*

Things went on in this way until the beginning of 1838. Douglass was now a man grown, and he had come to the determination to find or make a way of leaving his master. For this purpose he asked to be allowed to hire his time from his master. This was at first peremptorily refused. But after awhile he was allowed to do so upon terms fixed by his master.

HIRES HIS TIME.

I was to be allowed all my time, make contracts with those for whom I worked, and find my own employment, and in return for this liberty, I was to pay him three dollars at the end of each week; find myself in calking tools, and in board and clothing. My board was two and a half dollars a week; this, with the wear and tear of clothing and tools, made my regular expenses about six dollars a week. This amount I was to make

up, or relinquish the privilege of hiring my time. Rain or shine, work or no work, at the end of every week the money must be forthcoming, or I must give up my privilege. I found it a hard bargain; but, hard as it was better than the old method of getting along. It was a step toward freedom to be allowed to bear the responsibilities of a free man, and I was determined to hold on upon it. I bent myself to the work of making money. I was ready to work night as well as day, and by the most untiring perseverance and industry I made enough to pay my expenses, and lay up a little money every week. I went on thus from May till August. Master Hugh then refused to allow me to hire my time longer.— *Autobiography.*

Master Hugh ordered Douglass to bring his clothing and tools home. He did so; but instead of looking out for employment, did not a stroke of work for a week. When Saturday night came, Master Hugh demanded his wages, as usual. Douglass replied that there was no money, as he had earned nothing that week. Master Hugh swore and threatened Douglass with a thrashing, but wisely kept his hands off. The next two weeks Douglass went to work, with a will, and on each Saturday night brought his master his full wages. Master Hugh was so much pleased with his dutifulness that on the last payment he gave his slave a quarter of a dollar, telling him to make good use of it. "I told him that I would," says Douglass. The fact was that all this extra zeal on the part of Douglass was merely to blind Master Hugh, and to lead him to suppose that he had no intention of running away — a step upon which he had fully determined. Douglass's account of his escape is very brief, for his *Autobiography* was written in 1845, and it

would then have been unwise to have revealed the means of which he made use.

THE RUNAWAY SLAVE IN NEW YORK.

The wretchedness of slavery and the blessedness of freedom were perpetually before me. It was life and death with me. But I remained firm, and, according to my resolution, on the third day of September, I left my chains, and succeeded in reaching New York. . . . Anna, my intended wife, a free woman, came on, for I wrote to her immediately after my arrival, informing her of my successful flight and wishing her to come on forthwith.— *Autobiography.*

Certainly little time had been lost, for Douglass left Baltimore on September 3, and just twelve days afterward he and Anna were married in New York. Douglass and his wife then went to New Bedford, Mass., there he supported himself by working at anything he could find to do. He soon began to attend anti-slavery meetings, speaking now and then with increasing confidence. A speech made in 1841 brought him to the notice of the leaders in the anti-slavery movement and he was engaged to deliver lectures throughout the New England States. In 1845 he published his *Autobiography* in a small volume, which was subsequently continued (1855 and 1881). In 1845 he went to England as a public lecturer. Here he remained two years. He was still a slave, in the eye of the law, and would be liable to be arrested as a fugitive and returned to his legal master. But his friends in England raised £150, with which he bought his freedom. He returned to the United States and in 1847 started at Rochester, N. Y., a newspaper entitled *The North Star,* afterward changed to *Fred.*

Douglass's Paper. Early in the civil war he urged upon President Lincoln the employment of colored troops, and when this was resolved upon, he was very active in promoting the enlistment of colored volunteers. After the abolition of slavery he discontinued his paper, and for several years was occupied as a public lecturer. In 1870 he became editor of *The New National Era,* at Washington. In 1871 he was appointed Secretary to the Commission of St. Domingo, and upon his return received from President Grant the appointment of member of the Territorial Council of the District of Columbia. In 1872 he was chosen as one of the Presidential Electors for the State of New York, and was selected to carry to Washington the electoral vote. In 1877 he received the appointment of U. S. Marshal for the District of Columbia, a position which, with a short interval, he held until the accession of President Cleveland in 1885, when he presented his resignation. In 1889 he was appointed by President Harrison U. S. Minister to Hayti. He soon returned to the United States, and from that time until his death he lived in retirement at his home on Anacostia Heights, Washington.

DOWDEN, EDWARD, a British critic and poet; born at Cork, Ireland, May 3, 1843. He was educated at Queen's College, Cork, and Trinity College, Dublin, where in 1867 he became professor of oratory and afterward of English language and literature. In 1889 he was made the first Taylorian lecturer in the Taylor Institution at Oxford. He pub-

lished *Shakespeare's Mind and Art* (1875), a volume of *Poems* (1876), many of which are in the form of sonnets. *Shakespeare Primer* (1877); *Introduction to Shakespeare* (1893); *Studies in Literature* (1895); *Transcripts and Studies* (1888); *Southey's Correspondence with Caroline Bowles* (1880); *The Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor* (1890); an edition of *Shakespeare's Sonnets;* an edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1891); *Lyrical Ballads* (1892); *Wordsworth's Poetical Works,* edited in seven volumes; *Shelley's Poetical Works.* His later works include: *The French Revolution,* and *English Literature* (1897); *History of French Literature* (1898); and *Puritan and Angelican* (1900). He has also contributed numerous articles on various topics to magazines, including *The Contemporary Review; The Fortnightly Review; The Nineteenth Century,* and others. His books show the work not only of a thorough Shakespearian scholar, but of a profound critic of uncommon insight and ability. He served as secretary of the Irish Liberal Union.

TWO INFINITIES.

A lonely way; and as I went, my eyes
  Could not unfasten from the Spring's sweet things:
  Last-sprouted grass, and all that climbs and clings
In loose, deep hedges where the primrose lies
In her own fairness; buried blooms surprise
  The plunderer bee, and stop his murmurings;
And the glad flutter of a finch's wings
Out startles small blue-speckled butterflies.
  Blissfully did one speedwell plot beguile
My whole heart long; I loved each separate flower,
  Kneeling. I looked up suddenly — Dear God!
  There stretched the shining plain for many a mile,

The mountain rose with what invincible power!
And how the sky was fathomless and broad!

WISE PASSIVENESS.

Think you I choose or that or this to sing?
I lie as patient as yon wealthy stream,
Dreaming among green fields its summer dream,
Which takes whate'er the gracious hours will bring
Into its quiet bosom; not a thing
Too common, since perhaps you see it there
Who else had never seen it, though as fair
As on the world's first morn; a fluttering
Of idle butterflies, or the deft seeds
Blown from a thistle-head; a silver dove
As faultlessly; or the large yearning eyes
Of pale Narcissus; or beside the reeds
A shepherd seeking lilies for his love,
And evermore the all-encircling skies.

DOWNING, ANDREW JACKSON, an American landscape gardener; born at Newburg, N. Y., October 20, 1815; died near Yonkers, N. Y., July 28, 1852. In 1841 he published *A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening,* which was received as the standard work on the subject, and which was very popular both in England and in America. *Cottage Residences* (1842), was equally successful. In 1845 he published *Fruits and Fruit-Trees of America,* which had passed through fourteen editions in 1852, and in 1846 became editor of *The Horticulturist,* published in Albany. *Hints to Persons About Building in the Country,* an addition to George Wightwick's *Hints to Young Architects,* ap-

peared in 1849, and *Architecture for Country Houses* in 1850. In 1851 he was commissioned to lay out and plant the public gardens of the Capitol, White House, and Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C. As a landscape gardener he stood pre-eminent among Americans and had few superiors in Europe. A collection of his articles in the *Horticulturist* was published in 1854 under the title of *Rural Essays.*

A HINT ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

The great mistake made by most novices is that they study *gardens* too much, and *nature* too little. Now gardens, in general, are stiff and graceless, except just so far as nature, ever free and flowing, re-asserts her rights, in spite of man's want of taste, or helps him when he has endeavored to work in her own spirit. But the fields and woods are full of instruction, and in such features of our richest and most smiling and diversified country must the best hints for the embellishment of rural homes always be derived. And yet it is not any portion of the woods and fields that we wish our finest pleasure-grounds precisely to resemble. We rather wish to *select* from the finest sylvan features of nature and to recompose the materials in a choicer manner — by rejecting anything foreign to the spirit of elegance and refinement which should characterize the landscape of the most tasteful country residence — a landscape in which all that is graceful and beautiful in nature is preserved — all her most perfect forms and most harmonious lines — but with that added refinement which high keeping and continual care confer on natural beauty, without impairing its innate spirit of freedom, or the truth and freshness of its intrinsic character. A planted elm of fifty years, which stands in the midst of a smooth lawn before yonder mansion — its long graceful branches towering upward like an antique classical vase, and then sweeping to the ground with a curve as beautiful as the falling spray of a mountain, has all the free-

dom of character of its best prototypes in the wild woods, with a refinement and a perfection of symmetry which it would be next to impossible to find in a wild tree. Let us take it then as the type of all true art in landscape gardening — which selects from natural materials that abound in any country, its best sylvan features, and by giving them a better opportunity than they could otherwise obtain, brings about a higher beauty of development and a more perfect expression than nature herself offers. Study landscape in nature more, and the gardens and their catalogues less — is our advice to the rising generation of planters, who wish to embellish their places in the best and purest taste.— *Rural Essays.*

DOYLE, Sir Arthur Conan, a British novelist; born at Edinburgh, May 22, 1859. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh and was a practicing physician at Southsea from 1882 to 1890. He published a large number of novels and short stories for magazines and other periodicals. His first success was *The Mystery of the Sassassa Valley,* published at the age of nineteen. In 1894 Mr. Doyle visited the United States, where his books are very popular, and lectured in the principal cities. His works include *A Study in Scarlet* (1888); *Micah Clarke* (1888); *Captain of the Polestar, and Other Tales* (1888); *The Sign of Four* (1889); *The White Company* (1890); *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (1891); *Firm of Girdlestone* (1890); *Great Shadow;* and *Gully of Bluemansdyke, and Other Stories* (1892); *Beyond the City* and *Refugees, a Tale of Two Continents* (1893); *An Actor's Duel; The Winning Shot; The Parasite; Round the Red Lamp;* and *The*

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Slapping Sal, and Other Tales (1894); *Stark Munro Letters* (1895); *Rodney Stone* (1896); *Uncle Bernac* (1897); *The Green Flag* (1900); *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (1902); *The Great Boer War* (1902); *Adventures of Girard* (1903), and *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* (1905). He was knighted in 1902.

THE SCIENCE OF DEDUCTION.

It was upon the 4th of March, as I have good reason to remember, that I rose somewhat earlier than usual, and found that Sherlock Holmes had not yet finished his breakfast. The landlady had become so accustomed to my late habits that my place had not been laid nor my coffee prepared. With the unreasonable petulance of mankind I rang the bell and gave a curt intimation that I was ready. Then I picked up a magazine from the table and attempted to while away the time with it, while my companion munched silently at his toast. One of the articles had a pencil-mark at the heading, and I naturally began to run my eye through it.

Its somewhat ambitious title was "The Book of Life," and it attempted to show how much an observant man might learn by an accurate and systematic examination of all that came in his way. It struck me as being a remarkable mixture of shrewdness and of absurdity. The reasoning was close and intense, but the deductions appeared to me to be far-fetched and exaggerated. The writer claimed by a momentary expression, a twitch of a muscle, or a glance of an eye, to fathom a man's inmost thoughts. Deceit, according to him, was an impossibility in the case of one trained to observation and analysis. His conclusions were as infallible as so many propositions of Euclid. So startling would his results appear to the uninitiated that, until they learned the processes by which he had arrived at them, they might well consider him as a necromancer.

"From a drop of water," said the writer, "a logician could infer the possibility of an Atlantic or a Niagara without having seen or heard of one or the other. So

all life is a great chain, the nature of which is known whenever we are shown a single link of it. Like all other arts, the Science of Deduction and Analysis is one which can only be acquired by long and patient study, nor is life long enough to allow any mortal to attain the highest possible perfection in it. Before turning to those moral and mental aspects of the matter which present the greatest difficulties, let the inquirer begin by mastering more elementary problems. Let him, on meeting a fellow-mortal, learn at a glance to distinguish the history of the man, and the trade or profession to which he belongs. Puerile as such an exercise may seem, it sharpens the faculties of observation and teaches one where to look and what to look for. By a man's finger-nails, by his coat-sleeve, by his boot, by his trouser-knees, by the callosities of his forefinger and thumb, by his expression, by his shirt-cuffs — by each of these things a man's calling is plainly revealed. That all united should fail to enlighten the competent inquirer in any case is almost inconceivable."

"What ineffable twaddle!" I cried, slapping the magazine down on the table; "I never read such rubbish in my life."

"What is it?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"Why, this article," I said, pointing at it with my egg-spoon as I sat down to my breakfast. "I see that you have read it, since you have marked it. I don't deny that it is smartly written. It irritates me, though. It is evidently the theory of some arm-chair lounger who evolves all these neat little paradoxes in the seclusion of his own study. It is not practical. I should like to see him clapped down in a third-class carriage on the Underground, and asked to give the trades of all his fellow-travellers. I would lay a thousand to one against him."

"You would lose your money," Sherlock Holmes remarked calmly. "As for the article, I wrote it myself."

"You!"

"Yes; I have a turn both for observation and for deduction. The theories which I have expressed there, and which appear to you to be so chimerical, are really

extremely practical — so practical that I depend upon them for my bread and cheese."

"And how?" I asked involuntarily.

"Well, I have a trade of my own. I suppose I am the only one in the world. I'm a consulting detective, if you can understand what that is. Here in London we have lots of government detectives and lots of private ones. When these fellows are at fault, they come to me and I manage to put them on the right scent. They lay all the evidence before me, and I am generally able, by the help of my knowledge of the history of crime, to set them straight. There is a strong family resemblance about misdeeds, and if you have all the details of a thousand at your finger-ends, it is odd if you can't unravel the thousand and first. Lestrade is a well-known detective. He got himself into a fog recently over forgery case, and that was what brought him here."

"And these other people?"

"They are mostly sent out by private inquiry agencies. They are all people who are in trouble about something, and want a little enlightening. I listen to their story, they listen to my comments, and then I pocket my fee."

"But do you mean to say," I said, "that without leaving your room you can unravel some knot which other men can make nothing of, although they have seen every detail for themselves?"

"Quite so. I have a kind of intuition that way. Now and again a case turns up which is a little more complex. Then I have to bustle about and see things with my own eyes. You see, I have a lot of special knowledge which I apply to the problem, and which facilitates matters wonderfully. Those rules of deduction laid down in that article which aroused your scorn are invaluable to me in practical work. Observation, with me, is second nature. You appeared to be surprised when I told you, on our first meeting, that you had come from Afghanistan."

"You were told, no doubt."

"Nothing of the sort. I *knew* you came from Afghanistan. From long habit the train of thought ran so swiftly through my mind that I arrived at the conclusion

without being conscious of intermediate steps. There were such steps, however. The train of reasoning ran: 'Here is a gentleman of a medical type, but with the air of a military man. Clearly an army doctor, then. He has just come from the tropics, for his face is dark, and that is not the natural tint of his skin, for his wrists are fair. He has undergone hardship and sickness, as his haggard face says clearly. His left arm has been injured. He holds it in a stiff and unnatural manner. Where in the tropics could an English army doctor have seen much hardship and got his arm wounded? Clearly in Afghanistan.' The whole train of thought did not occupy a second. I then remarked that you came from Afghanistan, and you were astonished."

"It is simple enough as you explain it," I said, smiling. "You remind me of Edgar Allan Poe's Dupin. I had no idea that such individuals did exist outside of stories."

Sherlock Holmes rose and lighted his pipe.

"No doubt you think that you are complimenting me in comparing me to Dupin," he observed. "Now, in my opinion, Dupin was a very inferior fellow. That trick of his of breaking in on his friends' thoughts with an apropos remark after a quarter of an hour's silence is really very showy and superficial. He had some analytical genius, no doubt; but he was by no means such a phenomenon as Poe appeared to imagine."

"Have you read Gaboriau's works?" I asked. "Does Lecoq come up to your idea of a detective?"

Sherlock Holmes sniffed sardonically.

"Lecoq was a miserable bungler," he said, in an angry voice; "he had only one thing to recommend him, and that was his energy. That book made me positively ill. The question was how to identify an unknown prisoner. I could have done it in twenty-four hours, Lecoq took six months or so. It might be made a textbook for detectives to teach them what to avoid."

I felt rather indignant at having two characters whom I had admired treated in this cavalier style. I walked over to the window, and stood looking out into the busy street.

"This fellow may be very clever," I said to myself, "but he is certainly very conceited."

"There are no crimes and no criminals in these days," he said, querulously. "What is the use of having brains in our profession? I know well that I have it in me to make my name famous. No man lives or has ever lived who has brought the same amount of study and of natural talent to the detection of crime which I have done. And what is the result? There is no crime to detect, or, at most, some bungling villainy with a motive so transparent that even a Scotland Yard official can see through it."

I was still annoyed at his bumptious style of conversation. I thought it best to change the topic.

"I wonder what that fellow is looking for?" I asked, pointing to a stalwart, plainly dressed individual who was walking slowly down the other side of the street, looking anxiously at the numbers. He had a large blue envelope in his hand, and was evidently the bearer of a message.

"You mean the retired sergeant of marines," said Sherlock Holmes.

"Brag and bounce!" thought I to myself. "He knows that I cannot verify his guess."

The thought had hardly passed through my mind when the man whom we were watching caught sight of the number on our door, and ran rapidly across the roadway. We heard a loud knock, a deep voice below, and heavy steps ascending the stair.

"For Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said, stepping into the room and handing my friend the letter.

Here was an opportunity of taking the conceit out of him. He little thought of this when he made that random shot.

"May I ask, my lad," I said blandly, "what you trade may be?"

"Commissionaire, sir," he said gruffly. "Uniform away for repairs."

"And you were?" I asked, with a slightly malicious glance at my companion.

"A sergeant, sir; Royal Marine Light Infantry, sir. No answer? Right sir."

He clicked his heels together, raised his hand in a salute, and was gone.—*Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*

A TRIP TO WINCHESTER.

By eleven o'clock the next day we were well upon our way to the old English capital. Holmes had been buried in the morning papers all the way down, but after we had passed the Hampshire border he threw them down, and began to admire the scenery. It was an ideal spring day, a light blue sky, flecked with little fleecy white clouds drifting across from west to east. The sun was shining very brightly, and yet there was an exhilarating nip in the air, which set an edge to a man's energy. All over the country-side, away to the rolling hills around Aldershot, the little red and gray roofs of the farm-steadings peeped out from amid the light green of the new foliage.

"Are they not fresh and beautiful?" I cried, with all the enthusiasm of a man fresh from the fogs of Baker Street.

But Holmes shook his head gravely.

"Do you know, Watson," said he, "that it is one of the curses of a mind with a turn like mine that I must look at everything with a reference to my own special subject. You look at these scattered houses, and you are impressed by their beauty. I look at them, and the only thought which comes to me is a feeling of their isolation and of the impunity with which crime may be committed there."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Who would associate crime with these dear old homesteads?"

"They always fill me with a certain horror. It is my belief, Watson, founded upon my experience, that the lowest and vilest alleys in London do not present a more dreadful record of sin than does the smiling and beautiful country-side."

"You horrify me."

"But the reason is very obvious. The pressure of

public opinion can do in the town what the law cannot accomplish. There is no lane so vile as that the scream of a tortured child, or the thud of a drunkard's blow, does not beget sympathy and indignation among the neighbors, and then the whole machinery of justice is ever so close that a word of complaint can set it going, and there is a step between the crime and the dock. But look at these lonely houses, each in its own fields, filled for the most part with poor, ignorant folk who know little of the law. Think of the deeds of hellish cruelty, the hidden wickedness which may go, year in, year out, in such places, and none the wiser. Had this lady who appeals to us for help gone to live in Winchester, I should never have had a fear for her. It is the five miles of country which makes the danger. Still, it is clear that she is not personally threatened."

"No. If she can come to Winchester to meet us she can get away."

"Quite so. She has her freedom."

"What can be the matter, then? Can you suggest no explanation?"

"I have devised seven separate explanations, each of which would cover the facts as far as we know them. But which of these is correct can only be determined by the fresh information which we shall no doubt find waiting for us. Well, there is the tower of the cathedral, and we shall soon learn all that Miss Hunter has to tell."

The "Black Swan" is an inn of repute in the High Street, at no distance from the station, and there we found the young lady waiting for us. She had engaged a sitting-room, and our lunch awaited us upon the table.

"I am so delighted that you have come," she said, earnestly. "It is so very kind of you both; but indeed I do not know what I should do. Your advice will be altogether invaluable to me."

"Pray tell us what has happened to you."

"I will do so, and I must be quick, for I have promised Mr. Rucastle to be back before three. I got this leave to come into town this morning, though he little knew for what purpose."

"Let us have everything in its due order." Holmes

thrust his long thin legs out toward the fire and composed himself to listen.

"In the first place, I may say that I have met, on the whole, with no actual ill-treatment from Mr. and Mrs. Rucastle. It is only fair to them to say that. But I cannot understand them, and I am not easy in my mind about them."

"What can you not understand?"

"Their reasons for their conduct. But you shall have it all just as it occurred. When I came down, Mr. Rucastle met me here, and drove me in his dog-cart to the Copper Beeches. It is, as he said, beautifully situated, but it is not beautiful in itself, for it is a large square block of a house, whitewashed, but all stained and streaked with damp and bad weather. There are grounds round it, woods on three sides, and on the fourth a field which slopes down to the Southampton High-road, which curves past about a hundred yards from the front door. This ground in front belongs to the house, but the woods all round are part of Lord Southerton's preserves. A clump of copper beeches immediately in front of the hall door has given its name to the place.

"I was driven over by my employer, who was as amiable as ever, and was introduced by him that evening to his wife and the child. There was no truth, Mr. Holmes, in the conjecture which seemed to us to be probable in your rooms at Baker street. Mrs. Rucastle is not mad. I found her to be a silent, pale-faced woman, much younger than her husband, not more than thirty, I should think, while he can hardly be less than forty-five. From their conversation I have gathered that they have been married about seven years, that he was a widower, and that his only child by the first wife was the daughter who has gone to Philadelphia. Mr. Rucastle told me in private that the reason why she had left them was that she had an unreasoning aversion to her step-mother. As the daughter could not have been less than twenty, I can quite imagine that her position must have been uncomfortable with her father's young wife.—*Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*

Dr. Doyle's popularity was largely increased upon the appearance in 1905 of his later *Sherlock Holmes* stories, and he is more widely read in the United States than in Great Britain.

DRACHMANN, Hôlger Henrik Herholdt, a Danish poet and novelist; born at Copenhagen, October 9, 1846. He was educated in his native city; and between 1866 and 1870, he studied painting at the Academy of Fine Arts, achieving some success in marine views as a student of Sörensen. Under the guidance of Georg Brandes, he abandoned painting and devoted himself to literature; and in 1872 he published a collection of poems entitled *Digte,* followed by a volume of sketches called *Med Kul og Kridt.* As is well said by Professor Kittredge, of Harvard, in an article written for *Johnson's Cyclopædia,* "at the beginning of his career he was intensely radical; but his sentiments have undergone some modifications. He has travelled much, and made himself intimately acquainted with the life of many conditions of men. The restlessness of the last part of the nineteenth century is in him combined with a remarkable poetic genius, which, though manifesting itself in very different degrees in his various works, has already given them the position of classics." In 1875 appeared his *Dæmpede Melodier,* illustrated by the poet himself. Then followed *Sange ved Havet* (1877); *Prindsessen og det Halve Kongerige* (*The Princess and the Half of the Kingdom* (1878); *Ranker og*

Roser (1879); *Ungdom i Digt og Sang* (1879); *Œsten for Sol og Vesten for Maane* (*To the East for the Sun and to the West for the Moon* (1880); and *Peder Nordenskiœld,* a biography in verse. In the domain of romance and fiction his works include: *Derovre fra Groensen* (*On the Other Side of the Frontier* (1871); *En Overkomplet* (1876); *Ungt Blod* (1876); *Tannhäuser* (1877); *Paa Sömands Tro og Love* (1878); *Paul et Virginie* (1879); *Under Nordlige Bredde* (1879). In the latter year he issued also a translation of Byron's *Don Juan.* His later works include: *Vandenes Datter* (1881); *Strandby Folk* (1883); *Danmark Leve* (1885); *Der Var en Gang* (1886); *Alkibiades* (1887); *To Dramatiske Digte* (1888); *Troldtoj* (1889); *Tusind og En Nat* (1889); *Forskrevet* (1890); *Tarvis* (1893).

A very fair estimate of Drachmann's genius is found in Horn's *Scandinavian Literature,* from which we take the following extract:—"His earliest poems, in which he appeared as a champion of radicalism in literature, made a great sensation, and the friends of this tendency greeted the new phenomenon with an enthusiasm hardly warranted by the intrinsic value of the poems. They were followed by other works in prose and verse, published in rapid succession and in great numbers, all of which give pictures from life. His productions are deeply impressed with the stamp of reality, while they are at the same time highly colored by the author's keen eye for observing every element of poetry. Such is especially the case when he describes the sea, which he is particularly fond of doing. No other Danish poet has ever equalled Drachmann in painting the ever-changing aspects of the sea. He may be said to have conquered

this domain of poetry. His original profession is painting, and his specialty is marine views, and this has unquestionably been of great service to him in his poetry. And never before — when we except Blicher — has Danish popular life been painted with so great poetic effect as in those made by Drachmann from the life of the Danish fishermen and sailors. His talent produces the most splendid results in his lyric poems, in which he frequently reaches a high degree of perfection in his command of language, and in his shorter stories."

TÖNNES AND NANNA.

How quiet it was here! At first their feet cracked the small twigs on the dry sandy soil in the outskirts; by-and-by, as they got deeper into the forest, their feet found moss and soft grass to tread upon. Then they took each other's hands, and walked more slowly. What course should they take? They followed a narrow path leading to a small swamp surrounded by birches. Nanna was the first to release the hand-clasp. She was warm, she said. The path ran close by the swamp. There was no water in it, but beautiful fresh-green grass in small tufts; the birches stood scattered around, now and then waving their pendent leaves as if the trees were suddenly stirred by some remembrance. The two threw themselves down near the road, and looked for awhile upon the scene. There was a fragrance of birch and of forester's hay. They inhaled the odor as they stretched themselves on the ground. They heard one of the forester's cows browsing around some distance out in the swamp; but they could not see her on account of the alders and birches. They felt the sun shining so blessedly warm straight down on them through the trees; but they were content where they lay and had no mind to move. They heard the little birds warbling far away in the forest, as though calling and answering each other; and when

the birds paused, they heard the flies humming and buzzing at a point a little distance from them on the road, where a number of scarabees had gathered. They moved away a little, as though by a silent understanding. But when they lay down again, the conversation would not move on.

"Listen!" said she; "sing something!"

Tönnes looked up, frightened.

"I cannot sing."

"Nonsense. Everyone can sing. Sing something—but no smith's songs."

She laughed, and looked roguishly at him. Tönnes grew a little embarrassed; but she was not to be denied. He looked around, half rising and leaning on his hands; and when he had satisfied himself that no being besides the cow, which was now seen out in the swamp, could hear him, and possibly criticise him, he sang, only half aloud:

"Father is out at sea,
Grandsire chops in the shed;
Lullaby, baby, my boy,
Here in thy cradle-bed.

"Rest thee now on thy pillow,
Rest, till thy sleep is done;
Mother sits at her spinning-wheel,
But all the others are gone.

"Father will bring thee pebbles,
Yellow, and blue, and gray;
Grandsire will make a horse for thee,
Then thou must mount and away.

"Mother can bring thee nothing;
She stays at home with thee:
She can only sing for her sailor-boy
A song of the restless sea."

"But that is a cradle-song!" said Nanna.

Tönnes grew red.

"I did not know any other."

"No, it is not good for anything," said the girl. "It is for very small children — or dolls."

"Now you must sing!"

"Well, let me see." She hesitated for a moment: then she sat up with feet bent under her like a Turk, and smoothed her dress over her knees.

She sang:

"There were eleven gallant suitors
Rode out to woo a maiden fair;
In the early morn they had made them ready,
And trimmed their beards and dressed their hair.
Away! away! now forth they ride
To win the maiden for their bride;
But the maiden laughed when the throng she spied:
'Yes, all can saddle, but few can ride.'

"There were eleven gallant suitors
Who spoke to her of their bosom's pain;
And all together they claimed her favor,
And turned, and bowed, and turned them again
'But only one at a time may speak,
And only singly my favor seek.'
Then the suitors suddenly silent grew:
It is not so easy a maiden to woo.
"There were eleven gallant suitors
Who stood in confusion and could not speak;
Till the youngest of all stepped up to the maiden;
'Yes, you are the one whom I came to seek.'
Then he drew his knife from the sheath at his waist,
And against her bosom its point he placed;
But the maiden laughed, for that token she knew:
'Yes, I'll take him for my lover true.'"

"It was a strange song," said Tönnes, scratching his head.

She laughed.

"It is one of the songs that father sings."— *From Paul and Virginia; translation of* TH. A. SCHOVELIN and FRANCIS BROWNE.

DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN, an American poet; born at New York, August 7, 1795; died there, September 21, 1820. He studied medicine at Columbia College, and early formed an intimate personal and literary friendship with Fitz-Greene Halleck and James Fenimore Cooper. In 1818 he travelled in Europe; and upon his return in the following year he began, in conjunction with Halleck, the writing of the poetical "Croaker" papers, which appeared in the newspapers. His longest poem, *The Culprit Fay*, was written — it is said in three days — before he had reached the age of twenty-one; and his stirring lines on *The American Flag*, written in 1819, was one of the "Croaker" papers.

THE GATHERING OF THE FAIRIES.

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night;
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue —
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cro'nest;
She mellows the shades on his craggy breast;

And seems his huge gray form to throw,
In a silver cone on the waves below.
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut-bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark,
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempests rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like, spiral line below;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And nought is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katydid,
And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill,
Who mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till the morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell:—
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak;
And he has awakened the sentry Elve
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the Fays to their revelry:—
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
'Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell—
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither wing your way!
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day!"

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees.
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-birds downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power—
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmèd hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;

And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above — below — on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride.

They come not now to print the lea
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,
And drink the dew from the buttercup:—
A scene of sorrow waits them now,
For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eyes of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the Lily-King's behest.—
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the Elfin Court must haste away!—
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the Culprit Fay.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy,
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone,
The prisoner Fay was at his feet,
And his Peers were ranged around the throne.
— *The Culprit Fay.*

ODE TO FORTUNE.

Fair lady with the bandaged eye!
I'll pardon all thy scurvy tricks;
So thou wilt *cut* me and deny
Alike thy kisses and thy kicks.
I'm quite contented as I am;
Have cash to keep my duns at bay,
Can choose between beefsteaks and ham,
And drink Madeira every day.

My station is the middle rank;
My fortune just a competence —
Ten thousand in the Franklin Bank,
And twenty in the six-per-cents.
No amorous chains my heart enthrall;
I neither borrow, lend, nor sell;
Fearless I roam the City Hall,
And bite my thumbs at Sheriff Bell.

The horse that twice a year I ride,
At Mother Dawson's eats his fill;
My books at Goodrich's abide,
My country-seat is Weehawk Hill;
My morning lounge is Eastburn's shop,
At Poppleton's I take my lunch;
Niblo prepares my mutton-chop,
And Jennings makes my whiskey-punch.

When merry, I the hours amuse
By squibbling Bucktails, Bucks and Balls;
And when I'm troubled with the blues,
Damn Clinton and abuse canals. —
Then, Fortune, since I ask no prize,
At least preserve me from thy frown;
The man who don't attempt to rise
'Twere cruelty to tumble down.

— *The Croakers.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the Stars of glory there.
She mingled with it gorgeous dyes
  The milky baldric of the skies.
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her Eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic Monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
  When, stride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven;—
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
  To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blending shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
  The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on—
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet—
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud

Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall —
There shall thy meteor-glances glow,
  And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
  That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy Stars shall glitter o'er the brave:
When Death careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
  By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard-sheet!
  Where breathes the foe that falls before us
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

DRAKE, Samuel Adams, an American journalist and historian; born at Boston, Mass., December 20, 1833. He is the author of various interesting works, among them *Old Landmarks and Historic Fields of Middlesex* (1874); *Bunker Hill* (1875), the story told in letters by British officers engaged in the battle; *Old Landmarks and Historic Per-*

sonages of Boston (1876); *Captain Nelson: a Romance of Colonial Days* (1879); *Around the Hub,* a book for boys, and *The Heart of the White Mountains* (1881); *New England Legends and Folk Lore* (1883); *Indian History for Young Folks* (1884); and *The Making of New England* (1886); *Decisive Events in American History* (1889); *Our Colonial Homes* (1893); *The Border Wars of New England* (1897); and *The Myths and Fables of Today* (1900). Of his earlier works, *The Nation,* speaking of the *Old Landmarks,* says: "This is a valuable book. Boston is one of the few cities in America which are worth studying minutely." And of the *Nooks and Corners* the same authority remarks. that it is "crowded with description, narrative, and sentiment, and adorned with some three hundred wood engravings, of which not one is trivial or superfluous." Of the former of these two, Duyckinck says, in his *American Literature,* that "it has been characterized as one of the most entertaining books of the class to which it belongs, and has had a large sale."

A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

There is a fine cataract on the Ellis, known as Goodrich Falls. This is a mile and a half out of the village where the Conway road passes the Ellis by a bridge; and being directly upon the high-road, is one of the best known. The river here suddenly pours its whole volume over a precipice eighty feet high, making the earth tremble with the shock. I made my way down the steep bank to the bed of the river below the fall, from which I saw, first, the curling wave — large, regular, and glassy — of the dam, then three wild and foaming pitches of broken water, with detached cascades, gushing out from the rocks at the right — all falling heavily into the eddying pool below. Where the water was not white, or fil-

liped into fine spray, it was the color of pale sherry, and opaque, gradually changing to amber gold as the light penetrated it and the descending sheet of the fall grew thinner. The full tide of the river showed the fall to the best possible advantage. But Spring is the season of cascades — the only season when one is sure of seeing them at all. One gets strongly attached to such a stream as the Ellis. If it has been his only comrade for weeks, as it has been mine, the liking grows stronger every day — the sense of companionship is full and complete: the river is so voluble, so vivacious, so full of noisy chatter. If you are dull, it rouses and lifts you out of yourself; if gay, it is as gay as you. Besides, there is the paradox that, notwithstanding you may be going in different directions, it never leaves you for a single moment. One talks as it runs. One listens as he walks. A secret, an indefinable sympathy springs up. You are no longer alone.

Among other stories that the river told me was the following: Once, while on their way to Canada, through these mountains, a war-party of Indians, fresh from a successful foray on the sea-coast, halted with their prisoners on the banks of a stream whose waters stopped their way. For weeks these miserable captives had toiled through trackless forests, through swollen and angry torrents, sometimes climbing mountains on their hands and knees — they were so steep — and at night stretching their aching limbs on the cold ground, with no other roof than the heavens. The captives were a mother, with her new-born babe, scarcely fourteen days old, her boy of six, her two daughters of fourteen and sixteen years, and her maid. Two of her little flock were missing. One little prattler was playing at her knee, and another in the orchard, when thirteen red devils burst in the door of their happy home. Two cruel strokes of the axe stretched them lifeless in their blood before her frenzied eyes. One was killed to intimidate, the other was dispatched because he was afraid, and cried out to his mother. There was no time for tears — none even for a parting kiss. Think of that, mothers of the nineteenth century! The tragedy fin-

ished, the hapless survivors were hurried from the house into the woods. There was no resistance. The blow fell like a stroke of lightning from a clear sky.

This mother, whose eyes never left the embroidered belt of the chief where the scalps of her murdered babes hung; this mother, who had tasted the agony of death from hour to hour, and whose incomparable courage not only supported her own weak frame, but had so far miraculously preserved the lives of her little ones, now stood shivering on the shores of the swollen torrent with her babe in her arms, and holding her little boy by the hand. In rags, bleeding, and almost famished, her misery should have melted a heart of stone. But she well knew the mercy of her masters. When fainting, they had goaded her on with blows, or, making a gesture as if to snatch her little one from her arms, significantly grasped their tomahawks. Hope was gone; but the mother's instinct was not yet extinguished in that heroic breast. But at that moment of sorrow and despair, what was her amazement to hear the Indians accost her daughter Sarah, and command her to sing them a song. What mysterious chord had the wild flowing river touched in those savage breasts? The girl prepared to obey, and the Indians to listen. In the heart of these vast solitudes, which never before echoed to a human voice, the heroic English maiden chanted to the plaintiff refrain of the river the sublime words of the Psalmist:

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.
We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.
For there, they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth."

As she sung, the poor girl's voice trembled and her eyes filled, but she never once looked toward her mother. When the last notes of the singer's voice died away, the bloodiest devil, he who had murdered the children, took the babe gently from the mother without a word, another

lifted her burden to his own shoulder; another, the little boy; when the whole company entered the river. Gentlemen, metaphysicians, explain that scene, if you please; it is no romance.— *The Heart of the White Mountains.*

DRAPER, HENRY, an American astronomer; born in Prince Edward County, Va., March 7, 1837; died at New York, November 20, 1882. He was educated in the public schools and the University of New York from the medical department of which he graduated in 1858. Having served for a year on the medical staff of Bellevue Hospital, he became Professor of Physiology in the University of the City of New York, and in 1866 in the medical department of that institution. While young he turned his attention to microscopical photography. He built and equipped an astronomical observatory at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, and was the first to obtain a photograph of the lines in the spectra of fixed stars. In 1874 he was superintendent of the commission created to observe the transit of Venus. In 1878 he went again to the Rocky Mountains to photograph the eclipse of the sun. He published *Discoveries of Oxygen in the Sun; A New Theory of the Solar Spectrum; Delusions in Medicine,* and *A Text Book on Chemistry.*

OXYGEN IN THE SUN.

If it be conceded that there are bright lines in the spectrum of the solar disk, which seems to be the opinion of several physicists, and especially Lockyer, Cornu, and Hennessy, the question of their origin naturally at-

tracts attention. It seems that there is a great probability, from general chemical reasons, that a number of the non-metals may exist in the Sun. The obvious continuation of this research is in that direction. But the subject is surrounded by exceedingly great obstacles, arising principally from the difficulty of matching the conditions as to temperature, pressure, etc., found in the Sun. Any one who has studied nitrogen, sulphur, or carbon, and has observed the manner in which the spectrum changes by variations of heat and pressure, will realize that it is well-nigh impossible to hit upon the exact conditions under which such bodies exist at the level of the photosphere. The fact that oxygen, within a certain range of variation, suffers less change than others of the non-metals has been the secret of its detection in the Sun. It appears to have a great stability of constitution,though Schuster has shown that its spectrum may be made to vary. . . . On the whole, it does not seem improper for me to take the ground that, having shown by photographs that the bright lines of the oxygen-spark spectrum all fall opposite bright portions of the solar spectrum, I have established the probability of the existence of oxygen in the Sun. Causes that can modify in some measure the character of the bright bands of the solar spectrum obviously exist in the Sun, and these, it may be inferred, exert influence enough to account for such minor differences as may be detected. — *The Solar Spectrum.*

TALISMANS, AMULETS, AND CHARMS.

Talismans were natural objects, generally imagined to be marked like the signs of the planets or zodiac, but sometimes they were precious stones. They are confounded to a certain extent with amulets, which Arabic word signifies anything suspended. Charms, on the other hand, from the Latin *carmen,* a song, refer to written spells, collections of words often without sense, like the famous "Abracadabra." In the time of the Crusades, as so interestingly narrated by Scott in the *Talisman,* faith in the virtue of precious stones was universal,

and to each was attributed special properties. The heliotrope, or blood-stone, now worn in seal rings so much, "stancheth blood, driveth away poisons, preserveth health; yea, and some write that it provoketh raine and darkeneth the sunne, suffering not him that beareth it to be abused. A topaze healeth the lunaticke person of his passion of lunacie. The garnet assisteth sorrow, and recreates the heart; the crysolite is the friend of wisdom and enemy of folly. The great quack, Dr. Dee, had a lump of cannel-coal that could predict." In the fancied resemblances found among talismans none are extraordinary than those associated with color. Because Avicenna had said that red corpuscles moved the blood, red colors must be employed in diseases of that fluid; and even in 1765 the Emperor Francis I. was wrapped up in scarlet cloth to cure the small-pox and so died. Flannel dyed nine times in blue was good for scrofula. Among amulets that of Pope Adrian was curious: it consisted of dried toad, arsenic, tormentil, pearl, coral, hyacinth, smaragd, and tragacanth, and was hung around the neck, and never removed. The arsenic amulets worn during the plague in London were active on the principle that one poison would prevent the entry of another. Ashmole's cure for ague was to take, early in the morning, a good dose of elixir, and hang three spiders round his neck, "which drove it away, God be thanked." . . . Necklaces and bracelets were originally not articles of ornament, but real amulets; those found of Egyptian mummies are carved with characters relating to the future of the body, the scarabæus, or tumble-bug, typifying symbolically by his performances the resurrection.—*Delusions in Medicine.*

DRAPER, JOHN WILLIAM, an American physiologist and chemist; born at St. Helens, near Liverpool, England, May 5, 1811; died at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., January 4, 1882. He received his early education in a Wesleyan school, studied natural science and the higher mathematics under private teachers, and then went to the University of London to study chemistry and medicine. In 1833 he came to the United States — most of his family having preceded him — and entered the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1836. He was soon appointed to the chair of Chemistry and Physiology in Hampden Sidney College, Va., in 1839, to that of Chemistry and Natural History in the University of the City of New York, and in 1841 became Professor of Chemistry in the University Medical College. He was afterward President of the scientific and medical department of the University. He was a contributor to the London and Edinburgh *Philosophical Journals,* and to the *American Journal of Science and Arts.* Among his works are a *Treatise on the Forces which Produce the Organization of Plants* (1844), a *Text-Book on Chemistry* (1846); *Human Physiology, Statistical and Dynamic* (1856), *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe* (1862); *Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America* (1865); *History of the American Civil War* (1867–70); *History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science* (1874); *Scientific Memoirs* (1876).

JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER.

THE DECLINE OF THE GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

Whenever man reaches a certain point in his mental progress he will not be satisfied with less than an application of existing rules to ancient events. Experience has taught him that the course of the world to-day is the same as it was yesterday; he unhesitatingly believes that this will also hold good for to-morrow. He will not bear to contemplate any break in the mechanism of history; he will not be satisfied with a mere uninquiring faith, but insists upon having the same voucher for an old fact that he requires for one that is new. Before the face of History Mythology cannot stand. The operation of this principle is seen in all directions throughout Greek literature after 670 B. C., and this the more strikingly as the time is later. The national intellect became more and more ashamed of the fables it had believed in its infancy. Of the legends, some are allegorized, some are modified, some are repudiated. The great tragedians accept the myths in the aggregate, but decline them in particulars; some of the poets transform or allegorize them; some use them ornamentally, as graceful decorations. It is evident that between the educated and the vulgar classes a divergence is taking place, and that the best men of the times see the necessity of either totally abandoning these cherished fictions to the lower orders, or of gradually replacing them with something more suitable. Such a frittering away of sacred things was, however, very far from meeting with public approbation in Athens itself, although so many people in that city had reached that state of mental development in which it was impossible for them to continue to accept the national faith. They tried to force themselves to believe that there must be something true in that which had been believed by so many great and pious men of old, which had approved itself by lasting so many centuries, and of which it was by the common people asserted that absolute demonstration could be given. But it was in vain; intellect had outgrown faith. They had come into that condition to which all men are liable —

aware of the fallacy of their opinions, yet angry that another should remind them thereof. When the social state no longer permitted them to take the life of a philosophical offender, they found means to put upon him such an invisible pressure as to present him the choice of orthodoxy or beggary. Thus they disapproved of Euripides permitting his characters to indulge in any skeptical reflections, and discountenanced the impiety so obvious in the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus. It was by appealing to this sentiment that Aristophanes added no little to the excitement against Socrates. Those who are doubting themselves are often loudest in public denunciations of a similar state in others.

If thus the poets, submitting to common sense, had so rapidly fallen away from the national belief, the philosophers pursued the same course. It soon became the universal impression that there was an intrinsic opposition between philosophy and religion, and herein public opinion was not mistaken; the fact that polytheism furnished a religious explanation for every natural event made it essentially antagonistic to science. It was the uncontrollable advancement of knowledge that overthrew the Greek religion. Socrates himself never hesitated to denounce physics for that tendency, and the Athenians extended his principles to his own pursuits; their strong common sense telling them that the philosophical cultivation of ethics must be equally bad. He was not loyal to science, but sought to support his own views by exciting a theological odium against his competitors — a crime that educated men ought never to forgive. In the tragedy that ensued the Athenians only paid him in his own coin. The immoralities imputed to the gods were doubtless strongly calculated to draw the attention of reflecting men; but the essential nature of the pursuit in which the Ionian and Italian schools were engaged bore directly on the doctrine of a providential government of the world. It not only turned into a fiction the time-honored dogma of the omnipresence of the Olympian divinities — it even struck at their very existence, by leaving them nothing to do. For those personifications it introduced impersonal Nature or the Elements. Instead of uniting scien-

tific interpretations to ancient traditions, it modified and moulded the old traditions to suit the apparent requirements of science. We shall subsequently see what was the necessary issue of this, that the Divinity became excluded from the world he had made; the supernatural merged in natural agency; Zeus was superseded by the air, Poseidon by the water; and, while some of the philosophers received in silence the philosophical legends, as was the case with Socrates, or, like Plato, regarded it as a patriotic duty to accept the public faith, others, like Xenophanes, denounced the whole as an ancient blunder, converted by time into a national imposture. . . .

As it was with philosophers, so it was with historians; the rise of true history brought the same result as the rise of true philosophy. In this instance there was added a special circumstance which gave to the movement no little force. Whatever might be the feigned facts of the Grecian foretime, they were altogether outdone in antiquity and wonder by the actual history of Egypt. What was a pious man like Herodotus to think when he found that, at the very period he had supposed a superhuman state of things in his native country, the ordinary passage of affairs was taking place on the banks of the Nile? And so indeed it had been for untold ages. To every one engaged in recording recent events, it must have been obvious that a chronology applied where the actors are superhuman is altogether without basis, and that it is a delusion to transfer the motives and thoughts of men to those who are not men. Under such circumstances there is a strong inducement to decline traditions altogether; for no philosophical mind will ever be satisfied with different tests for the present and the past, but will insist that actions and their sequences were the same in the foretime as now.

Thus for many ages stood affairs. One after another, historians, philosophers, critics, poets, had given up the national faith, and lived under a pressure perpetually laid upon them by the public; adopting generally, as their most convenient course, an outward compliance with the religious requirements of the state. Herodotus cannot reconcile the inconsistencies of the Trojan War with

his knowledge of human actions; Thucydides does not dare to express his disbelief of it; Eratosthenes sees contradictions between the voyage of Odysseus and the truths of geography; Anaxagoras is condemned to death for impiety, and only through the exertions of the chief of state is his sentence mercifully commuted to banishment. Plato, seeing things from a very general point of view, thinks it expedient, upon the whole, to prohibit the cultivation of the higher branches of physics. Euripides tries to free himself from the imputation of heresy as best he may. Æschylus is condemned to be stoned to death for blasphemy, and is only saved by his brother Aminias raising his mutilated arm — he had lost his hand in the battle of Salamis. Socrates stands his trial, and has to drink hemlock. Even great statesmen like Pericles had become entangled in these obnoxious opinions. No one has anything to say in explanation of the marvellous disappearance of demigods and heroes; why miracles are ended, or why human actions alone are now to be seen in the world. An ignorant public demands the instant punishment of every suspected man. In their estimation, to distrust the traditions of the past is to be guilty of treason to the present.— *Intellectual Development of Europe.*

DRAYTON, MICHAEL, an English poet; born at Hartshill, Warwickshire, in 1563; died at London, December 23, 1631. Of his personal history little is recorded, except that he is said to have had a University training, that he found powerful patrons, and that he was made Poet Laureate in 1626. His poetical works, as printed collectively in 1752, make four volumes. The longest of these, *The Poly-Olbion,* containing some 30,000 lines, consists of thirty "songs," the first eighteen of them being first published in 1613, the remainder in 1632. It is, as

he says, "A chorographical description of all the tracts, rivers, mountains, forests, and other parts of this renowned Isle of Great Britain; with intermixture of the most remarkable stories, antiquities, wonders, etc., of the same." Among his best pieces besides *Poly-Olbion,* are *Mortimeriados* (1596), which deals with the Wars of the Roses; *England's Heroical Epistles* (1597); *Poems Lyrical and Pastoral* (1605); *The Battle of Agincourt* and *The Miseries of Queen Margaret* (1627); and *Nymphidia* (1627). Over his grave, in Westminster Abbey, the Countess of Dorset erected a monument with memorial lines by Ben Jonson.

ROBIN HOOD IN SHERWOOD FOREST.

The merry pranks he played, would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell,
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,
How he hath cozened them, that him would have betrayed;
How often he hath come to Nottingham disguised,
And cunningly escaped, being set to be surprised.
In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John;
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trad
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
All clad in Lincoln Green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,
When setting to their lips their bugles shrill
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;
Their baldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulders cast,

To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span —
Who struck below the knee, not counted then a man:
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong,
They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad-arrow, or butt, or prick, or roving shaft,
At marks full forty score, they used to prick and rove,
Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove;
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win:
At long-butts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin,
Their arrows finely paired, for timber, and for feather,
With birch and brazil pierced, to fly in any weather;
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,
The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile.
And of these archers brave, there was not any one
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon.
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
What oftentimes he took, he shared amongst the poor:
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him before he went, but for his pass must pay:
The widow in distress he graciously relieved,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved:
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which whereso'er she came,
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game:
Her clothes tucked to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver armed, she wandered here and there
Amongst the forests wild; Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew.

—*Poly-Olbion, Song XXVIII.*

The spirited ballad, *The Battle of Agincourt,* contains fifteen stanzas in all:

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

I.

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kause, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry;

II.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hours;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his powers.

III.

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the King sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

IV.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
'Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed:

Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

v.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be;
England, ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me;
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain:
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me."

VIII.

They now to fight are gone;
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan;
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

IX.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm, suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

X.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,

That like serpents stung,
Piercing the weather:
None from his fellow starts,
But, playing manly parts,
Stuck close together.

XI.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulder sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

XV.

Upon Saint Crispin's day.
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.—
Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen;
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

A PARTING.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part:
Nay, I have done; you get no more of me;
And I am glad — yea, glad with all my heart —
That thus so clearly I myself can free.
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows;
And, when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies;

When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes.—
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

Her chariot ready straight is made;
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
For nought must be her letting;
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colors did excell;
The fair Queen Mab becoming well
So lively was the limning;
The seat the soft wood of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pied butterflee;
I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce;
For fear of rattling on the stones
With thistle-down they shod it;
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted;
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop, and Drab so clear,
Pip and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign so dear,
  Her special maids of honor;
Fib and Tib, and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick, and Jill and Jin,
Tit and Nit, and Wap and Win,
  The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And, what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
  But after her they hie them:
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow;
Themselves they wisely could bestow
  Lest any should espy them.

DRENNAN, WILLIAM, an Irish poet and essayist; born at Belfast, May 23, 1754; died there February 5, 1820. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, where he took the degree of M.A. in 1771, and he then proceeded to Edinburgh to study medicine. At Edinburgh he was noted as one of the most distinguished students of his period, not only in medicine, but in philosophy. He became a favorite pupil and intimate friend of Dugald Stewart, and after seven years of study took his M.D. degree in 1778. After practicing his profession for two or three years in his native city he moved to Newry, where he settled down, and where he first began to take an interest in politics and literature. In the great political movement in Ireland of 1784 Drennan, like all other Ulstermen who had felt the influence of

Dugald Stewart, took a keen interest. His letters to the press, signed *Orellana, the Irish Helot,* attracted universal attention. In 1789 he moved to Dublin, where he soon became a conspicuous figure in the social life of the Irish capital. He was a member of the jovial club of the "Monks of the Screw," a friend of Lysaght and Curran, and well known for his poetical powers. In politics he continued to take a still deeper interest; he was a member of the political club founded in 1790 by T. A. Emmett and Peter Burrowes, and in June, 1791, he wrote the original prospectus of the famous society of the United Irishmen. He was tried for sedition and acquitted on June 26, 1794, after an eloquent defence by Curran; but after that date he seems to have withdrawn from the more active projects of his friends and from complicity in their plots, and he was not again molested by the authorities. But his beautiful lyrics, published first in the *Press* and in the *Harp of Erin,* show how deeply he sympathized with his old associates, and they were soon famous throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. In 1791 he published his poem, *To the Memory of William Orr,* which was followed in 1795 by *The Wail of the Women After the Battle* and *Glendalough.* These are the most famous of Drennan's lyrics, and on them his fame chiefly rests. He is also claimed as the first Irish poet who ever called Ireland by the name of the Emerald Isle. The troubles of 1798 brought his political career to a close, and on February 3, 1800, he married, and in 1807 left Dublin and settled in Belfast. He founded the Belfast Academical Institution and started the *Belfast Magazine,* to which he largely contributed. In 1815 he published his fa-

mous lyrics in a volume as *Fugitive Pieces,* and in 1817 a translation of the *Electra* of Sophocles.

ERIN.

When Erin fresh rose from the dark swelling flood
God blessed the dear Island, and said it was good;
The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled and shone
In the ring of the world the most precious stone
In her sun, in her soil, in her station, thrice blest
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep;
At the thoughts of the past, the tears gush from her eyes,
And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise.
O sons of green Erin! lament o'er the time
When Religion was war, and our Country a crime;
When man in God's image inverted his plan,
And moulded his God in the image of man;

When the interest of State wrought the general woe,
The Stranger a friend and the Native a foe;
While the mother rejoiced o'er her children oppressed,
And clasped the invader more close to her breast;
When with pale for the body, and pale for the soul,
Church and State joined in compact to conquer the world;
And as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood,
Eyed each other askance, and pronounced it was good.

By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' grave,
For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,
Drive the Demon of Bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made brutes now let Erin make men.
Let my sons like the leaves of the shamrock unite —
A partition of sects from one footstalk of right;
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.

Alas for poor Erin! that some are still seen
Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to green;
Yet oh! when you're up and they're down, let them live,
Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.
Arm of Erin, be strong! but be gentle as brave!
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save?
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of, or men of, The Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
And the green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue!
And the triumph of Erin her daughters shall share,
With the full swelling-chest and the fair-flowing hair.
Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave,
But no coward shall rest in that soft-flowing wave.
Men of Erin! arise and make haste to be blest;
Rise — Arch of the Ocean, and Queen of the West!

DROZ, ANTOINE GUSTAVE, a French novelist; born at Paris, June 9, 1832; died there October 31, 1895. In 1864 he became a journalist, and soon after published in *La Vie Parisienne* a series of sketches which at once gave him a leading place in literature. The sketches were subsequently published in book-form, with the title *Monsieur, Madame et Bébé.* He afterward published *Entre Nous* (1867); *Le Cahier bleu de Mademoiselle Cibot* (1868); *Autour d'une Source* (1869); *Un Paquet de Lettres* (1870); *Babolein* (1872); *Les Étangs* (1875); *Une Femme Gênante* (1875); *Tristesses et Sourires* (1884); *L'Enfant* (1885). For *Tristesses et Sourires* he received the Halphen prize from the French Academy. In 1868 he became one of the editors of the

Revue des Deux Mondes. In 1879 he was decorated with the Legion of Honor. M. Droz's later works have fully sustained his early reputation as a brilliant writer.

In commenting upon his death, the London *Athenæum* spoke of him as the famous author of *Monsieur, Madame et Bébé,* and expressed the opinion that "next to his masterpiece *Tristesses et Sourires* is probably the best of his works."

ABBÉ ROCHE.

Day was just dawning as Abbé Roche returned home. He threw himself on his bed, hoping to obtain a little quiet and repose; but scarcely had he closed his eyes when he was assailed by a tumultuous throng of visions. The Château was in flames. The old church bell rang violently, and all the villagers, suddenly roused from slumber, ran to seize their fire-buckets. He rushed into the midst of the conflagration, and perceived the countess, half dressed, with dishevelled hair, wringing her hands and calling to him for aid. "I forgive you, my friend," she cried; "save me, save me!"

He leaped over every obstacle, reached her side, and raised her in his arms. She clung to him with all her strength, exclaiming: "You are my preserver, I love you."

At these words he seemed to be endowed with threefold power, and bore her through the midst of the flames. The ceilings and roofs were falling. People shouted: "Come here, go there." He could not move. He saw her lose all consciousness — and the thought of dying with her in the midst of the tumult excited such keen emotion, that he suddenly awoke. On emerging from the clamor, and finding himself in his silent little chamber, dimly visible in the bluish light of early morning, he clasped his hands, crying: "My God, my God, grant me peace once more!"

Then his head drooped again, his eyes closed, and he

saw her once more walking beside him, but it was on the edge of a precipice. They talked in whispers, for they were pursued. Suddenly the young wife drew him toward her, and clasped in each others' arms they sprang into the abyss. It was one of those interminable falls which sometimes occur in dreams, and afford time to die most blissfully. As he took her hand and raised it to his lips, the doctor said:

"You see that she is dead; take the child and fly." Then he entered a vast cathedral, which was suddenly filled with light, crowded, and echoing with music, as if for the ordination of some priest. He felt the child move under his cloak, and although he strove to lose himself among the throng, was pushed into the front ranks. All eyes were fixed upon him with an expression of contempt and repugnance. He saw the bishop advance to meet him, and as the prelate approached, recognized under his mitre the livid features of the Count de Manteigney, who publicly slapped him in the face. The crowd rushed upon him, drove him from the temple, and he found himself in an immense desert, holding in his arms the new-born infant, and bathing it with his tears.

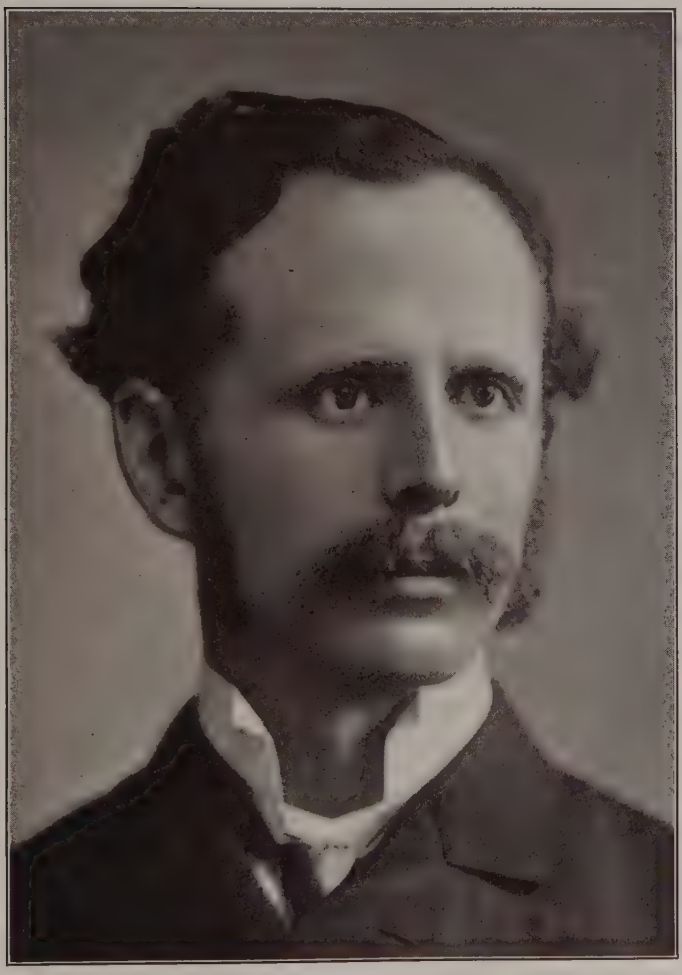
The *Angelus* roused the curé of Grand Fort from these haunting nightmares. He opened his windows to admit the fresh morning air, and remembering that the bell-ringer would be waiting him in the vestry, went there as usual. On leaving the church, his mind was somewhat calmer, and he discovered that he was very hungry. Cutting off a large piece of bread, he began to eat it eagerly; but when about to pour out some wine, stopped, replaced the bottle, and drank a large glass of water. Was he imposing a penance upon himself, and did he wish to begin, by this little sacrifice, a life of reparation? — Who can tell? He took his breviary and went toward Marianne's cottage, intending afterward to visit Père Loursière. While Abbé Roche was ascending the mountain, a very singular rumor began to spread through the village. Already, on the square before the church, and at the doors of the houses, groups of people were eagerly talking. They related the following tale.

The preceding night, a little shepherd named Pierre

Ribat, scarcely more than a child, while returning home rather late, had perceived on the mountain, near a grove of trees, at the spot called the White Cross, on account of two rocks placed one above another, a sort of light, a tremulous light, something like a Will-o'-the-Wisp. The child, greatly surprised by this unexpected sight, had also noticed a strong odor of incense in the air, and although much terrified, crouched among the grasses and crawled toward the light, which at times disappeared and then reappeared. On arriving within a certain distance, he heard a confused murmur of voices, and hiding behind a little bush, gazed at the scene as steadily as he could. The light flickered like a star that was about to return to the skies. Suddenly a cry rose, a frightful cry, such as he had never heard before, a cry that seemed to proceed from the rocks. The child was so frightened that he felt his hair stand on end, and could not help uttering a shriek, when the light was instantly transformed into a dazzling flood of rays, in the midst of which he saw with his own eyes, the Holy Virgin mounted on an ass, and St. Joseph walking behind, so that any one would have supposed the colored statues in the church of Grand Fort had suddenly appeared in a burst of sunlight. The child Jesus was probably concealed under his mother's cloak on account of the night-air, so the shepherd did not see him; but he was almost sure that he had heard him. Unfortunately the splendor of the heavenly light was so great that his dazzled eyes could not distinguish the details of the picture very clearly. Be that as it might, Pierre Ribat plainly understood that the Virgin did not wish to be approached, for she raised her arm, and ordered him by a gesture of the hand to go at once toward the old saw-mill; then everything disappeared. The little shepherd lost all self-command on finding himself alone in the darkness, and began to run at full speed over the stones and through the brambles, leaping over rocks and hedges, and climbing the steep slopes; the dogs, hearing the uproar, sprang out of the sheep-folds, and rushed after him. Half mad with terror, he reached the plain, cut by the stones, torn by the thorns, and, still pursued by the dogs, stopped behind the new

building, which barred any further progress, and falling on his knees, recited five *Paters* and five *Aves.—Autour d'une Source.*

DRUMMOND, Sir Henry, a Scottish clergyman and author; born at Stirling, August 17, 1851; died at Tunbridge Wells, March 11, 1897. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and at the Free Church Divinity Hall. He was appointed to a mission at Malta, and on his return was made lecturer on science at Free Church College, Glasgow, and also took charge of a workingmen's mission. "For several years," he says, "it has been my privilege to address regularly two very different audiences on two very different themes. On week-days I have lectured to a class of students on the natural sciences, and on Sundays to an audience, consisting for the most part of workingmen, on subjects of a moral and religious character. For a time I succeeded in keeping the science and the religion shut off from one another in two separate compartments of my mind. But gradually the wall of separation showed symptoms of giving way. The two fountains of knowledge also slowly began to overflow, and finally their waters met and mingled; and I found the truth running out of my audience on Sundays by the week-day outlets. In other words, the subject-matter religion had taken on the method of expression of science, and I discovered myself enunciating spiritual law in the exact terms of biology and physics." The result of these studies is summed up in *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* (1883); *The Greatest Thing in the World*



HENRY DRUMMOND.

(1890); *Pax Vobiscum* (1890); *The Changed Life* (1891); *The Programme of Christianity* (1892); *The City Without a Church* (1893); *The Ascent of Man* (1894). He visited America and Africa in the pursuit of his scientific studies.

In a review of some of his earlier religious writings, the London *Spectator* says:—"No one who reads the papers entitled *Biogenesis, Degeneration, Eternal Life* and *Classification,* will fail to recognize in him a new and powerful teacher, impressive both from the scientific calmness and accuracy of his view of law, and from the deep religious earnestness with which he traces the workings of law in the moral and spiritual sphere. He attempts to show how the same laws which science has discovered in the phenomena of nature continue, and can be traced in the phenomena of the spiritual world: how such great principles as biogenesis, the origination of life only out of what is already living,— not only by analogy, but identically, govern the course of spiritual, as they have been proved to govern that of natural phenomena. He takes, therefore, some of the chief laws of nature as they have been discovered and stated by evolutionists, and demonstrates their identity with those principles of Christianity which have hitherto been accepted on authority, but have never been reduced to law or compared with the laws of nature. Biogenesis becomes in religion regeneration: spiritual death is want of correspondence: eternal life is perfect correspondence with the spiritual environment — God: conformity to type is conformity to the image of his Son."

The same authority thus speaks of Professor Drummond's *Tropical Africa:* "After the numerous and enormous volumes which have been written upon

Africa, it is a genuine treat to find Professor Drummond going to the heart of his subject in a volume of a little over two hundred pages. Its author is a remarkable writer as well as a remarkable thinker."

NATURAL LAW.

Natural Law is a new word. It is the last and the most magnificent discovery of science. No more telling proof is open to the modern world of science of the greatness of the idea than the grandness of the attempts which have always been made to justify it. In the earliest centuries, before the birth of science, Phenomena were studied alone. The world was then a chaos, a collection of single, isolated, and independent facts. Deeper thinkers saw, indeed, that relations must exist between these facts, but the Reign of Law was never more to the ancients than a far-off vision. With Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler the first regular lines of the universe began to be discovered. When Nature yielded to Newton her great secret, Gravitation was felt to be not greater as a fact in itself than as a revelation that Law was fact. And thenceforth the search for individual Phenomena gave way before the larger study of their relations. The pursuit of Law became the passion of science. . . . The fundamental conception of Law is an ascertained working sequence, or constant order among the Phenomena of Nature. . . .

The Natural Laws, then, are great lines running not only through the world, but, as we now know, through the universe, reducing it like parallels of latitude, to intelligent order. In themselves they may have no more absolute existence than parallels of latitude. But they exist for us. They are drawn for us to understand the part by some Hand that drew the whole; so drawn, perhaps, that, understanding the part, we too in time may yearn to understand the whole. Now the inquiry which we propose to ourselves resolves itself into the simple question: Do these lines stop with what we call the Natural sphere? Is it not possible that they may lead

further? Is it probable that the Hand which ruled them gave up the work where most of all they were required? Did that Hand divide the world into two, a cosmos and a chaos — the higher being the chaos? With Nature as the symbol of all harmony and beauty that is known to man, must we still talk of the supernatural, not as a convenient word, but as a different order of world — an unintelligible world, where the Reign of Mystery supersedes the Reign of Law? — *Natural Law, Introduction.*

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

Let us place vividly in our imagination the picture of the two great Kingdoms of Nature — the Inorganic and the Organic — as these now stand in the light of the Law of Biogenesis. What essentially is involved in saying that there is no Spontaneous Generation of Life? It is meant that the passage from the Mineral world to the Plant or Animal world is hermetically sealed on the mineral side. This Inorganic world is staked off from the Living world by barriers which have never yet been crossed from within. No change of substance, no modification of environment, no chemistry, no electricity, nor any form of energy, nor any evolution, can endow any single atom of the mineral world with the attribute of Life. Only by the bending down into this dead world of some living form can these dead atoms be gifted with the properties of vitality; without this preliminary contact with Life they remain fixed in the inorganic sphere forever.

It is a very mysterious Law which guards in this way the portals of the living world. And if there is one thing in Nature more worth pondering for its strangeness, it is the spectacle of this vast helpless world of the dead cut off from the living by the Law of Biogenesis, and denied forever the possibility of resurrection within itself. The physical Laws may explain the inorganic world; the biological Laws may account for the development of the organic. But of the point where they meet — of that strange borderland between the dead and the living — Science is silent. It is as if God had

placed everything in earth and heaven in the hands of Nature, but reserved a point at the genesis of Life for His direct appearing.—*Natural Law, Chap. I.*

ANALOGY BETWEEN THE NATURAL AND THE SPIRITUAL.

Where now in the Spiritual spheres shall we meet a companion phenomena to this? What in the Unseen shall be likened to this deep dividing-line? or where in human experience is another barrier which never can be crossed? There is such a barrier. In the dim but not inadequate vision of the Spiritual World presented in the Word of God, the first thing that strikes the eye is a great gulf fixed. The passage from the Natural World to the Spiritual World is hermetically sealed on the natural side. The door from the inorganic to the organic is shut: no mineral can open it. So the door from the natural to the spiritual is shut: and no man can open it. This world of natural men is staked off from the Spiritual World by barriers which have never been crossed from within. No organic change, no modification of environment, no mental energy, no moral effort, no evolution of character, no progress of civilization can endow any single human soul with the attribute of Spiritual Life. The Spiritual World is guarded from the world next in order beneath it by a law of Biogenesis: "Except a man be born again. . . . except a man be born of the water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God." . . .

What is the evidence for this great gulf fixed at the portals of the Spiritual World? Does Science close this gate, or Reason, or Experience, or Revelation? We reply, All four. The initial statement, it is not to be denied, reaches us from Revelation. But is not this evidence here in court? Or shall it be said that any argument deduced from this is a transparent circle — that, after all, we simply come back to the unsubstantiality of the *ipse dixit?* Not altogether; for the analogy lends an altogether new authority to the *ipse dixit.* How substantial that argument really is, is seldom realized. We yield the point here much too easily. The right of the Spiritual

World to speak of its own phenomena is as secure as the right of the Natural World to speak of itself. What is Science but what the Natural World has said to natural men? What is Revelation but what the Spiritual World has said to spiritual men?

The words of Scripture which preface this inquiry contain an explicit and original statement of the Law of Biogenesis for the Spiritual Life: "He that hath the Son hath Life, and he that hath not the Son hath not Life." Life, that is to say, depends upon contact with Life. It cannot spring up of itself. It cannot develop out of anything that is not Life. There is no Spontaneous Generation in Religion any more than in Nature. Christ is the source of Life in the Spiritual World; and he that hath the Son hath Life, and he that hath not the Son — whatever else he may have — hath not Life. Here, in short, is the categorical denial of *Abiognesis,* and the establishment in this high field of the classical formula, *Omne vivum ev vivo* — no Life without antecedent Life. In this mystical theory of the Origin of Life the whole of the New Testament writers are agreed. And, as we have already seen, Christ himself founds Christianity upon Biogenesis, stated in its most literal form: "Except a man be born of water and the Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit. Marvel not that I said unto you ye must be born again." Why did he add, "Marvel not?" Did he seek to allay the fear in the bewildered ruler's mind that there was more in this novel doctrine than a simple analogy from the first to the second birth? —*Natural Law, Chap. I.*

CONFORMITY TO TYPE.

If the botanist be asked the difference between an oak, a palm-tree, and a lichen, he will declare that they are separated from one another by the broadest line known to classification. Without taking into account the outward differences of size and form, the variety of flower and fruit, the peculiarities of leaf and branch, he sees

even in their general architecture types of structure as distinct as Norman, Gothic, and Egyptian. But if the first young germs of these three plants are placed before him, and he is called upon to define the difference, he finds it impossible. He cannot even say which is which. Examined under the highest powers of the microscope, they yield no clew. Analyzed by the chemist, with all the appliances of his laboratory, they keep their secret. The same experiment can be tried with the embryos of animals. Take the *ovule* of the worm, the eagle, the elephant, and of man himself. Let the most skilled observer apply the most searching tests to distinguish the one from the other, and he will fail. But there is something more surprising still. Compare the next two sets of germs — the vegetable and the animal — and there is no shade of difference. Oak and palm, worm and man, all start in life together. No matter into what strangely different forms they may afterward develop — no matter whether they are to live on sea or land, creep or fly, swim or walk, think or vegetate — in the embryo, as it first meets the eye of Science, they are indistinguishable. The apple which fell in Newton's garden, Newton's dog Diamond, and Newton himself, began life at the same point.

If we analyze this material point at which all life starts, we shall find it to consist of a clear, structureless, jelly-like substance resembling albumen, or white of egg. It is made of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen: its name is *Protoplasm*. And it is not only the structural unit with which all living bodies start in life, but with which they are subsequently built up. "Protoplasm," says Huxley, "simple or nucleated, is the formal basis of all life; it is the clay of the potter. . . . Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polype are all composed of structural units of the same character — namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus."

What, then, determines the difference between different animals? What makes one little speck of protoplasm grow into Newton's dog Diamond, and another — exactly the same — into Newton himself? It is a mysterious Something which has entered into this proto-

plasm. No eye can see it; no science can define it. There is a different Something for Newton's dog, and a different Something for Newton; so that though both use the same matter, they build up in these widely different ways. Protoplasm being the clay, this Something is the potter. And as there is only one clay, and yet all these curious forms are developed out of it, it follows that the difference lies in the potters. There must, in short, be as many potters as there are forms. There is the potter who segments the worm, and the potter who builds up the form of the dog, and the potter who moulds the man. To understand unmistakably that it is really the potter who does the work, let us follow for a moment a description of the process by a trained eye-witness. The observer is Mr. Huxley; through the tube of his microscope he is watching the development, out of a speck of protoplasm, of one of the commonest animals:

"Strange possibilities" he says in one of his *Lay Sermons,* "lie dormant in that semi-fluid globule. Let a moderate supply of warmth reach its watery cradle, and the plastic matter undergoes changes so rapid, and yet so steady and purposelike in their succession, that one can only compare them to those operated by a skilled modeller upon a formless lump of clay. As with an invisible trowel the mass is divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller portions, until it is reduced to an aggregation of granules not too large to build withal the finest fragments of the nascent organism. And, then, it is as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the spinal column and moulded the contour of the body; pinching up the head at one end, the tail at the other, and fashioning flank and limb into due proportions in so artistic a way that, after watching the process hour by hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than an achromatic would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skilful manipulation to perfect his work."

Besides the fact, so luminously brought out here, that the artist is distinct from the semi-fluid globule of protoplasm in which he works, there is this other essential point to notice, that in all his "skillful manipulations"

the artist is not working at random, but according to law. He has "his plan before him." In the zoölogical laboratory of Nature it is not as in a workshop where a skilled artisan can turn his hand to anything; where the same potter one day moulds a dog, the next a bird, and the next a man. In Nature one potter is set apart to make each. It is a more complete system of division of labor. One artist makes all the dogs, another makes all the birds, a third makes all the men. Moreover, each artist confines himself exclusively to working out his own plan. He appears to have his own plan somehow stamped upon himself, and his work is rigidly to reproduce himself.

The Scientific Law by which this takes place is the law of "Conformity to Type." It is contained, to a large extent, in the ordinary "Law of Inheritance;" or it may be considered as simply another way of stating what Darwin calls "the Law of the Unity of Types." Darwin defines it thus: "By Unity of Type is meant that fundamental agreement in structure which we see in organic beings of the same class, and which is quite independent of their habits of life." According to this law every living thing which comes into this world is compelled to stamp upon its offspring the image of itself: The dog, according to its type, produces a dog; the bird, a bird. The artist who operates upon matter in this subtle way, and carries out this law, is *Life*. There are a great many different kinds of Life. If one might give the broader meaning to the words of the Apostle—"All life is not the same life. There is one kind of life of men, another life of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds"—there is the life of the Artist, or the potter who segments the worm, the potter who forms the dog, the potter who moulds the man.

What goes on, then, in the animal kingdom is this: The Bird-life seizes upon the bird-germ, and builds it up into a bird, the image of itself. The Reptile-life seizes upon another germinal speck, assimilates surrounding matter, and fashions it into a reptile. The Reptile-life thus simply makes an incarnation of itself; the visible bird is simply an incarnation of the invisible Bird-life.

Now we are nearing the point where the spiritual analogy appears. It is a very wonderful analogy — so wonderful that one almost hesitates to put it into words. Yet Nature is reverent; and it is her voice to which we listen. These lower phenomena of life, she says, are but an allegory. There is another kind of Life of which Science as yet has taken little cognizance. It obeys the same laws. It builds up an organism into its own form. It is the Christ-life. As the Bird-life builds up a bird, the image of itself, so the Christ-life builds up a Christ, the image of Himself. The quickening Life seizes upon the soul, assimilates surrounding elements, and begins to fashion it. According to the great Law of Conformity to Type this fashioning takes a specific form. And all through Life this wonderful, mystical, glorious, yet perfectly definite process, goes on.

The Christian Life is not a vague effort after righteousness — an ill-defined pointless struggle for an ill-defined pointless end. Religion is no dishevelled mass of aspiration, prayer, and faith. There is no more mystery in Religion, as to its processes, than in Biology. There is much mystery in Biology. We know all but nothing of Life yet — nothing of Development. There is the same mystery in the Spiritual Life. But the great lines are the same — as decided, as luminous; and the laws of Natural and Spiritual are the same — as unerring, as simple. From the standpoint of Revelation no truth is more obscure than Conformity to Type. If Science can furnish companion phenomena from an every-day process of the natural life, it may at least throw this most mystical doctrine of Christianity into thinkable form. Is there any fallacy in speaking of the Embryology of the New Life? Is the analogy invalid? Are there not vital processes in the Spiritual as well as in the Natural world? The Bird being an incarnation of the Bird-life, may not the Christian be a spiritual incarnation of the Christ-life? And is there not a real justification in the processes of the New Birth for such a parallel?—*Natural Law. Chap. X.*

DRUMMOND, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet; born at Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, December 13, 1585; died there, December 4, 1649. He is commonly designated as "Drummond of Hawthornden," from his ancestral estate near Edinburgh, where most of his life — except a residence of eight years on the Continent — was passed. He was a friend of Ben Jonson, and wrote *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden, January, 1619.* This work, though never intended for publication, has been sharply criticised. He wrote several historical works, but his fame rests mainly upon his poems. He was the earliest Scottish poet who wrote well in the English language. Drummond was essentially a follower of Spenser, and took great delight in the description of natural scenery. His sonnets rank immediately after those of Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, and earned him the title of the "Scotch Petrarch." His poems are distinguished by pensive beauty, sweetness of versification, and richly worded descriptions. *The Cypresse Grove* is one of the finest prose poems of English literature. It exhibits a vivid imagination, deep thought, and a thorough command of musical English. It is an essay on the folly of the fear of death, and shows how much the author was impressed with the comparative insignificance of this world. A good edition of his poems, with a *Memoir* by Peter Cunningham, appeared in 1833. His *Life* has also been written by David Masson (1873). Drummond's longest poem, *Forth Feasting,* is a panegyric on King James I., upon the occasion of his visiting his native Scotland in 1617.

THE FEASTING OF THE RIVER FORTH.

What blustering noise now interrupts my sleep?
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deeps,
And seem to call me from my watery court?
What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
Are conveyed hither from each night-born spring?
With what loud murmurs do the mountains ring,
Which in unusual pomp on tiptoes stand,
And, full of wonder, overlook the land?
Whence come these glittering throngs, the meteors bright,
This golden people glancing in my sight?
Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise?
What loadstar draweth us all eyes?
Am I awake, or have some dreams conspired
To mock my sense with what I most desired!
View I that living face, see I those looks,
Which with delight were wont t' amaze my brooks?
Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by these banks of mine?
Then find I true what I long wished in vain;
My much beloved prince is come again. . . .
Let mother-earth now decked with flowers be seen,
And sweet-breathed zephyrs curl the meadows green:
Let heaven weep rubies in a crimson shower,
Such as on India's shores they used to pour;
Or with that golden storm the fields adorn
Which Jove rained when his blue-eyed maid was born.
May never hours the web of day outweave;
May never Night rise from her sable cave!
Swell proud, my billows; faint not to declare
Your joys as ample as their causes are:
For murmurs hoarse, sound like Arion's harp,
Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp;
And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist repair,
Strew all your springs and grots with lilies fair.
To virgins, flowers; to sun-burnt earth the rain;
To mariners, fair winds amidst the main;
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return,
That day, dear Prince.

THE UNIVERSE.

Of this fair volume which we World do name,
If we the leaves and sheets could turn with care —
Of Him who it corrects and did it frame
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare.
Find out His power, which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page and period of the same.
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colored vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best;
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold,
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

MAN'S STRANGE ENDS.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
An honor that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot decked with a pompous name —
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death makes us our errors know.

THE HUNT.

This world a hunting is:
The prey, poor man; the Nimrod fierce is Death;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, Sickness, Envy, Care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,

JOHN DRYDEN.

With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old Age, with stealing pace,
Casts on his nets, and there we, panting lie.

IN PRAISE OF A PRIVATE LIFE.

Thrice happy he who, by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own:
Thou solitary, who is not alone
But doth converse with that eternal love.
Oh how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good makes doubtful, do the evil approve!
Oh how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honor doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
This world is full of horrors, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

DRYDEN, JOHN, an English poet; born at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, August 9, 1631; died at London, May 1, 1700. His early training was received at Westminster School under the famous teacher Dr. Busby. Thence at the age of nineteen he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1654 and of M.A. in 1657. When he left Cambridge, at the age of twenty-seven, he seems to have written nothing except a few quite common-place verses. Cromwell died in September, 1658, and within a few days Dryden produced a poem of thirty-seven stanzas in honor of him:

ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

VI.

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
For he was great ere fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrowed bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring:
Nor was his virtue poisoned soon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

X.

And yet dominion was not his design;
We owe that blessing, not to him, but Heaven
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join;
Rewards that less to him than us were given.

XV.

His palms, though under weights they did not stand,
Still thrived; no Winter could his laurels fade;
Heaven, in his portrait, showed a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

XXXIII.

Nor died he when his ebbing fame went less,
But when fresh laurels courted him to live:
He seemed but to prevent some new success,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

XXXVI.

No civil broils have since his death arose,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that respect for his repose,
As winds for halcyons when they breed at sea.

XXXVII.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest;
His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high example may be blest,
Where piety and valor justly grow.

In May, 1660, Dryden greeted the return of Charles II., in *Astræa Redux,* an adulatory poem composed upon the occasion of the landing of the monarch:

CHARLES II. WELCOMED TO ENGLAND.

And welcome now, great monarch, to your own!
Behold the approaching cliffs of Albion;
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
But you, whose goodness your descent doth show,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too;
By that same mildness, which your father's crown
Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when the Almighty would to Moses give
A sight of all he could behold and live,
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, goodness, mercy, in his name.
Your power to justice doth submit your cause,
Your goodness only is above the laws,
Whose rigid letter, while pronounced by you,
Is softer made. . . .
And now Time's whiter series is begun,
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run:
Those clouds which overcast your morn shall fly,
Dispelled to farthest corners of the sky.
Our nation, with united interest blest,
Not now content to poise, shall sway the rest.
Abroad, your empire shall no limits know,
But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow.

Your much-loved fleet shall, with a wide command
Besiege the petty monarchs of the land:
And as old Time his offspring swallowed down
Our ocean in its depth all seas shall drown.
Their wealthy trade, from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants shall no more adventurers be:
Nor in the farthest East those dangers fear
Which humble Holland must dissemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;
For what the powerful takes not, he bestows:
And France, that did an exile's presence fear,
May justly apprehend you still too near.
At home the hateful names of parties cease,
And factious souls are wearied into peace.
The discontented now are only they
Whose crimes before did your just cause betray:
Of those your edicts some reclaim from sin
But most your life and blest example win.
Oh, happy prince, whom heaven hath taught the way,
By paying vows, to have more vows to pay!
Oh, happy age! Oh, times like these alone
By fate reserved for great Augustus's throne!
When the joint growth of arms and art foreshow
The world a monarch, and that monarch you!

—*Astræa Redux.*

The coronation of Charles II. took place some months after his return to England. For this occasion Dryden was ready with a *Panegyric on the Coronation,* quite as adulatory as was the *Astræa Redux:*

ON THE CORONATION OF CHARLES II.

In that wild deluge where the world was drowned
When life and sin one common tomb had found,
The first small prospect of a rising hill
With various notes of joy the ark did fill:
Yet when that flood in its own depths was drowned.
It left behind it false and slippery ground;
And the more solemn point was still deferred,

Till new-born nature in fresh looks appeared.
Thus, Royal Sir, to see you landed here
Was cause of triumph for a year:
Nor would you care those glorious joys repeat
Till they at once might be secure and great;
Till your kind beams, by their continued stay,
Had warmed the ground, and called the damps away.
Such vapors, while your powerful influence dries,
The soonest vanish when they highest rise.
Had greater haste these sacred rites prepared,
Some guilty months had in your triumph shared:
But this untainted year is all your own:
Your glories may without our crimes be shown.
We had not yet exhausted all our store,
When you refreshed our joys by adding more:
As Heaven, of old, dispensed celestial dew,
You gave us manna, and still give us dew. . . .
Next to the sacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more sacred head;
How justly from the Church that crown is due,
Preserved from ruin, and restored by you!
The grateful choir their harmony employ,
Not to make greater, but more solemn joy;
Wrapt soft and warm your name is sent on high
As flames do on the wings of incense fly:
Music herself is lost, in vain she brings
Her choicest notes to praise the best of Kings;
Her melting strains in you a tomb have found,
And lie like bees in their own sweetness drowned.
He that brought peace, all discord could atone
His name is music of itself alone.
Now, while the sacred oil anoints your head,
And fragrant scents, begun by you, are spread
Through the large dome, the people's joyful sound;
Sent back, is still preserved in hallowed ground;
Which, in one blessing mixed, descends on you,
As heightened spirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our riches do increase your store;
Full of yourself, you can admit no more.
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expressing joy. . . .

From your loved Thames a blessing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought to you:
A queen, near whose chaste womb, ordained by fate,
The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait.
It was your love before made discord cease;
Your love is destined to your country's peace.
Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
With gold or jewels to adorn your bride;
This to a mighty king presents rich ore,
While that with incense does a good implore,
Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you choose
This must receive a crown, or that must lose.
Thus from your royal oak — like Jove's of old —
Are answers sought, and destinies foretold;
Propitious oracles are begged with vows,
And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs.
Your subjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate,
Choose only, Sir, that so they may possess,
With their own peace their children's happiness.
—Panegyric on the Coronation of Charles II.

At the restoration of Charles II. Dryden was thirty years of age. Had he died at any time during the next seventeen years, he would have left nothing behind him which would have given him any permanent place in English literature. The only poem of any consequence written during those years is the *Annus Mirabilis* —"The Wonderful Year 1666"—not a very wonderful year after all; the main things being the beginning of the successful naval war with the Dutch and their allies, and the great fire in London. The poem consists of three hundred and five quatrain verses, of which a few are here given.

THE WAR WITH THE DUTCH.

I.

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
  Crouching at home and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own;
  Our king they courted and our merchants awed.

III.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat,
  In eastern quarries ripening precious dew;
For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,
  And in hot Ceylon spicy forests grew.

IV.

The sun but seemed the laborer of their year;
  Each waxing moon supplied her watery store,
To swell those tides which from the Line did bear
  Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

VI.

What peace can be where one to both pretend? —
  But they more diligent, and we more strong —
Or, if a peace, it soon must have an end:
  For they would grow too powerful were it long.

VII.

Behold two nations then, engaged so far
  That each seven years the fit must shake each land;
Where France will side to weaken us by war,
  Who only can his vast designs withstand.

IX.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay
  O'er them whose cause he seems to take in hand;
And prudently would make them lords at sea,
  To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

X.

This saw our King; and long within his breast
His pensive counsels balanced to and fro;
He grieved the land he freed should be oppressed
And he less for it than usurpers do.

XII.

The loss and gain each fatally were great;
And still his subjects called aloud for war;
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,
Each other's poise and counterbalance are.

XIV.

At length resolved to assert the watery ball,
He in himself did whole armadas bring;
Him aged seamen might their master call,
And choose for general, were he not their king.

XXIV.

And now approached their fleet from India, fraught
With all the riches of the rising sun;
And precious sand from southern climates brought—
The fatal regions where the war begun.

XXVI.

By the rich scent we found one perfumed prey,
Which, flanked with rocks, did close in covert lie;
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

XXVII.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The English undertake the unequal war:
Seven ships alone, by which the port is barred,
Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

XXIX.

Amid whole heaps of spices lights a ball;
And now their odors armed against them fly;
Some preciously by shattered porcelain fall,
And some by aromatic splinters die.

XXX.

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,
In Heaven's inclemency some ease we find:
Our foes we vanquished by our valor left,
And only yielded to the seas and wind.

XXXIX.

Till now alone the mighty nations strove;
The rest, at gaze, without the lists did stand
And threatening France, placed like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

XLI.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his secret hate to show;
Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,
As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

XLII.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite:
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave;
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They silently confess that one more brave.

—*Annus Mirabilis.*

LONDON AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.

CCXCV.

Already, laboring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow
And seems to have renewed her charter's date
Which Heaven will to the death of Time allow.

CCXCVI.

More great than human now, and more august;
Now deified, she from her fires doth rise;
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

CCXCIX.

The silver Thames her own domestic flood
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

CCCI.

The venturous merchant who designed more far
And touches on our hospitable shore,
Charmed with the splendor of this northern star
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

CCCII.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet
The wealth of France or Holland to invade:
The beauty of this town without a fleet
From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

CCCIII.

And while this famed emporium we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those who now dislike our trade to spare,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

CCCIV.

Already we have conquered half the war,
And the less dangerous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

CCCV.

Thus to the Eastern wealth through storms we go;
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more:
A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.
— *Annus Mirabilis.*

Dryden had completed his thirty-fifth year when the *Annus Mirabilis* was written: but neither this poem nor anything else which he was to produce during the next dozen years gave any promise of that supreme excellence to which he was to attain in one department of poetry: that of satire — using the word in its proper and original signification as a keen delineation of phases of human weakness and error; and the two great argumentative theological poems, the *Religio Laici* and *The Hind and the Panther,* are satires in the strictest sense: as much so as are *Absalom and Achitophel* and *Mac Flecknoe.* During the period between his thirtieth and his forty-seventh year he devoted himself almost exclusively to writing for the stage. In 1694 William Congreve, a clever young fellow of twenty-five, brought out the drama of *The Double Dealer,* which made a decided sensation. Dryden, who was then sixty-three, addressed to him the most pathetic of all his poems, hailing the young man as his successor on the dramatic throne:

DRYDEN TO CONGREVE.

Well, then, the promised hour is come at last,
The present age of wit obscures the past:
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conquering with force of arms and dint of wit.
Theirs was the giant race before the flood;

And thus when Charles returned, our empire stood,
Like Janus he the stubborn soil manured,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cured;
Tamed us to manners when the stage was rude,
And boisterous English wit with art endued.
Our age was cultivated thus at length,
But what we gained in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curst;
The second temple was not like the first:
Till you, the best Vitruvius, came at length;
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base:
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
  Oh, that your brows my laurel had sustained;
Well had I been deposed, if you had reigned:
The father had descended for the son;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus when the State one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose.
But now not *I* but poetry is curst;
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
But let them not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophesy: thou shalt be seen
(Though with some short parenthesis between)
High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
Not *mine* — that's little — but *thy* laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made;
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.
Time, place, and action may with pain be wrought;
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion; this your native store.
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much: she could not give him more.
  Maintain your post: that's all the fame you need:
  For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the ungrateful stage:

Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence,
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and, oh, defend
Against your judgment your departed friend!
Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels that descend to you;
And take for tribute what these lines express:
You merit more; nor could my love do less.

When he wrote this magnificent eulogium — none the less magnificent from the fact that Congreve was not worthy of the one hundredth part of the praise lavished upon him — Dryden had fallen into somewhat shattered pecuniary circumstances. For half a dozen years he had been working as a translator for Jacob Tonson, a bookseller. Up to the revolution of 1688, by which James II. was deprived of his crown, Dryden had a large income from one source and another: from his own moderate patrimony; from the proceeds of his writings; and from grants and pensions from the Government. It has been calculated that for twenty years previous to 1688 he must have been in receipt of £700 a year. But he had married a daughter of the not overwealthy Earl of Berkshire, had a considerable family, and lived close up to his income. The most brilliant period of his literary life lies between 1680 and 1686. In those six years were written *Absalom and Achitophel; The Medal; Alexander's Feast; Mac Flecknoe;* the *Religio Laici; The Hind and the Panther,* and several of his best minor poems.

Absalom and Achitophel, a poem of about 1000 lines, is a political satire aimed at the party who were

plotting to exclude the Duke of York (afterward King James II.) from the succession to the throne, and to place the crown upon the head of the Duke of Monmouth, one of the illegitimate sons of Charles II. There are about fifty characters which can be clearly identified. Thus "David," is King Charles II.; "Absalom," the Duke of Monmouth; "Achitophel," the Earl of Shaftesbury; "Zimri," the Duke of Buckingham; "Shimei," Slingsby Bethel, the Puritanical Sheriff of London.

DAVID AND ABSALOM.

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin;
Before polygamy was made a sin;
When man on many multiplied his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confined;
When nature prompted, and no law denied
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
Then Israel's monarch after Heaven's own heart
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and, wide as his command,
Scattered his Maker's image through the land.
Of all this numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave as Absalom:
Whether, inspired by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust;
Or that his conscious destiny made way
By manly beauty, to imperial sway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown.
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seemed as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease.
In him alone 'twas natural to please:
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And paradise was opened in his face.
With secret joy the indulgent David viewed
His youthful image in his son renewed;

To all his wishes nothing he denied;
And made the lovely Annabel his bride.
If faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warm excesses, which the law forebore,
Were construed youth, that purged by boiling o'er.
— *Absalom and Achitophel.*

ACHITOPHEL.

Of these the false Achitophel was first —
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principle, and place;
In power unpleased, impatient in disgrace:
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay;
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits to madness sure are near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, and prodigal of ease!
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,
Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump — like anarchy?
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolved to ruin or to rule the State.
To compass this, the Triple Bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,

With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The Statesman we abhor, but praise the Judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean;
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contrived, long since
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the People's cause,
Against the Crown, and skulked behind the laws.
— *Absalom and Achitophel.*

ZIMRI.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first ranks of these did Zimri stand:
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong;
Was everything by turns, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.

Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from Court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel.
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left no faction, but of that was left.
— *Absalom and Achitophel.*

SHIMEI.

Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place
Whom kings no titles give, and God no grace,
Not bull-faced Jonas, who could statutes draw,
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is followed by a worse —
The wretch who God's anointed dared to curse
Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God and hatred to his King;
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath — but for gain:
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
Among the Jews — which was to cheat and pray;
The city to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.
His hand a staff of justice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,

Yet loved his wicked neighbor as himself.
When two or three were gathered to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them;
And if they cursed the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company.
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He packed a jury of dissenting Jews;
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
For laws were only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from power
(Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour),
His business was, by writing, to persuade
That kings were useless, and a clog to trade.
And that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunned the fumes of wine;
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
The grossness of a city feast abhorred;
His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot,
Such frugal virtues malice may accuse,
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns once burned such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With spiritual food he served his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel;
And Moses's laws he held of more account
For forty days of fasting in the mount.

—*Absalom and Achitophel.*

Absalom and Achitophel was followed by a second and longer part, written, however, by Nathum Tate, but revised by Dryden, who added some two hundred lines devoted mainly to an assault upon two poetasters, Thomas Shadwell and Elkanah Settle, who figure under the names of "Og" and "Doeg." Dryden now set himself to the composition of *Mac Fleck-*

noe, a formal satire upon these two writers. Richard Flecknoe was an Irishman, formerly a priest who had come to London and set himself up as a dramatist and poet. He had died not long before, leaving behind him a name which had come to be a synonym for supreme dulness. Dryden uses him merely as a rod for the castigation of Shadwell, whom he represents as his rightful successor to the royal throne of the Kingdom of Dulness.

FLECKNOE AND SHADWELL.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when Fate summons, monarchs must obey;
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus young
Was called to empire, and had governed long;
In prose and verse was owned, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blessed with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business did at length debate
To settle the succession of the State;
And pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried, "'Tis resolved: for nature pleads that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray;
His rising fogs prevail upon the day." . . .
Here stopped the good old sire, and wept for joy
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.

All arguments, but most his plays persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.
—*Mac Flecknoe.*

THE CORONATION OF SHADWELL.

Now Empress Fame had published the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Roused by report of Fame the nations meet
From near Bunhill and distant Watlin-street.
No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay;
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies and relics of the bum.
The hoary prince in majesty appeared,
High on a throne of his own labor reared.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the State.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness played around his face,
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome,
So Shadwell swore — nor should his vow be vain —
That he till death true dulness would maintain;
And in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense. . . .
The admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honors of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness. Long he stood,
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:
"Heaven bless my son; from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the Western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen!"
He paused, and all the people cried, "Amen!"
Then thus continued he: "My Son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me

Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ,
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit. . . .
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic Land;
There thou may'st wings display and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Or, if thou would'st thy different talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."
He said: but his last words were scarcely heard;
For Bruce and Longville had a trap prepared,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upward by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

—*Mac Flecknoe.*

Dryden has nowhere more fully put forth his utmost strength than in the two didactic poems, the *Religio Laici,* and *The Hind and the Panther.* The former of these poems is a kind of Confession of Faith, when he was still nominally a Protestant of the Anglican type:

RELIGION, NATURAL AND REVEALED.

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the Soul: and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When Day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight:
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few, whose lamps shone brighter have been led,
From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head;

And found that one First Principle must be:
But what or who, that *Universal He* —
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmoved, yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms' interfering dance,
Leaped into form, the noble work of Chance;
Or this great All was from eternity,
Not even the Stagyrite himself could see;
And Epicurus guessed as well as he.
As blindly groped they for a future state;
As rashly judged of Providence and Fate.
But least of all could their endeavors find
What most concerned the good of human-kind;
For happiness was never to be found,
But vanished from 'em like enchanted ground.
One thought Content the good to be enjoyed;
This every little accident destroyed.
The wiser madmen did for Virtue toil —
A thorny, or at best a barren soil.
In Pleasure some their glutton souls would steep,
But found the line too short, the well too deep;
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul:
In this vain maze their vain endeavors end.
How can the Less the Greater comprehend?
Or finite Reason reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.
The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground;
Cries "Eureka! the mighty secret's found!
God is that spring of good, supreme and best;
We made to serve, and in that service blest,"
If so, some rules of worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by Heaven;
Else God were partial, and to some denied
The means His justice should for all provide.
This general worship is to praise and pray:
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay;
And when frail nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is Penitence.
Yet since the effects of Providence, we find;

Are variously dispensed to human-kind,
That Vice triumphs, and Virtue suffers here —
A brand that sovereign Justice cannot bear —
Our Reason prompts us to a Future State —
The last appeal from Fortune and from Fate;
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declared;
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.
Thus man by his own strength to Heaven would soar,
And would not be obliged to God for more.
Vain, wretched creature! how art thou misled
To think thy wit these God-like notions bred!
Those truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropped from Heaven and of a nobler kind.
Revealed Religion first informed thy sight,
And Reason saw not, till Faith sprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worship takes the source;
'Tis Revelation that thou think'st discourse.
Else how comest thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to heathens did appear? . . .
Those giant wits in happier ages born —
When arms and art did Greece and Rome adorn —
Knew no such system; no such piles could raise
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise,
To one Sole God.

— *Religio Laici.*

Soon after the accession of James II., Dryden went over to the Roman Catholic faith, from which he never swerved during the remaining fifteen years of his life. — *The Hind and the Panther*, written after his conversion, is the most labored of all Dryden's poems; and the longest — extending to some 2,500 lines It is a eulogy upon the Roman Church as opposed to the Anglican; the Hind representing the former, and the Panther the latter of these two forms of Faith.

THE HIND.

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;

Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger; for she knew no sin.
Yet she had oft been chased with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die.
  Not so her young: for their unequal line
Was hero's make — half human, half divine.
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate;
The immortal part assumed immortal state.
Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood —
Their native walk — whose vocal blood arose,
And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoyed her pains.
With grief and gladness mixed the mother viewed
Her martyred offspring, and their race renewed;
Their corpse to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpassed.
  Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,
And wandered in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrained
By sovereign power, her company disdained;
Grinned as they passed, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true she bounded by, and tripped so light,
They had not time to take a second sight;
For truth has such a face, and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

— *The Hind and the Panther.*

THE PANTHER.

The Panther, sure the noblest, since the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind: —
Oh, could her inborn stains be washed away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise or blame, and not offend?

Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mixed that she
Not wholly stands condemned, nor wholly free. . . .
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropped half-way down, nor lower fell;
So poised, so gently she descends from high
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.
  Her house not ancient, whatso'er pretence,
Her clergy heralds make in her defence;
A second century not half-way run
Since the new honors of her blood begun. . . .
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crosier wielded, and the mitre wore.
Her upper part of decent discipline
Showed affectation of an ancient line;
And Fathers, Councils, Church, and Church's Head,
Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
But what disgraced and disavowed the rest,
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatized the beast,
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confined.
To foreign lands no sound of her has come,
Humbly content to be despised at home.
  Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad.
Nice in her choice of ill — though not of best —
And least deformed, because reformed the least.
In doubtful points betwixt her different friends,
Where one for Substance, or for Signs contends,
Their contradicting terms she strives to join:
Sign shall be Substance, Substance shall be Sign.
  Her wild belief on every wave is tossed;
But sure no Church can better morals boast.
True to her King her principles are found;
Oh, that her practice were but half so sound!
Steadfast in various turns of state she stood,
And sealed her vowed affection with her blood.
Nor will I meanly tax her constancy.
That interest or obligement made the tie,

Bound to the fate of murdered Monarchy.
Before the sounding axe so falls the vine,
Whose tender branches round the poplar twine;
She chose her ruin, and resigned her life,
In death undaunted as a Hebrew wife.
A rare example! but some souls we see
Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity;
Yet these by fortune's favors are undone;
Resolved, into a baser form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.
Let this be Nature's frailty or her fate,
Or the Wolf's counsel — her new chosen mate;
Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew;
No mother more indulgent but the true.
  Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate authority;
For how can she constrain them to obey,
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?
Rebellion equals all, and those who toil
In common theft will share the common spoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Against her old superiors first to fight;
If she reform my text, even that's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find:
The word's a weather-cock for every wind.
The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf, by turns prevail;
The most in power supplies the present gale.
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To Church and Councils, whom she first betrayed.
No help from Fathers or Tradition's train —
Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain;
And by that Scripture, which she once abused
To reformation, stands herself accused.
What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
Expounding which she owns herself may err?
And, after all her winding ways are tried,
If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
And leaves the private conscience for the guide.

Thus is the Panther neither loved nor feared,
A mere mock-queen of a divided herd;
Whom soon, by lawful power she might control,
Herself a part submitted to the whole.
Then, as the moon, who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrowed from a better star;
Big with the beams which from the mother flow
And reigning o'er the rising tides below.
Now, mixing with a savage crowd she goes,
And meanly flatters her inveterate foes;
Ruled while she rules, and losing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power.

—*The Hind and the Panther.*

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft, in awful state,
The godlike hero sate,
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers were placed around
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
So should desert in arms be crowned.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like an eastern blooming bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave, deserves the fair.

Timotheüs, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,

Who left his blissful seats above —
Such is the power of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And stampt an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
"A present deity!" they shout around;
"A present deity!" the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the sphere.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung,—
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young!
The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpet! beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath! — he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure, after pain!

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain,
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes!
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen! fallen! fallen! fallen!—
Fallen from his high estate.
And weltering in his blood!
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyous victor sate,
Revolving, in his altered soul,
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred strain to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures:
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So love was crowned; but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again —
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark! — the horrid sound
Has raised up his head!
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries —
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious, on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey;
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,—
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,—
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame:
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,

With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

Dryden's dramatic pieces number about thirty — tragedies, comedies, tragi-comedies and operas. The earliest was *The Wild Gallant,* a comedy (1662), the latest, *Love Triumphant,* a tragi-comedy (1694). The larger, and by far the best part of his prose writings are of a critical character.

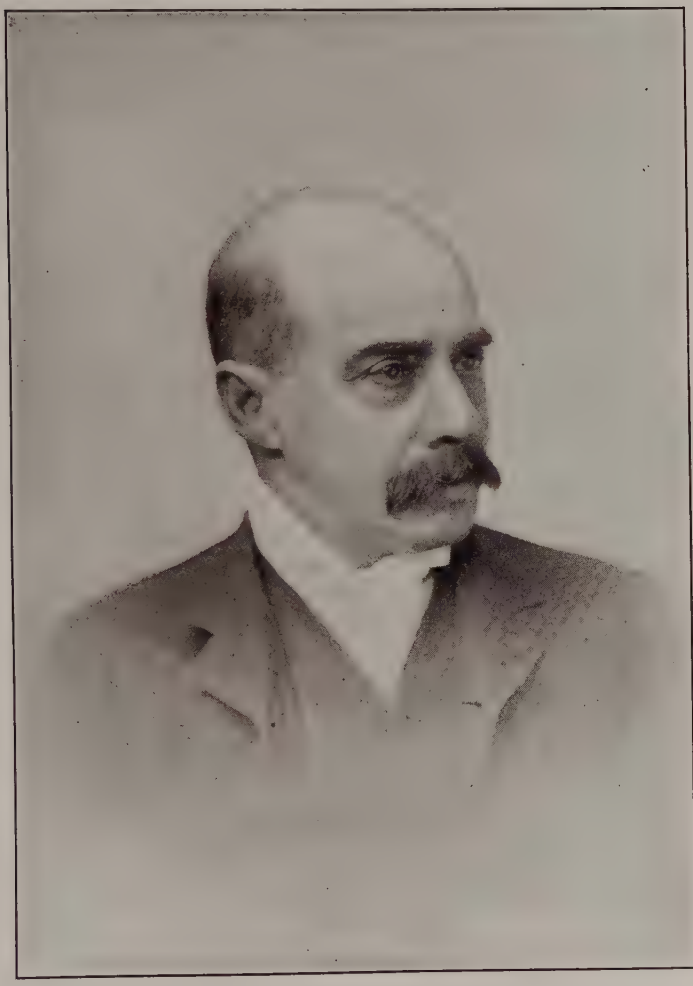
ON SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it, too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid — his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets, "*Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*" The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Johnson, never equalled them to him in their esteem; and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at its highest, Sir John Suckling, and

with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.— *Essay on Dramatic Poesy.*

On the last day of April, 1700, the *Postboy* announced that "John Dryden, Esq., the famous poet, lies a-dying;" and he died at three o'clock on the next morning. The body was embalmed, and lay in state for several days at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. The pompous public funeral took place in Westminster Abbey on May 13, the body was interred in the Poets' Corner, by the side of the graves of Chaucer and Cowley. It was not until twenty years afterward that a modest monument was put up at the expense of Lord Mulgrave, afterward Earl of Buckinghamshire.

DU CHAILLU, Paul Belloni, a Franco-American explorer; born at Paris, July 31, 1835; died at St. Petersburg, Russia, April 30, 1903. His father had established himself as a trader on the West Coast of Africa, where Paul joined him at an early age. In 1852 he went to the United States, with a large cargo of ebony, and published several papers relating to the Gaboon country. In 1855 he returned to Africa and spent three or four years in exploring the almost unknown region lying about two degrees on each side of the equator. He returned to America in 1859, taking with him a large collection of curiosities, stuffed birds, and animals, among which were several skins and skeletons of the gorilla, a huge ape. In 1861 he published an account of these expe-



PAUL DU CHAILLU.

ditions under the title *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa.* The truthfulness of his narrative was sharply questioned by some English savants; and to vindicate himself Du Chaillu went again to Equatorial Africa, and travelled there for two years (1863–65). He returned to America, and in 1867 published *A Journey to Ashango-Land, and Further Penetration into Equatorial Africa.* During the next twelve years he resided in America, having been naturalized as a citizen of the United States. He delivered lectures on his travels and prepared several small books, in which many of his experiences are related for juvenile readers: *Stories of the Gorilla-Country* (1868); *Wild Life under the Equator* (1869); *Lost in the Jungle* (1869); *My Apingi Kingdom* (1870); *The Country of the Dwarfs* (1871). Subsequently he made several Winter and Summer tours in Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Finland, an account of which he published in 1881, in two large volumes, entitled *The Land of the Midnight Sun.* He also wrote *The Viking Age* (1889); *Ivor the Viking* (1893); *The Land of the Long Night* (1900), and *In African Forests and Jungles* (1903).

THE FIRST GORILLA.

We started early, and pushed for the most dense and impenetrable part of the forest, in hopes to find the very home of the beast I so much wished to shoot. Hour after hour we traveled, and yet no signs of gorilla; only the everlasting little chattering monkeys — and not many of these — and occasionally birds. Suddenly Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring and that a sharp lookout is necessary. Presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as if of some one breaking down branches or twigs

of trees. This was a gorilla, I knew at once by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans, I also examined mine, to make sure that all were right; and then we marched on cautiously. The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. But we pushed on, until finally we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives upon.

Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla. Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think never to forget. Nearly six feet high, with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like a nightmare vision; thus stood before us this king of the African forests. He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar. So deep is this roar that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch. . . .

His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive; and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. He advanced a few steps; then stopped to utter that hideous roar again; advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, as he began another of his roars, and beating his breast in rage, we fired. With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet

was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet. Death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high; and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.— *Equatorial Africa, Chap. VII.*

THE GORILLA AT HOME.

It has been my fortune to be the first white man who can speak of the gorilla from personal knowledge; and my experience and observation prove that many of the actions reported of it are false and vain imaginings of ignorant negroes and credulous travellers. The gorilla does not lurk in trees by the roadside, and drag up unsuspicious passers-by in its claws, and choke them to death; it does not attack the elephant and beat him to death with sticks; it does not carry off women from the native villages. It does not build itself a house of leaves and twigs in the forest-trees, and sit on the roof, as has been confidently reported. It is not gregarious even; and the numerous stories of its attacking in great numbers have not a grain of truth in them.

It lives in the loneliest and darkest portions of the dense African jungle, preferring deep wooded valleys, and also rugged heights. The high plains also, whose surface is strewn with immense bowlders, seem to be its favorite haunts. Water is found everywhere in this part of Africa; but I have noticed that the gorilla is always found very near to a plentiful supply. It is a restless and nomadic beast, wandering from place to place, and scarcely ever found for two days together in the same neighborhood. In part, this restlessness is caused by the struggle it has to find its favorite food. The gorilla — though it has such immense canines, and though its vast strength doubtless fits it to capture and kill almost every animal which frequents the forest — is a strict vegetarian. I examined the stomachs of all which I was lucky enough to kill, and never found traces there of aught but berries,

pine-apple leaves, and other vegetable matter. It is a huge feeder, and no doubt soon eats up the scant supply of its natural food which is found in any limited space, and is then forced to wander on in constant battle with famine. Its vast paunch, which swells before it when it stands upright, proves it to be a vast feeder; and, indeed, its great frame and enormous muscular development could not be supported on little food. . . .

The gorilla is not gregarious. Of adults I found almost always one male with one female, though sometimes the old male wanders companionless. In such cases — as with the "rogue" elephant — he is particularly morose, malignant, and dangerous to approach. Young gorillas I found sometimes in companies of five; sometimes less, but never more. The young always run off, on all-fours, shrieking with fear. They are difficult to approach, as their hearing is acute, and they lose no time in making their escape, while the nature of the ground makes it hard for the hunter to follow after. The adult animal is also shy, and I have hunted all day without coming upon my quarry, when I felt sure that they were carefully avoiding me. When, however, at last fortune favors the hunter, and he comes accidentally or by good management upon his prey, he need not fear its running away. In all my hunts and encounters with this animal I never knew a grown male to run off. When I surprised a pair of gorillas the male was generally sitting down on a rock or against a tree, in some darkest corner of the jungle, where the brightest sun left its traces only in a dim and gloomy twilight. The female was mostly feeding near by; and it is singular that she almost always gave the alarm by running off, with loud and sudden cries or shrieks. Then the male, sitting for a moment with a savage frown upon his face, slowly rises to his feet, and, looking with glowing and malign eyes at the intruders, begins to beat his breast, and lifting up his round head, utters his frightful roar. This begins with several sharp barks like an enraged or mad dog, whereupon ensues a long, deeply guttural rolling roar, continued for over a minute, and which, doubled and multiplied by the resounding echoes of the forest, fills the hunter's ears like

the deep rolling thunder of an approaching storm. I have reason to believe that I have heard this roar at a distance of three miles. . . .

The common walk of the gorilla is not on his hind legs, but on all fours. In this posture the arms are so long that the head and breast are raised considerably, and as it runs the hind legs are brought far beneath the body. The leg and arm on the same side are moved together, which gives the breast a curious waddle. It can run at great speed. The young — parties of which I often pursued — never took to trees, but ran along the ground, and at a distance, with their bodies half erect, looked not unlike negroes making off from pursuit. I have never found the female to attack, though I have been told by the negroes that a mother with a young one in charge will sometimes make fight. It is a pretty thing to see such a mother with the baby gorilla sporting about her. I have watched them in the wood, till eager as I was to obtain specimens, I had not the heart to shoot. But in such cases my negro hunters exhibited no tenderness, but killed their quarry without loss of time. When the mother runs off from the hunter the young one grasps her about the neck and hangs beneath her breasts, with its little legs about her belly.

I think the adult gorilla perfectly untamable. In the course of this narrative the reader will find accounts of several young gorillas which my men captured alive, and which remained with me for short periods till their deaths. In no case could any treatment of mine — kind or harsh — subdue these little monsters from their first and lasting ferocity and malignity. The gorilla is entirely and constantly an enemy to man; resenting its captivity, young as my specimens were, refusing all food except the berries of its native woods, and attacking with teeth and claws even me, who was in most constant attendance upon them; and finally dying without any previous sickness, and without other ascertainable cause than the restless chafing of a spirit which could not suffer captivity nor the presence of man.— *Equatorial Africa, Chap. XX.*

OBONGOS, OR DWARF NEGROES.

I had heard that there was a village of the Obongos, or dwarfed wild negroes, somewhere in the neighborhood, and one of my first inquiries was naturally whether there was any chance of my seeing this singular people, who, it appears, continually come to the villages, but would not do so while I was there. Two guides were given me, and I took only three of my men. We reached the place after twenty minutes' walk. In a retired nook of the forest were twelve huts of this strange tribe, scattered without order. When we approached no sign of living creature was to be seen, and, in fact, we found them deserted. The abodes were very filthy, and whilst we were endeavoring to examine them, we were covered with fleas, and obliged to beat a hasty retreat. The village had been abandoned by its inhabitants, no doubt on account of their huts being so much infested with these insects. Leaving the abandoned huts, we continued our way through the forest; and presently, within the distance of a quarter of a mile, we came upon another village, composed, like the last, of about a dozen ill-constructed huts. The dwellings had been newly made, for the branches of the trees of which they were formed had still their leaves on them, quite fresh. We approached with the greatest caution, in order not to alarm the wild inmates; but all our care was fruitless, for the men, at least, were gone when we came up. We hastened to the huts, and luckily found three old women, and one young man, who had not had time to run away, besides several children, the latter hidden in one of the huts.

Du Chaillu managed to reassure the women, and in the course of several visits was allowed to take measurements of the height of half a dozen of them. They ranged from 4 feet 4 inches, to 5 feet, the latter being considered unusually tall; the height of the young man was 4 feet 6 inches. The description continues:

The color of these people was a dirty yellow, and their eyes had an untamable wildness about them that struck me as very remarkable. In their whole appearance, physique, and color, and in their habitations, they are totally unlike the Ashangos among whom they live. The Ashangos, indeed, are quite anxious to disown kinship with them. They do not intermarry with them; but declare that the Obongos intermarry among themselves — sisters with brothers — doing this to keep their families together as much as they can. The smallness of their communities, and the isolation in which these wretched creatures live, must necessitate close inter-breeding, and I think it very possible that this circumstance may be the cause of the physical deterioration of their race.

Their foreheads are exceedingly low and narrow, and they have prominent cheek-bones, but I did not notice any peculiarity in their hands or feet, or in the position of the toes, or in the relative length of their arms or bodies; but their legs appeared to be rather short in proportion to their trunks; the palms of their hands seemed quite white. The hair of their heads grows in very short curly tufts; this is the more remarkable, as the Ashangos and neighboring tribes have rather long bushy hair on their heads, which enables them to dress it in various ways. With the Obongos the dressing of the hair in masses or plaits, as is done by the other tribes, is impossible. The young man had an unusual quantity of hair on his legs and breast, growing in short curly tufts similar to the hair on the head. The only dress they wear consists of pieces of grass-cloth which they buy of the Ashangos, or which these latter give them out of pure kindness, for I observed that it was quite a custom of the Ashangos to give their old worn *denguis* to these poor Obongos.

The Ashangos like the presence of this curious people near their villages, because the Obongo men are very expert and nimble in trapping wild animals and fish in the streams, the surplus of which, after supplying their own wants they sell to their neighbors in exchange for plantains, and also for iron implements, cooking utensils, water-jars, and all manufactured articles of which they

stand in need. The woods near their villages are so full of traps and pitfalls that it is dangerous for any but trained woodsmen to wander about in them.— *Ashango-Land, Chap. XVI.*

SUMMER IN SCANDINAVIA.

From the last days of May to the end of July, in the northern part of this land, the sun shines day and night upon its mountains, fjords, rivers, lakes, forests, valleys, towns, villages, hamlets, fields, and farms; and thus Sweden and Norway may be called the "Land of the Midnight Sun." During this period of continuous daylight the stars are never seen, the moon appears pale, and sheds no light upon the earth. Summer is short, giving just time enough for the wild-flowers to grow, to bloom, and to fade away, and barely time for the husbandman to collect his harvest, which, however, is sometimes nipped by a Summer frost.

A few weeks after the midnight sun has passed, the hours of sunshine shorten rapidly, and by the middle of August the air becomes chilly and the nights colder, although during the day the sun is warm. Then the grass turns yellow, the leaves change their color, and wither and fall; the swallows and other migrating birds fly toward the south; twilight comes once more; the stars, one by one, make their appearance, shining brightly in the pale blue sky; the moon shows itself again as queen of night, and lights and cheers the long and dark days of the Scandinavian Winter. The time comes at last when the sun disappears entirely from sight; the heavens appear in a blaze of light and glory, and the stars and the moon pale before the aurora borealis.— *The Land of the Midnight Sun, Vol. I., Chap. I.*

VEGETATION IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

There is no land, from the Arctic Circle northward, which presents such a mild climate and luxuriant vegetation as Norway and Sweden. The countries situated in the same latitudes in Asia or America present a cold

and barren aspect compared with these. This climate is due to several causes: the Gulf-stream, the Baltic, and the Gulf of Bothnia; the position of the mountains which shelter the valleys; the prevalence of southerly and south-westerly winds, which blow almost all the year round, especially in Norway; the long hours of sunshine, and the powerful sun. On the Norwegian side, along the coast and the fjords, owing to the genial influence of the Gulf-stream, the Spring begins earlier, and the Summer is longer than in Sweden; but the days of sunshine are less, as the climate is more rainy; consequently the vegetation does not increase so fast. Summer succeeds Winter more rapidly on the Gulf of Bothnia, and vegetation increases almost visibly, especially as the dew is very heavy. Owing to a less rigorous Winter on the Norwegian coast, and a longer period of medium or milder weather, several trees flourish to a higher latitude than in Sweden. Rye, which in the Arctic Circle is planted at the beginning or middle of June, attains a height of seven or eight feet early in August, having reached ninety-six inches in eight or nine weeks; and, when first planted, sometimes grows at the rate of three inches a day. The barley at Niava was ready for the harvest in the middle of August, six or seven weeks after being sown.— *The Land of the Midnight Sun, Vol. I., Chap. XI.*

WINTER IN SCANDINAVIA.

How great is the contrast between Summer and Winter in the beautiful peninsula of Scandinavia —"the Land of the Midnight Sun!" In December, in the far North, a sunless sky hangs over the country; for the days of continuous sunlight in Summer, there are as many without the sun appearing above the horizon in Winter. During that time, even at the end of December — which is the darkest period — when the weather is clear, one can read from eleven A.M. to one P.M. without artificial light; but if it is cloudy, or snow is falling, lamps must be used. The moon takes the place of the sun; the stars shine brightly, the atmosphere is pure and clear, and the sky very blue. The aurora borealis sends its flashes and streamers of

light high up toward the zenith; and there are days when the electric storm culminates in a corona of gorgeous color, presenting a spectacle never to be forgotten. I have travelled in many lands, but I have never seen such glorious nights as those of Winter in "the Land of the Midnight Sun."

The long twilights which, farther south, make the evening and the morning blend into one, are here succeeded by long dark nights and short days. Day after day the atmosphere is so still that not a breath of wind seems to pass over the hills; but suddenly these periods of repose are succeeded by dark and threatening skies, and violent tempests. On the Norwegian coast fearful and terrific storms lash the sea with fury. Under the fierce winds the pines bend their heads, and the mountain snow is swept away and to immense heights, hiding everything from sight.— *The Land of the Midnight Sun, Vol II., Chap. I.*

DUDEVANT, Armandine Lucile Aurore Dupin ("George Sand"), a French novelist; born at Paris, July 5, 1804; died there June 8, 1876. On her father's death, when she was four years old, she was placed under the care of his mother, at Nohant. In her thirteenth year she was sent to a convent boarding-school at Paris, where she became very devout and wished to take the veil. She was recalled to Nohant in 1820. She then became an enthusiastic student of Locke, Aristotle, Leibnitz, and Rousseau. When her grandmother died she went to Paris, to live with her mother. At eighteen she married Casimir Dudevant, a retired officer. Husband and wife were unsuited to each other, and in 1831 an amicable separation took place, M. Dudevant having

possession of the estate at Nohant, and Madame Dudevant going to Paris, hoping to support herself and her daughter by drawing, painting, and writing. After many rebuffs from literary men, she became a contributor to *Figaro*. Her first novel, *Rose et Blanche,* was written in conjunction with Jules Sandeau. Its publisher offered to take another novel. Sandeau had nothing ready, and Madame Dudevant offered *Indiana,* which she had just completed. It was published in 1832 under the name of "George Sand." The novel was a brilliant success, which was heightened by the mystery attached to the author. *Valentine* followed in the same year. In 1833 she published *Lélia,* the outcome of her own bitter experience, apparently an arraignment of marriage and a defence of social disorder. The next year she set out for Italy, and for more than a year remained at Venice, and wrote for the *Revue des Deux Mondes, Metalla* (1833); *Jacques* and *Léone Léoni* (1834); *André, Mattea* (1835); the *Lettres d'un Voyageur,* and *Lettres d'un Oncle.* She returned to France in 1835, and the next year obtained a legal separation from her husband. The decree gave her again the control of her fortune, and the exclusive care of her children, and restored to her her father's estate at Nohant. The editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* refusing to publish her novel, *Horace,* on account of its socialistic tendency, she broke off her connection with that periodical, and in conjunction with Leroux and Viardot established *La Revue Contemporaine,* in which appeared *Horace, Consuelo* (1844); and its sequel *La Comtesse de Rudolstadt* (1845); *Jeanne* (1844), was the first of a series of pastoral tales. *La Mare au Diable* (1846), *La petite Fadette* (1848); translated

under the title of *Fanchon the Cricket,* and *François le Champi* (1849), are the finest of these productions; *L'Historie de ma Vie* was published in 1853–55. During the Franco-German war, Mme. Dudevant went along the French lines as far as she was permitted to go, taking notes which were afterwards embodied in the *Journal d'un Voyageur pendant la Guerre* (1871). Madame Dudevant was the author of about sixty novels, twenty plays, and many minor works. At different times she contributed political articles to various newspapers. During the last years of her life, she wrote several delightful tales for her grandchildren. A volume of these, *Contes d'une Grand-mère,* was published after her death.

CONSUELO'S TRIUMPH.

Consuelo made haste to the church Mendicanti, whither the crowd were already flocking, to listen to Porpora's admirable music. She went up to the organ-loft in which the choirs were already in air, with the professor at his desk. On entering she knelt down, buried her face in her hands, and prayed fervently, and devoutly.

"Oh, my God," she cried with the voice of the heart, "Thou knowest that I seek not advancement for the humiliation of my rivals. Thou knowest that I have no thought to surrender myself to the world and worldly acts, abandoning Thy love, and straying into the paths of vice. Thou knowest that pride dwells not in me, and that I implore Thee to support me, and to swell my voice, and to expand my thoughts as I sing Thy praises only that I may dwell with him whom my mother permitted me to love."

When the first sounds of the orchestra called Consuelo to her place, she rose slowly, her mantilla fell from her shoulders, and her face was at length visible to the impatient and restless spectators in the neighboring trib-

une. But what marvellous change is here in this young girl, just now so pale, so cast down, so overwhelmed by fatigue and fear! The ether of heaven seemed to bedew her lofty forehead, while a gentle languor was diffused over the noble and graceful outlines of her figure. Her tranquil countenance expressed none of those petty passions, which seek, as it were, to exact applause. There was something about her solemn, mysterious and elevated — at once lovely and affecting.

"Courage, my daughter," said the professor in a low voice. "You are about to sing the music of a great master, and he is here to listen to you."

"Who? — Marcello," said Consuelo, seeing the professor lay the Hymns of Marcello open on the desk.

"Yes — Marcello," replied he. "Sing as usual — nothing more and nothing less — and all will be well."

Marcello, then in the last year of his life, had in fact come once again to revisit Venice, his birth-place, where he had gained renown as composer, as writer, and as magistrate. He had been full of courtesy toward Porpora, who had requested him to be present in his school, intending to surprise him with the performance of Consuelo, who knew his magnificent *"I cieli immensi narrano"* by heart. Nothing could be better adapted to the religious glow that now animated the heart of this noble girl. So soon as the first words of this lofty and brilliant production shone before her eyes, she felt as if wafted into another sphere. Forgetting Count Zustiniani — forgetting the spiteful glances of her rivals — forgetting even Anzoleto — she thought only of God and of Marcello, who seemed to interpret those wondrous regions whose glory she was about to celebrate. What subject so beautiful! — what conception so elevated! —

I cieli immensi narrano
Del grandi Iddio la gloria
Il firmamento lucido
All universo annunzia
Quanto cieno mirabili
Della sua destra le opere.

A divine glow overspread her features, and the sacred fire of genius darted from her large black eyes, as the vaulted roof rang with that unequalled voice, and with those lofty accents which could only proceed from an elevated intellect, joined to a good heart. After he had listened for a few instants, a torrent of delicious tears streamed from Marcello's eyes. The count, unable to restrain his emotion, exclaimed — "By the Holy Rood, this woman is beautiful! She is Santa Cecilia, Santa Teresa, Santa Consuelo! She is poetry, she is music, she is faith personified!" As for Anzoleto, who had risen, and whose trembling limbs barely sufficed to sustain him with the aid of his hands, which clung convulsively to the grating of the tribune, he fell back upon his seat ready to swoon, intoxicated with pride and joy. It required all the respect due to the locality, to prevent the numerous dilettanti in the crowd from bursting into applause, as if they had been in the theatre. The count would not wait until the close of the service to express his enthusiasm to Porpora and Consuelo. She was obliged to repair to the tribune of the Count to receive the thanks and gratitude of Marcello. She found him so much agitated as to be hardly able to speak.

"My daughter," said he, with a broken voice, "receive the blessing of a dying man. You have caused me to forget for an instant the mortal suffering of many years. A miracle seems exerted in my behalf, and the unrelenting frightful malady appears to have fled forever at the sound of your voice. If the angels above sing like you, I shall long to quit the world in order to enjoy that happiness which you have made known to me. Blessings then be on you, oh my child, and may your earthly happiness correspond to your deserts! I have heard Faustina, Romanina, Cuzzoni, and the rest; but they are not to be named along with you. It is reserved for you to let the world hear what it has never yet heard, and to make it feel what no man has ever yet felt."

Consuelo, overwhelmed by this magnificent eulogium, bowed her head, and almost bending to the ground,

kissed, without being able to utter a word, the livid fingers of the dying man.

During the remainder of the service, Consuelo displayed energy and resources which completely removed any hesitation Count Zustiniani might have felt respecting her. She led, she animated, she sustained the choir, displaying at each instant prodigious powers, and the varied qualities of her voice rather than the strength of her lungs. For those who know how to sing do not become tired, and Consuelo sang with as little effort and labor as others might have in merely breathing. She was heard above all the rest, not because she screamed like those performers, without soul and without breath, but because of the unimaginable purity and sweetness of her tones. Besides, she felt that she was understood in every minute particular. She alone, amidst the vulgar crowd, the shrill voices and imperfect trills of those around her, was a musician and a master. She filled, therefore, instinctively and without ostentation, her powerful part, and as long as the service lasted she took the prominent place which she felt was necessary. After all was over, the choristers imputed it to her as a grievance and a crime; and those very persons who, failing and sinking, had as it were implored her assistance with their looks, claimed for themselves all the eulogiums which are given to the school of Porpora at large.—*Consuelo.*

A PASTORAL SCENE.

I was walking on the border of a field which some peasants were in the act of preparing for the approaching seed-time. The arena was vast; the landscape was vast also, and enclosed with great lines of verdure, somewhat reddened by the approach of Autumn, that broad field of a vigorous brown, where recent rains had left, in some furrows, lines of water which the sun made glitter like fine threads of silver. The day had been clear and warm, and the earth, freshly opened by the cutting of the ploughshares, exhaled a light vapor. In the upper part of the field, an old man gravely held his plough of

antique form, drawn by two quiet oxen, with pale yellow skins — real patriarchs of the meadow — large in stature, rather thin, with long turned down horns, old laborers whom long habit had made "brothers," as they are called by our country people, and who, when separated from each other, refuse to work with a new companion, and let themselves die of sorrow. The old husbandman worked slowly, in silence, without useless efforts; his docile team did not hurry any more than he; but, owing to the continuity of a labor without distraction, and the appliance of tried and well-sustained strength, his furrow was as soon turned as that of his son, who was ploughing at a short distance from him, with four oxen not so stout, in a vein of stronger and more stony soil.

But that which afterward attracted my attention was really a beautiful spectacle — a noble subject for a painter. At the other extremity of the arable field, a good-looking young man was driving a magnificent team, four pairs of young animals of a dark color, a mixture of black and bay with streaks of fire, with those short and frizzly heads which still savor of the wild bull, those large savage eyes, those sudden motions, that nervous and jerking labor which still is irritated by the yoke and the goad, and only obeys with a start of anger the recently imposed authority. They were what are called newly-yoked steers. The man who governed them had to clear a corner formerly devoted to pasturage, and filled with century-old stumps, the task of an athlete, for which his energy, his youth, and his eight almost unbroken animals were barely sufficient.

A child six or seven years old, beautiful as an angel, with his shoulders covered, over his blouse, by a lambskin, which made him resemble the little Saint John the Baptist of the painters of the restoration, walked in the furrow parallel to the plough, and touched the flank of the oxen with a long and light stick pointed with a slightly sharpened goad. The proud animals quivered under the small hand of the child, and made their yokes and the thongs bound over their foreheads creak, while they gave violent shocks to the plough handles. When a root stopped the ploughshare, the husbandman shouted

with a powerful voice, calling each beast by his name, but rather to calm than excite; for the oxen, irritated by this sudden resistance, leaped, dug up the ground with their broad forked feet and would have cast themselves out of the track, carrying the plough across the field, if, with his voice and goad, the young man had not restrained the four nearest him, while the child governed the other four. He also shouted, the poor little fellow, with a voice which he wished to make terrible, but which remained as gentle as his angelic face. It was all beautiful in strength or in grace, the landscape, the man, the child, the bulls under the yoke; and in spite of this powerful struggle in which the earth was overcome, there was a feeling of gentleness and deep calm which rested upon all things. When the obstacle was surmounted, and the team had resumed its equal and solemn step, the husbandman, whose feigned violence was only an exercise of vigor, and an expenditure of activity, immediately recovered the serenity of simple souls, and cast a look of paternal satisfaction on his child, who turned to smile on him.

Then the manly voice of this young father of a family struck up the melancholy and solemn strain which the ancient tradition of the country transmits, not to all ploughmen indiscriminately, but to those most consummate in the art of exciting and sustaining the ardor of the oxen at work. This chant, the origin of which was perhaps considered sacred, and to which mysterious influences must formerly have been attributed, is still reputed, to this day, to possess the virtue of keeping up the courage of the animals, of appeasing their dissatisfaction, and of charming the ennui of their long task. It is not enough to know how to drive them well while tracing a perfectly straight furrow, to lighten their labor by raising or depressing the point of the ploughshare opportunely in the soil: no one is a perfect ploughman if he does not know how to sing to the oxen, and this is a science apart, which requires taste and peculiar adaptation. This chant is, to say the truth, only a kind of recitative, interrupted and resumed at will. Its irregular form and its false intonations, speaking accord-

ing to the rules of musical art, render it untranslatable. But it is none the less a beautiful chant, and so appropriate to the nature of the labor which it accompanies, to the gait of the ox, to the calmness of those rural scenes, to the simplicity of the men who sing it, that no genius, a stranger to the labors of the soil, could have invented it, and no singer other than a "finished ploughman" of that country could repeat it. At those epochs of the year when there is no other labor and no other movement in the country than that of ploughing, this chant, so simple and so powerful, rises like the voice of a breeze, to which its peculiar toning gives it a kind of resemblance. The final note of each phrase, continued and trilled with an incredible length and power of breath, ascends a quarter of a note with symtematic dissonance. This is wild, but the charm of it is invincible, and when you become accustomed to hear it, you cannot conceive how any song could be sung at those hours and in those places without disturbing their harmony.

It was then that, on seeing this beautiful pair, the man and the child, accomplish under such poetical conditions, and with so much gracefulness united with strength, a labor full of grandeur and solemnity, I felt a deep pity mingled with an involuntary respect. "Happy the husbandman!" Yes, doubtless, I should be happy in his place, if my arm, suddenly become strong and my chest, become powerful, could thus fertilize and sing nature, without my eyes ceasing to see and my brain to comprehend the harmony of colors and of sounds, the fineness of tones, and the gracefulness of outlines — in one word, the mysterious beauty of things! and especially without my heart ceasing to be in relation with the divine feeling which presided over the immortal and sublime creation!

But, alas! that man has never understood the mystery of the beautiful, that child will never understand it. May God preserve me from believing that they are not superior to the animals they govern, and that they have not at moments a kind of ecstatic revelation which charms their fatigue and soothes their cares! I see upon their noble foreheads the seal of the Lord, for

they are born kings of the soil, much more than those who own it because they have paid for it. And the proof that they feel this is, that they cannot be expatriated with impunity, that they love this soil watered with their sweat, that the true peasant dies of nostalgia under the harness of the soldier, far from the field that saw his birth. But this man wants a part of the delights that I possess, immaterial delights which are certainly his right, his, the workman of this vast temple which heaven alone is vast enough to enclose. He wants the knowledge of his feelings. Those who have condemned him to servitude from his mother's womb, not being able to deprive him of revery, have deprived him of reflection.

Well! such as he is, incomplete and condemned to an eternal childhood, he is much more beautiful than he in whom science has smothered feeling.— *The Devil's Pool.*

DUFFERIN AND AVA, Frederick Temple Hamilton Blackwood, Earl of, an English statesman and diplomat; born at Florence, Italy, June 21, 1826; died at Clandeboye, Ireland, February 12, 1902. He was the son of the fourth Baron Dufferin and Helen Selina Sheridan, Lady Dufferin. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. In 1846 he visited Ireland, and subsequently published a *Narrative of a Journey from Oxford to Skibbereen during the Year of the Irish Famine.* In 1860 he published *Letters From High Latitudes,* an account of a yacht voyage to Iceland and Spitzbergen in 1859. He was Under Secretary of State from 1864 to 1866, Governor-General of Canada (1872–1878), Ambassador to St. Petersburg in 1879, to Constantinople in 1881, and Cairo in 1882, and became Viceroy of India in 1884. He resigned in 1888 and became Ambassa-

dor to Rome; and Ambassador to France in 1891. He is the author of *Tenure of Land in Ireland,* and *Contributions to an Inquiry into the State of Ireland.* A volume of his *Speeches and Addresses* was published in 1882, and in 1890 *Speeches on India.*

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

It was now just upon the stroke of midnight. Ever since leaving England, as each four-and-twenty hours we climbed up nearer to the pole, the belt of dusk dividing day from day had been growing narrower and narrower, until having nearly reached the Arctic Circle, this — the last night we were to traverse — had dwindled to a thread of shadow. Only another half-dozen leagues more, and we would stand on the threshold of a four months' day! For the few preceding hours clouds had completely covered the heavens, except where a clear interval of sky, that lay along the northern horizon, promised a glowing stage for the sun's last obsequies. But like the heroes of old he had veiled his face to die, and it was not until he dropped down to the sea that the whole hemisphere overflowed with glory, and the gilded pageant concerted for his funeral gathered in slow procession round his grave, reminding one of those tardy honors paid to some great prince of song, who — left during life to languish in a garret — is buried by nobles in Westminster Abbey. A few minutes more the last fiery segment had disappeared beneath the purple horizon, and all was over.

"The King is dead — the King is dead — the King is dead! Long live the King!" And up from the sea that had just entombed his sire, rose the young monarch of a new day; while the courtier clouds, in their ruby robes, turned faces still aglow with the favors of their dead lord, to borrow brighter blazonry from the smile of a new master.

A fairer or a stranger spectacle than the last Arctic sunset cannot well be conceived. Evening and morning — like kinsmen whose hearts some baseless feud has kept

asunder — clasping hands across the shadow of the vanished night.— *Letters from High Latitudes.*

DUFFERIN, Helen Selina Sheridan, Lady, an Irish poet; born in 1807; died June 13, 1867. Her mother was a daughter of the Earl of Antrim; and her father, the brilliant and witty Thomas Sheridan, was the only son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. At the age of eighteen she married Price Blackwood, who became Lord Dufferin; and of this union was born the Earl of Dufferin and Ava. Her husband died in 1841; and long afterward, a few years before her own death, she was married to her dying friend Earl Gifford, that she might attend him in his last illness. Her writings were most published anonymously; therefore she was not so well known during her life as her accomplished and beloved sister, Lady Caroline Norton; with whom, while they were children, she produced a couple of little home-books entitled *The Dandies' Ball* and *The Traveled Dandies,* consisting of original verses and caricature illustrations. Lady Dufferin is principally known through her songs and ballads, which, for comic humor and pathos, are among the best in our language. Among the most popular of these are *The Irish Emigrant's Lament* and *Katey's Letter.* A contemporary writer said of her: "She is disinclined to seek that notoriety which the 'pursuits of literature' obtain; but those who are acquainted with the productions of her pen will readily acknowledge their surpassing merit."

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
  Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May mornin', long ago,
  When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
  And the lark sang loud and high;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
  And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
  The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
  And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
  And your breath warm on my cheek;
And I still keep listenin' for the words
  You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
  And the little church stands near —
The church where we were wed, Mary,
  I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
  And my step might break your rest —
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
  With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely, now, Mary,
  For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still
  The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary —
  My blessin' and my pride:
There's nothing left to care for now,
  Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
  That still kept hoping on,

When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow —
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break —
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore —
Oh, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary — kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there —
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair.

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

DUMAS, Alexandre, *père,* a French dramatist and novelist; born at Villers-Cotterets, Aisne, July 24, 1803; died at Puys, near Dieppe, December 5, 1870. When fifteen years old he was placed in a notary's office. Family embarrassments sent him to Paris, where, by the aid of General Foy, he obtained a clerkship in the household of the Duke of Orleans. He devoted his leisure to dramatic composition, in which he had already made several essays. In 1828 he brought out *Henri III. et sa Cour,* an historical play, which, though assailed by the critics, was well received by the public. *Richard d'Arlington, Térésa* (1831); the *Tour de Nesle* (1832); *Angèle* (1833); *Catharine Howard* (1834); *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle* (1837); *Mariage Sous Louis XV.* (1841); *Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr* (1843), are among the plays which followed in rapid succession, and drew crowded houses. In 1835 he published his first romance, *Isabelle de Bavière.* Other novels dealing with episodes in French history, and his *Impressions de Voyage* (1839–41) were well received. *The Three Musketeers* and the *Count of Monte Cristo* (1845) were brilliant successes. In 1844 he issued some forty volumes bearing his name, claiming that though he employed assistants, yet his share in the plan and execution of every work was sufficient to make the work truly his own. He continued to write for the stage, and also published some historical works, among them *Louis XIV. et son Siècle,* and *Florence et les Medicis.* In 1846 he accompanied the Duke de Montpensier to Spain, but afterward visited Africa. On his return he built a large theatre for the

production of his plays. The revolution of 1848 involved him in difficulties, and he was also obliged to defend himself in lawsuits with several newspapers with which he had failed to carry out his contracts. The publication of his interesting *Mémoires* was begun in 1852. He undertook the publication of a daily newspaper and a monthly review, both of which failed after a few numbers. He then continued his *Mémoires* and romances in the *Mousquetaire.* He joined Garibaldi in 1860, and wrote a volume entitled *Mémoires de Garibaldi.* His last years were impoverished. Health and vigor failed. At the beginning of the war in 1870 he was removed from Paris to Dieppe, where he died on December 5th. The works bearing his name are said to number some twelve hundred volumes. He brought out about sixty dramas, only a few of which, among them *Mariage sous Louis XV.,* and *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle,* keep their place on the stage. *The Count of Monte Cristo; The Three Musketeers;* and its sequel, *Twenty Years After; Marguerite de Valois; The Watchmaker;* the *Memoirs of a Physician;* and *Joseph Balsamo,* are among the most popular of the works bearing his name.

Many anecdotes have been related concerning Dumas' industry and of his method of composing. A friend of his, being asked whether it was really true that Dumas was about to undertake the management of a theatre, "Of course it is," he replied; "he doesn't know what else to do with himself. *Monte Cristo* is finished; the *Dame de Montsoreau* and the *Chevalier de Maison Rouge* are nearly so; ten volumes of the *Vicomte de Bragelone* are in the hands of the publisher; his bargain with the *Constitutionnel* and the *Presse* binds him to produce only eighteen volumes of

romances a year; and the Théâtre Français confines him to five five-act comedies annually; so, you see, he must find some means of employing his leisure time."

THE EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES I.

Meanwhile, Athos, in his concealment, waited in vain the signal to recommence his work. Two long hours he waited in terrible inaction. A death-like silence reigned in the room above. At last he determined to discover the cause of this stillness. He crept from his hole, and stood, hidden by the black drapery, beneath the scaffold. Peeping out from the drapery, he could see the rows of halberdiers and musketeers round the scaffold, and the first ranks of the populace, swaying and groaning like the sea.

"What is the matter, then?" he asks himself, trembling more than the cloth he was holding back. "The people are hurrying on, the soldiers under arms, and among the spectators I see D'Artagnan. What is he waiting for? What is he looking at! Good God! have they let the headsman escape?"

Suddenly the dull beating of muffled drums filled the square. The sound of heavy steps was heard above his head. The next moment the very planks of the scaffold creaked with the weight of an advancing procession, and the eager faces of the spectators confirmed what a last hope at the bottom of his heart had prevented his believing till then. At the same moment a well-known voice above him pronounced these words:

"Colonel, I wish to speak to the people."

Athos shuddered from head to foot. It was the king speaking on the scaffold. By his side stood a man wearing a mask, and carrying an axe in his hand, which he afterward laid on the block. The sight of the mask excited a great amount of curiosity in the people, the foremost of whom strained their eyes to discover who it could be. But they could discern nothing but a man of middle height dressed in black, apparently past middle age, for the end of a gray beard peeped out from the bottom of the mask which concealed his features. The

king's request had undoubtedly been acceded to by an affirmative sign, for, in firm, sonorous accents, which vibrated in the depths of Athos' heart, the king began his speech, explaining his conduct, and counselling them for the welfare of England. He was interrupted by the noise of the axe grating on the block.

"Do not touch the axe," said the king, and resumed his speech. At the end of his speech, the king looked tenderly round upon the people. Then, unfastening the diamond ornament which the queen had sent him, he placed it in the hands of the priest who accompanied Juxon. Then he drew from his breast a little cross set in diamonds, which, like the order, had been the gift of Henrietta Maria. "Sir," said he to the priest, "I shall keep this cross in my hand till the last moment. You will take it from me when I am dead." He then took his hat from his head, and threw it on the ground. One by one, he undid the buttons of his doublet, took it off, and deposited it by the side of his hat. Then, as it was cold, he asked for his gown, which was brought to him. All the preparations were made with a frightful calmness. One would have thought the king was going to bed, and not to his coffin.

"Will these be in your way?" he said to the executioner, raising his long locks: "if so, they can be tied up." Charles accompanied these words with a look designed to penetrate the mask of the unknown headsman. His calm, noble gaze forced the man to turn away his head, and the king repeated his question.

"It will do," replied the man in a deep voice, "if you separate them across the neck."

"This block is very low, is there no other to be had?"

"It is the usual block," replied the man in the mask.

"Do you think you can behead me with a single blow?" asked the king.

"I hope so," was the reply. There was something so strange in these words that everybody except the king shuddered.

"I do not wish to be taken by surprise," added the king, "I shall kneel down to pray, do not strike then."

"When shall I strike?"

"When I shall lay my head on the block, and say '*Remember!*'— then strike boldly."

"Gentlemen," said the king to those around him, "I leave you to brave the tempest, and go before you to a kingdom which knows no storms. Farewell." Then he knelt down, made the sign of the cross, and lowering his face to the planks, as if he would have kissed them, he said in a low tone, in French, "Count de la Fère, are you there?"

"Yes, your majesty," he answered trembling.

"Faithful friend, noble heart!" said the king, "I should not have been rescued. I have addressed my people, and I have spoken to God; last of all I speak to you. To maintain a cause which I believe sacred, I have lost the throne, and my children the inheritance. A million in gold remains: I buried it in the cellars of Newcastle Keep. You only know that this money exists. Make use of it, then, whenever you think it will be most useful, for my eldest son's welfare. And now farewell."

"Farewell, saintly, martyred majesty," lisped Athos, chilled with terror.

A moment's silence ensued, and then, in a full, sonorous voice, the king said, "*Remember!*"

He had scarcely uttered the word when a heavy blow shook the scaffold, and where Athos stood immovable a warm drop fell upon his brow. He reeled back with a shudder, and the same moment the drops became a black torrent. Athos fell on his knees, and remained some moments, as if bewildered or stunned. At last he rose, and taking his handkerchief, steeped it in the blood of the martyred king. Then, as the crowd gradually dispersed, he leaped down, crept from behind the drapery, gliding between two horses, mingled with the crowd, and was the first to arrive at the inn. Having gained his room, he raised his hand to his forehead, and finding his fingers covered with the king's blood, fell down insensible.—*Twenty Years After.*

IN CORSICA.

In the early part of March, in the year 1841, I was traveling in Corsica.

There are few journeys so picturesque and so agreeable.

Starting from Toulon, you reach Ajaccio in twenty hours, or Bastia in twenty-four.

Once there, a horse is readily hired for five francs a day, or purchased for fifty, and this horse, in spite of the smallness of the price, will, like the famous mare of the Gascon, which jumped from the Pont Neuf into the Seine, be more serviceable than a French racer.

Over bridges on which Auriol would have needed a balance-pole, and through byways to which Balmah would have clung with hooks, it passes in safety.

As to the danger, the traveler has but to close his eyes, and let the animal follow his own sweet will; it is the horse's business to be careful, not his. This horse, moreover, can not only climb anything, but is further capable of accomplishing about fifteen leagues a day without any demand for food or drink.

From time to time, when the traveler stops to examine some old feudal castle, or to sketch a ruined tower, the horse will eat a little grass, nibble a tree, or lick a moss-covered stone, and be perfectly satisfied.

The question of lodging is just as simple. The traveler arrives in a village, enters the principal street, chooses the house that he likes the best, and knocks at the door. An instant later the host or hostess appears, offers half the supper and all of the bed, and the next day will speed the parting guest, while thanking him for the preference which he has accorded.

Any recompense is entirely unthought of — the host would consider such a thing as an insult. If the servant of the house is a girl, the traveler may, if he wishes, give her a silk scarf, which she will wear on the next fete day; if the servant be a man, he will accept, perhaps, a dagger, with which, should he meet him, he will kill his enemy.

Robbers are never heard of, though bandits are, and these two classes are entirely distinct.

With a purse full of gold hanging from his saddle, the traveler may cross the island from one end to the other without the slightest danger; but should an enemy of his have declared the vendetta against him, I would not answer for two leagues of his journey. I was, therefore, in Corsica, as I have said, in the early part of March. I was there alone, as Jadin had remained in Rome. I had disembarked at Bastia and purchased a horse at the before-mentioned price. I had already visited Corte and Ajaccio, and at the time of which I speak I was riding through the province of Sartene on my way to Sullacaro.

The journey was short — about a dozen leagues, perhaps; but I had taken a guide, for I feared that the windings of the road which ran through the hills might cause me to lose my way.

About five o'clock we arrived at the summit of a hill which overlooks both Olmeto and Sullacaro.

While we stopped there for an instant the guide asked: "Where does your lordship desire to lodge?"

I looked down on the village streets beneath me; they seemed almost deserted. A few women alone appeared hurrying along, and looking from time to time behind them.

As, in accordance with the established laws of hospitality of which I have already spoken, I had the choice between the hundred or more houses which composed the village, I endeavored to select the one which seemed to offer the greatest prospect of comfort, and at last decided upon a square house built like a fortress, with protecting spikes above the windows and about the door. It was the first time I had seen these domestic fortifications, and I remembered then that Sartene was the classic land of the vendetta.

"Ah!" said the guide, whose eyes had followed the indication of my hand, "your lordship has not made a poor choice; that is the house of Madame Savilia de Franchi." Let me not omit to say that Italian is always spoken in Corsica.

"But," I asked, "is there no impropriety in my demanding hospitality of a woman?"

"What impropriety could there be?" asked the guide, with an air of astonishment.

"If the woman is young," I continued, and animated perhaps by a sentiment of Parisian amour-propre, "would she not be compromised by my visit?"

"Compromised?" repeated the guide evidently seeking the meaning of this word which I had Italianized with all the aplomb which a Frenchman possesses when speaking a foreign tongue.

"Yes; why not?" I exclaimed; "the lady is a widow, is she not?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"Well, then, will she receive a young man as guest?" In 1841 I was over thirty-six years old, but I still entitled myself a young man.

"Will she receive a young man!" repeated the guide; "why, what difference can it make whether you are old or young?"

"How old is Madame Savilia?" I asked.

"About forty."

"Ah! very well, then. She has children, I suppose?"

"Two sons; two fine young fellows."

"Shall I see them?"

"You will see the one who lives with her."

"And the other?"

"The other lives in Paris."

"How old are they?"

"Twenty-one."

"Both?"

"Yes; they are twins."

"What profession are they to follow?"

"The one who lives in Paris will be a lawyer."

"And the other?"

"The other will be a Corsican."

This characteristic answer was made in the most natural manner.

Ten minutes later we entered the village. I then noticed that each house was fortified, not as Mme. Savilia's was, for the poverty of the owners did not permit of such

luxury, but purely and simply with joists which barricaded the windows, while leaving loopholes for the muzzles of the muskets.

A few windows, I observed, were fortified with bricks.

I asked my guide the name of these loopholes. He replied that they were called "archeres," a term which convinced me that Corsican vendettas were anterior in point of time to the invention of firearms.

As we continued to advance the village assumed a gloomy and vacated appearance.

Several of the houses appeared to have been besieged, and were pitted with the marks of bullets.

Through the loopholes we saw from time to time some eye that followed us, but we were unable to tell whether it belonged to a man or a woman.

We reached at last the house which I had chosen; it was the largest in the village.

One thing, however, surprised me; what I had at first taken for spikes were only wooden shutters; the house was otherwise entirely unprotected, and the windows were not barricaded with either joists or bricks.

The shutters, it is true, still preserved the marks of bullets, but they were evidently of long standing, and must have been there for many years.

When my guide knocked at the door it was thrown wide open without the slightest hesitation or delay, and a footman made his appearance.

When I say footman I am wrong; I should have said a man.

It is the livery that makes the footman, but the man who opened the door for us was simply dressed in a velvet vest, trousers of the same material, and leather gaiters. A slashed silk sash was tied about his waist, from which appeared the handle of a Spanish dirk.

"Tell me," I said, "is it indiscreet on my part, not knowing any one here, to request hospitality of your mistress?"

"Certainly not, your excellency," he answered; "the stranger does honor to the house at which he stops. Maria," he continued, turning to a serving-maid who

stood behind him, "tell Madame Savilia that a French traveler is her guest."

At the same time he descended the eight steps, steep as the rungs of a ladder, which led from the front door, and took my horse by the bridle.

I at once dismounted.

"Everything will be attended to, your excellency," he said; "you have but to enter the house." — *The Corsican Brothers.*

HAARLEM.

The fifteenth of May, 1673, was a great day for the good city of Haarlem. It had to celebrate a three-fold festival. In the first place, the black tulip had been produced; secondly, Prince William of Orange, as a true Hollander, had promised to be present at the ceremony of its inauguration; and, thirdly, it was a point of honor with the States to show to the French, at the conclusion of such a disastrous war as that of 1672, that the flooring of the Batavian Republic was solid enough for its people to dance on it, with the accompaniment of the cannon of their fleets.

The Horticultural Society of Haarlem had shown itself worthy of its name by giving a hundred thousand guilders for the bulb of a tulip. The town, which did not wish to remain behindhand, voted a like sum, which was placed in the hands of that notable body to solemnize the auspicious event.

And, indeed, on the Sunday fixed for this ceremony, there was such a stir among the people, and such an enthusiasm among the townsfolk, that even a Frenchman who laughs at everything at all times, could not have helped admiring the character of those honest Hollanders, who were equally ready to spend their money for the construction of a man-of-war, that is to say, for the support of national honor, as they were to reward the growth of a new flower, destined to bloom for one day, and to serve during that day to divert the ladies, the learned and the curious.

At the head of the Notables and of the Horticultural

Committee shone Mynheer Van Herysen, dressed in his richest habiliments.

The worthy man had done his best to resemble his favorite flower, in the sombre and stern elegance of his garments; and we are bound to record to his honor, that he had perfectly succeeded in his object.

Dark crimson velvet, dark purple silk, and jetblack cloth, with linen of dazzling whiteness, composed the festive dress of the President, who marched at the head of his Committee, carrying an enormous nosegay, like that which, a hundred and twenty-one years later, Monsieur de Robespierre displayed at the festival of "The Supreme Being."

There was, however, a little difference between the two: very different from the French tribune, whose heart was so full of hatred and ambitious vindictiveness, the honest President carried in his bosom a heart as innocent as the flowers which he held in his hand.

Behind the Committee, who were as gay as a meadow, and as fragrant as a garden in spring, marched the learned societies of the town, the magistrates, the military, the nobles and the boors.

The people, even among the respected republicans of the Seven Provinces, had no place assigned to them in the procession: they merely lined the streets.

This is the place for the multitude which, with true philosophic spirit, waits until the triumphal pageants have passed, to know what to say of them, and sometimes also to know what to do.

This time, however, there was no question either of the triumph of Pompey of Cæsar; neither of the defeat of Mithridates, nor of the conquest of Gaul. The procession was as placid as the passing of a flock of lambs, and as inoffensive as a flight of birds sweeping through the air.

Haarlem had no other triumphers, except its gardeners. Worshipping flowers, Haarlem idolized the florist.

In the centre of this pacific and fragrant cortège the black tulip was seen, carried on a litter which was covered with white velvet and fringed with gold.

It was arranged that the Prince Stadtholder himself

should give the prize of a hundred thousand guilders, which interested the people at large, and it was thought that, perhaps, he would make a speech which interested more particularly his friends and enemies.

The whole population of Haarlem, swelled by that of the neighborhood, had arranged itself along the beautiful avenues of trees, with the fixed resolution, this time, to applaud neither the heroes of war, nor those of science, but merely the conqueror of nature, who had forced her to produce the black tulip.

Nothing, however, is more fickle than such a resolution of the people. When a crowd is once in the humor to cheer, it is just the same as when it begins to hiss. It never knows when to stop.

It, therefore, in the first place, cheered Van Herysen and his nosegay, then the corporations, then followed a cheer for the people; and, at last, and for once with great justice, there was one for the excellent music with which the gentlemen of the town council generously treated the assemblage at every halt.

All eyes were on the lookout for the hero of the day,—of course we mean the grower of the tulip.

This hero made his appearance at the conclusion of the reading of the report, which we have seen Van Herysen drawing up with such conscientiousness; and he produced almost a greater sensation than the Stadtholder himself.

There he walked, covered with flowers down to his girdle; well combed and brushed and entirely dressed in scarlet, a color which contrasted strongly with his black hair and yellow complexion.

This hero, radiant with rapturous joy, who had the distinguished honor of making the people forget the speech of Van Herysen, and even the presence of the Stadtholder, was Isaac Boxtel, who saw, carried on his right before him, the black tulip, his pretended daughter; and on his left, in a large purse, the hundred thousand guilders in glittering gold pieces, towards which he was constantly squinting, fearful of losing sight of them for one moment.

Another quarter of an hour and the Prince will arrive,

and the procession will halt for the last time; after the tulip is placed on its throne, the Prince, yielding precedence to this rival for the popular adoration, will take a magnificently-emblazoned parchment, on which is written the name of the grower; and His Highness, in a loud and audible tone, will proclaim him to be the discoverer of a wonder; that Holland, by the instrumentality of him, Boxtel, has forced nature to produce a black flower, which shall henceforth be called *Tulipa nigra Boxtellea.*

From time to time, however, Boxtel withdrew his eyes for a moment from the tulip and the purse, timidly looking among the crowd, for, more than anything, he dreaded to descry there the pale face of the pretty Frisian girl.

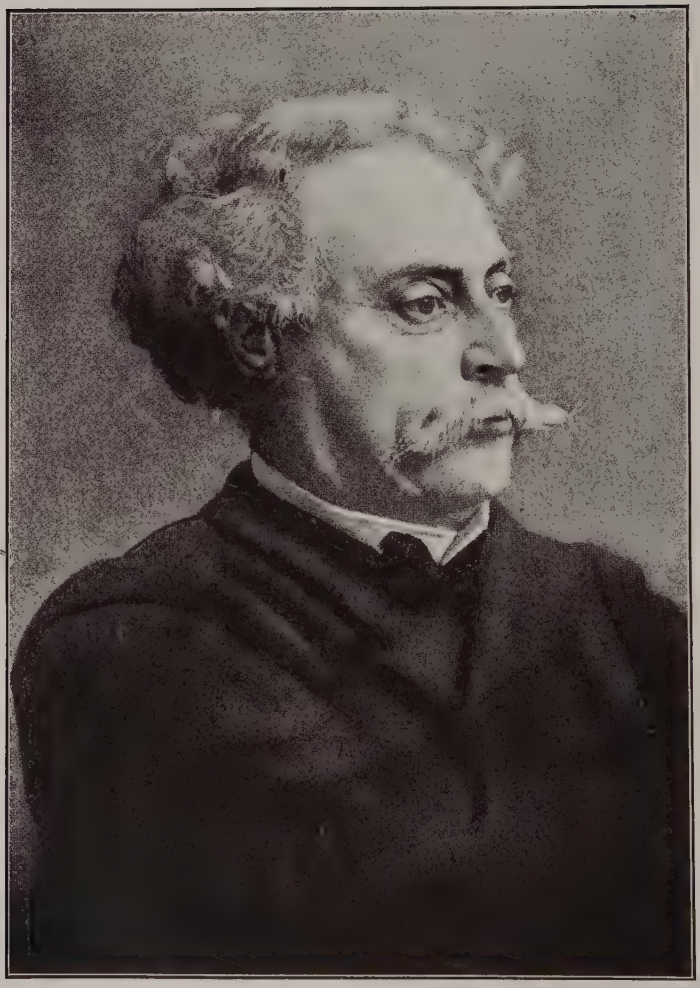
She would have been a spectre spoiling the joy of the festival for him, just as Banquo's ghost did that of Macbeth.

And yet, if the truth must be told, this wretch, who had stolen what was the boast of a man, and the dowry of a woman, did not consider himself as a thief. He had so intently watched this tulip, followed it so eagerly from the drawer in Cornelius' dry-room to the scaffold of the Buitenhof, and from the scaffold to the fortress of Lœvestein; he had seen it bud and grow in Rosa's window, and so often warmed the air round it with his breath, that he felt as if no one had a better right to call himself its producer than he had; and any one who would now take the black tulip from him, would have appeared to him as a thief.

Yet he did not perceive Rosa; his joy, therefore, was not spoiled.

In the centre of a circle of magnificent trees, which were decorated with garlands and inscriptions, the procession halted, amidst the sounds of lively music; and the young damsels of Haarlem made their appearance to escort the tulip to the raised seat which it was to occupy on the platform, by the side of the gilded chair of His Highness the Stadtholder.

And the proud tulip, raised on its pedestal, soon overlooked the assembled crowd of people, who clapped their hands, and made the old town of Haarlem re-echo with their tremendous cheers.— *The Black Tulip.*



ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

DUMAS, Alexandre, *fils,* son of the preceding; a French dramatist and novelist; born at Paris, July 27, 1824; died there, November 27, 1895. His first work was a volume of verse published in his eighteenth year. He accompanied his father to Spain and Africa, and on his return published *Les Aventures de Quatre Femmes et d'un Perroquet,* which showed no great talent. *La Dame aux Camélias* (1848), the story of Marie Duplessis, a woman of the town, found an immense number of readers. It was afterward dramatized by its author, and was also reproduced in Verdi's opera of *La Traviata.* Among his other novels are *Le Docteur Servans* and *Antonine* (1849), *Trois Hommes Forts* (1850), *Diane de Lys* (1852), *La Dame aux Perles,* and *La Vie a Vingt Ans.* Dumas was more successful as a dramatist than as a novelist, his success being founded upon his power to deal satirically with the follies, vices, and crimes of society. He dramatized his own work, *Diane de Lys,* and his father's *Joseph Balsamo.* He also wrote *Le Demi-Monde* (1855), *La Question d'Argent, Le Père Prodigue* (1859), *La Femme de Claude* (1872), *Monsieur Alphonse* (1873), *Le Fils Naturel* (1858), *L'Ami des Femmes* (1864), *Les Idées de Mme. Aubray* (1867), *La Princesse Georges* (1871), *L'Étrangère* (1877), *La Princesse de Bagdad* (1881), *Denise* (1885), and *Francillon* (1887). *La Femme de Claude* was a dramatic version of his novel, *L'Affaire Clémenceau.* He was made a member of the French Academy on January 30, 1874, succeeding Pierre Lebrun. Victor Hugo appeared for the first time at a meeting of the Immortal Forty after

his return to France in order to vote for Dumas, who was elected by a vote of twenty-two to eleven. Later he was made Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.

In an editorial upon the death of the younger Dumas, the Boston *Literary World* said that he was "at least *le fils de son père.*" The father and the son together are a notable example of hereditary unity and continuity in literature. Together Dumas *père* and Dumas *fils,* but especially Dumas *fils,* furnish the literary parentage for that most modern French school of literary art of which the work of Zola is the foremost representative."

THE DEATH OF MARGUERITE.

"O what a sad day this has been, my poor Mr. Armand! This morning Marguerite struggled so much for breath that the doctor bled her, when her voice partially returned. The doctor advised her to see a priest, to which she consented, and he went himself to bring an abbé from St. Roch.

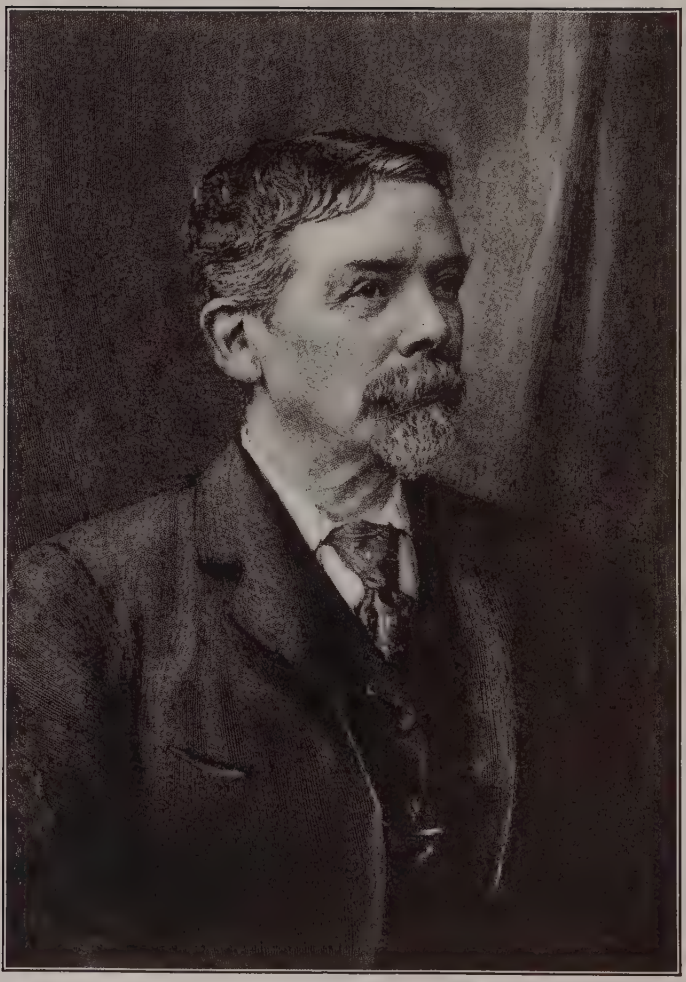
"During his absence, Marguerite beckoned me to her bedside, and begging me to open her wardrobe, pointed out a cap, and a long night-dress profusely trimmed with lace, and in a trembling voice said:

"'I shall die soon as I have confessed, then dress me in those things; it is my last act of coquetry.'

"She then embraced me with many tears, and continued—'I can speak, but it strangles me to talk; I am choking—give me air!'

"I burst into tears and opened the window, and in a few minutes the priest entered. I moved forward to receive him, but when he understood in whose house he was, he seemed to fear an unwelcome reception.

"'You need not fear, Father,' said I, as he approached, 'come in boldly.' Having remained a short time by the bedside, he left the room, saying to me as he went out: 'She has lived the life of a sinner, but she will die the death of a Christian.'



DU MAURIER.

"In a few minutes he returned, accompanied by a young chorister bearing a crucifix, and preceded by a sacristan who was ringing a bell to announce that God was approaching near to a dying woman.

"They all three entered the bed-chamber which had once rung with such strange words, but which was now transformed into a holy temple.

"I sank on my knees. How long the impression made on me by this scene will last, I know not, but I believe that to the last day of my life nothing will ever affect me so much.

"The priest, having anointed her brow, hands, and feet with the holy oil, recited a short prayer, and Marguerite was thus prepared to enter heaven, where she will no doubt go, if God has seen the trials of her life and the sanctity of her death.

"From that time forward she neither spoke nor moved, and twenty times I should have thought her dead, if I had not heard her labored breathing."—*Camille.*

DU MAURIER, George Louis Palmella Busson, an English novelist and artist; a descendant of a French family that fled to England during the Revolution; born at Paris, March 6, 1834; died at London, October 8, 1896. He attended school in Paris until he was seventeen years of age. Then his father, who was in London, and who was very desirous that his son should become a scientific man, sent for him and placed him at the Birckbeck Chemical Laboratory of University College. But he gave very little time to the study of chemistry and a good deal to sketching and drawing caricatures. His father dying in 1856 he returned to Paris, and, as he had decided to make art a profession, entered Gleyre's

studio, in the Quartier Latin, to study drawing and painting. He spent one year in the Quartier Latin. He then went to Antwerp and worked in the Academy under De Keyser and Van Lerius. Here occurred what he called the great tragedy of his life, the sudden and permanent loss of the sight of his left eye. In 1860 he went to London and soon after began contributing sketches to *Once a Week* and to *Punch.* His first sketch appeared in *Punch,* June, 1860. From that time he became famous as an illustrator of that paper by his well-known caricatures of society life. His first book, *Peter Ibbetson,* was published in 1892; *Trilby* in 1894. His last book, *The Martians,* was appearing as a serial in *Harper's Magazine* at the time of his death. All were illustrated by himself. In 1880 a collection of his *Punch* wood-cuts was published in a volume entitled *English Society at Home.*

John D. Barry, in a letter to the Boston *Literary World,* says that Du Maurier once made the remark: "If I were a novelist, I should never be in want of plots; for I have hundreds of them in my mind already." Then, according to Mr. Barry, he outlined the story of *Trilby,* with a very different heroine however from the "Trilby" the world knows so well. "I began *Peter Ibbetson* on an impulse one night," said he to Mr. Barry. "I grew interested in it, and worked on rapidly till I suddenly came to a full stop. 'Oh, this is a *mad* story,' I said to myself; and I seized the manuscript and held it up to throw it in the fire. Then, with my arm in the air, I decided to wait till morning before burning it. That night in bed it flashed upon me to make the *hero* mad; and so I did, and went on to the end."

"Personally," says the same authority, "Du Maurier was exactly what a reader of his books would expect him to be — gentle, sympathetic, philosophical, with the air of one interested in the best that life offered, but a little saddened."

TRILBY.

Little Billee would look up from his work, as she was sitting to Taffy or the Laird, and find her gray eyes fixed on him with an all-enfolding gaze, so piercingly, penetratingly, unutterably sweet and kind and tender, such a brooding, dove-like look of soft and warm solicitude, that he would feel a flutter at his heart, and his hand would shake so that he could not paint; and in a waking dream he would remember that his mother had often looked at him like that when he was a small boy, and she a beautiful young woman untouched by care or sorrow; and the tear that always lay in readiness so close to the corner of Little Billee's eye would find it very difficult to keep itself in its proper place — unshed.— *Trilby.*

EARLY MEMORIES.

And this leads me to apologize for the egotism of this Memoir, which is but an introduction to another and longer one that I hope to publish later. To write a story of paramount importance to mankind, it is true, but all about one's outer and one's inner self, to do this without seeming somewhat egotistical, requires something akin to genius — and I am but a poor scribe.

"Combien j'ai donce souvenance
Du joli lieu de ma naissance!"

These quaint lines have been running in my head at intervals through nearly all my outer life, like an oft-recurring burden in an endless ballad — sadly monotonous, alas! the ballad, which is mine; sweetly monotonous the burden, which is by Chateaubriand.

I sometimes think that, to feel the full significance of

this refrain, one must have passed one's childhood in sunny France, where it was written, and the remainder of one's existence in mere London — or worse than mere London — as has been the case with me. If I had spent all my life from infancy upward in Bloomsbury, or Clerkenwell, or Whitechapel, my early days would be shorn of much of their retrospective glamor as I look back on them in these my after-years.

"Combien j'ai donce souvenance!"

It was on a beautiful June morning, in a charming French garden, where the warm, sweet atmosphere was laden with the scent of lilac and syringa, and gay with butterflies and dragon-flies and bumble-bees, that I began my conscious existence with the happiest day of all my outer life.

It is true that I had vague memories (with many a blank between) of a dingy house in the heart of London, in a long street of desolating straightness that led to a dreary square and back again, and nowhere else for me; and then of a troubled and exciting journey that seemed of jumbled days and nights. I could recall the blue stage-coach with the four tall, thin, brown horses, so quiet and modest and well-behaved; the red-coated guard and his horn; the red-faced driver and his husky voice and many capes. Then the steamer with its glistening deck, so beautiful and white it seemed quite a desecration to walk upon it — this spotlessness did not last very long; and then two wooden piers with a lighthouse on each, and a quay, and blue-bloused workmen and red-legged little soldiers with mustaches, and bare-legged fisherwomen, all speaking a language that I knew as well as the other commoner language I had left behind; but which I had always looked upon as an exclusive possession of my father's and mother's and mine for the exchange of sweet confidence and the bewilderment of outsiders; and here were little boys and girls in the street, quite common children, who spoke it as well and better than I did myself.

After this came the dream of a strange, huge, top-

heavy vehicle, that seemed like three yellow carriages stuck together, and a mountain of luggage at the top under an immense black tarpaulin, which ended in a hood; and beneath the hood sat a blue-bloused man with a singular cap, like a concertina, and mustaches, who cracked a loud whip over five squealing, fussy, pugnacious white and gray horses, with bells on their necks and bushy fox-tails on their foreheads, and their own tails carefully tucked up behind.

From the *coupê* where I sat with my father and mother I could watch them well as they led us through dusty roads with endless apple trees or poplars on either side. Little barefooted urchins (whose papas and mammas wore wooden shoes and funny white nightcaps) ran after us for French half-pennies, which were larger than English ones, and pleasanter to have and to hold! Up hill and down we went; over sounding wooden bridges, through roughly paved streets in pretty towns to large court-yards, where five other quarrelsome steeds, gray and white, were waiting to take the place of the old ones — worn out, but quarreling still!

And through the night I could hear the gay music of the bells and hoofs, the rumbling of the wheels, the cracking of the eternal whip, as I fidgeted from one familiar lap to the other in search of sleep; and waking out of a doze I could see the glare of the red lamps on the five straining white and gray backs that dragged us so gallantly through the dark summer night.

Then it all became rather tiresome and intermittent and confused, till we reached at dusk next day a quay by a broad river; and as we drove along it, under thick trees, we met other red and blue and green lamped five-horsed diligences starting on their long journey, just as ours was coming to an end.

Then I knew (because I was a well-educated little boy, and heard my father exclaim, "Here's Paris at last!") that we had entered the capital of France — a fact that impressed me very much — so much, it seems, that I went to sleep for thirty-six hours at a stretch, and woke up to find myself in the garden I have mentioned, and to retain possession of that self without break or solution

of continuity (except when I went to sleep again) until now.—*Peter Ibbetson.*

MY FRIEND BARTY.

His idea of a pleasant evening was putting on the gloves with Snowdrop, or any one else who chose — or fencing — or else making music; or being funny in any way one could; and for this he had quite a special gift: he had sudden droll inspirations that made one absolutely hysterical — mere things of suggestive look or sound or gesture, reminding one of Robson himself, but quite original; absolute senseless rot and drivel, but still it made one laugh till one's sides ached. And he never failed of success in achieving this.

Among the dullest and gravest of us, and even some of the most high-minded, there is often a latent longing for this kind of happy idiotic fooling, and a grateful fondness for those who can supply it without effort and who delight in doing so. Barty was the precursor of the Arthur Robertses and Fred Leslies and Dan Lenos of our day, although he developed in quite another direction!

Then of a sudden he would sing some little two-penny love-ballad or sentimental nigger melody so touchingly that one had the lump in the throat; poor Snowdrop would weep by spoonfuls!

By-the-way, it suddenly occurs to me that I'm mixing things up — confusing Sundays and week days; of course our Sunday evenings were quiet and respectable, and I much preferred them when he and I were alone; he was then another person altogether — a thoughtful and intelligent young Frenchman, who loved reading aloud or being read to; especially English poetry — Byron! He was faithful to his "Don Juan," his Hebrew melodies — his "O'er the glad waters of the deep blue sea." We knew them all by heart, or nearly so, and yet we read them still: and Victor Hugo and Lamartine, and dear Alfred de Musset.

And one day I discovered another Alfred who wrote verses — Alfred the Great, as we called him — one Alfred Tennyson, who had written a certain poem, among others,

called *In Memoriam* — which I carried off to Barty's and read out aloud one wet Sunday evening, and the Sunday evening after, and other Sunday evenings; and other poems by the same hand; *Locksley Hall, Ulysses, The Lotus Eaters, The Lady of Shalott,*— and the chord of Byron passed in music out of sight.

Then Shelley dawned upon us and John Keats, and Wordsworth — and our Sunday evenings were of a happiness to be remembered forever; at least they were so to me!

If Barty Josselyn were on duty on the Sabbath, it was a blank day for Robert Maurice. For it was not very lively at home — especially when my father was there. He was the best and kindest man that ever lived, but his business-like seriousness about this world, and his anxiety about the next, and his Scotch Sabbatarianism, were deadly depressing; combined with the aspect of London on the Lord's day — London east of Russell Square! Oh, Paris. . . . Paris. . . . and the yellow omnibus that took us both there together, Barty and me, at eight on a Sunday morning in May or June, and didn't bring us back to school till fourteen hours later.— *The Martians.*

DUNBAR, Paul Laurence, an American poet and novelist; born of negro parents at Dayton, Ohio, June 27, 1872. He was graduated from the Dayton High School in 1891, and early devoted himself to journalism and literature. In 1898 he was appointed an assistant to the Librarian of Congress. It is said that his genius as a poet was first discovered by William Dean Howells. He has written *Oak and Ivy,* poems (1893); *Majors and Minors,* poems (1895); *Lyrics of Lowly Life,* poems (1896); *Folks From Dixie* (1898); *The Unrecalled,* a novel (1898);

Lyrics of the Hearthside (1899); *Poems of Cabin and Field* (1899); *The Strength of Gideon* (1900); *The Love of Landry* (1900); *The Sport of the Gods,* a novel (1901); *The Fanatics,* a novel (1901); *When Malindy Sings,* poems (1902); *In Old Plantation Days* (1903); *Li'l' Gal* (1904), and *The Heart of Happy Hollow* (1904). Mr. Dunbar is especially clever in his delineation of negro life and character.

ACCOUNTABILITY.

Folks ain't got no right to censuah uthah folks about dey habits.
Him dat giv' de squir'ls de bushtails made de bobtails fuh de rabbits.
Him dat built de grea' big mountains hollered out de little valleys.
Him dat made de streets an driveways wasn't 'shamed to make de alleys.

We is all constructed diff'rent; d'ain't no two o' us de same.
We can't he'p ouah likes an dislikes; ef we'se bad, we ain't to blame;
Ef we'se good, we needn't show off, 'case you bet it ain't ouah doin'.
We gits into suttain channels dat we jes' cain't he'p pu'suin.

But we all fits into places dat no uthah ones cud fill,
An we does de t'ings we has to, big er little, good er ill.
John cain't tek de place o' Henry; Sue an Sally ain't alike;
Bass ain't nuthin like a suckah; chub ain't nuthin like a pike.

hen you come to think about it — how it's all planned out — it's splendid.
Nuthin's done er evah happens 'dout it's somefin dat's intended.

Don't keer what you does, you has to, an it sholy beats de dickens.
Viney, go put on de kittle; I got one o' mastah's chickens.

THE OL' TUNES.

You kin talk about your anthems,
An' yer arias an' sich,
An' yer modern choir singin'
That you think so awful rich;
But you orter heerd us youngsters
In the times now far away,
A-singin' o' the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

There was some o' us sung treble,
An' a few o' us growled bass,
An' the tide o' song flowed smoothly
With its complement o' grace;
There was sperrit in that music,
An' a kind o' solemn sway,
A-singin' o' the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

I remember oft o' standin'
In my homespun pantaloons,
On my face the bronze an' freckles
O' the suns o' youthful Junes —
Thinkin' that no mortal minstrel
Ever chanted sich a lay
As the ol' tunes we was singin'
In the ol'-fashioned way.

The boys 'ud always lead us,
An' the girls 'ud chime in,
Till the sweetness o' the singin'
Robbed the listn'in' soul of sin;
And I ust to tell the parson
'Twas as good to sing as pray,
When the people sung the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

How I long ag'in to hear it,
  Pourin' forth from soul to soul,
With the treble high an' meller,
  An' the bass's mighty roll;
But the times is very diff'rent,
  An' the music heerd to-day
Ain't the singin' o' the ol' tunes
  In the ol'-fashioned way.

Little screechin' by a woman,
  Little squawkin' by a man,
Then the organ's tweedle-twaddle,
  Jest the empty space to span —
An' if you should even think it
  'Tisn't proper fer to say
That you want to hear the ol' tunes
  In the ol'-fashioned way.

But I think that some bright mornin'
  When the toils of life is o'er,
An' the sun o' heaven arisin'
  Glads with light the happy shore,
I shall hear the angel chorus,
  In the realms o' endless day,
A-singin' o' the ol' tunes
  In the ol'-fashioned way.

DEACON JONES' GRIEVANCE.

You'll excuse me, Mr. Parson,
  If I seem a little sore,
But I've sung the songs o' Isr'el
  Fur threescore years an more,
An it sort o' hurts my feelin's
  Fur to see 'em put away
Fur these harum scarum ditties
  'At is capturin the day.

There's anuther little happ'nin
  'At I'll mention while I'm here,
Just to show 'at my objections
  All is offered sound and clear.

It was one day they was singing
  An was doin well enough —
Singin good as people could sing
  Sich an awful mess o' stuff —

When the choir give a holler,
  An the organ give a groan,
An they left one weak voiced feller
  A-singin there alone!
But he stuck right to the music,
  Though 'twas tryin as could be,
An when I tried to help him,
  Why, the hull church scowled at me.

You say that's so-low singin.
  Well, I praise the Lord that I
Growed up when folks was willin
  To sing their hymns so-high.
Oh, we never had such doin's
  In the good ol' Bethel days,
When the folks was all contented
  With the simple songs o' praise.

Now, I may have spoke too open,
  But 'twas too hard to keep still,
An I hope you'll tell the singers
  'At I bear 'em no ill will.
'At they all may git to glory
  Is my wish an my desire,
But they'll need some extry trainin
  'Fore they join the heavenly choir.

In his serious moments Mr. Dunbar has written two poems, *Life* and *Mortality,* that have been much admired.

LIFE.

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,

A pint of joy to a peck of trouble
And never a laugh but the moans come double,
And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With the smile to warm and the tears to refresh us,
And joy seems sweeter when cares come after,
And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter,
And that is life!

MORTALITY.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!
What of his loving? What of his lust?
What of his passion? What of his pain?
What of his poverty? What of his pride?
Earth, the great mother, has called him again.
Deeply he sleeps, the world's verdict defied.
Shall he be tried again? Shall he go free?
Who shall the court convene? Where shall it be?
No answer on the land, none from the sea!
Only we know that as he died we must —
You with your theory, you with your trust.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!

DUNBAR, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet; born at Salton about 1465; died about 1530. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, entered the Franciscan Order, and traveled over England and France. Returning to Scotland, he became a favorite at the Court of James IV. Some of his poems were printed as early as 1508; many of them remained in manuscript for two centuries. In 1501 Dunbar went to England with the ambassadors to conclude the negotiations for the marriage of Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., to King James IV.

of Scotland. On the occasion of the marriage he wrote *The Thrissil and the Rois,* an allegorical poem describing the amity between England and Scotland, in honor of the event. *The Golden Targe* is a moral poem of fine imagery, in which the ascendancy of love over reason is shown to be general—the golden shield of reason being insufficient to ward off the shafts of Cupid; *The Twa Maryit Women and the Wedo* is a tale in which the poet imagines he hears three females narrating their experiences in married life. He also wrote *The Freiris of Berwyck; Justice Betuix the Tailyeour and Sowtar* (cobbler), *Dance in the Queenis Chalmer; Dance of the Sevin Deidlie Synnis* (seven deadly sins); *Off the Nativitie of Christ; Off the Passioun of Christ; Off the Resurrection of Christ,* etc. A complete edition of his works was issued in 1824, with a *Life of Dunbar,* by David Laing. One of his pleasantest poems, *The Merle* (Blackbird) *and the Nightingale,* is a dialogue between these two birds, the Merle advocating a joyous life spent in the service of earthly love, while the Nightingale avers that the only worthy love is that which is given solely to God. They debate the matter through a dozen stanzas, when the Merle avows himself convinced by the representations of the Nightingale:

THE MERLE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Then said the Merle: mine error I confess;
This frustir love is all but vanity:
Blind ignorance me gave sic hardiness,
To argue so again' the verity;
Wherefore I counsel every man that he
With love not in the feindis net be tone,
But love the love that did for his love die:
All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then sang they both with voices loud and clear;
The Merle sang: Man, love God that has thee wrought,
The Nightingale sang; Man, love the Lord most dear,
That thee and all this world made of nought.
The Merle said: Love him that thy love has sought
Fro' heaven to earth, and here took flesh and bone.
The Nightingale sang: And with his dead thee bought:
All love is lost but upon Him alone.

Then flew thir birdis o'er the boughis sheen,
Singing of love amang the leavis small
Whose eidant plead yet made my thoughtis grein,
Both sleeping, waking, in rest and in travail;
Me to recomfort most it does avail,
Again for love, when love I can find none,
To think how sung this Merle and Nightingale:
All love is lost but upon God alone.

The Dance consists of ten stanzas. Mahoun (that is, Mahomet, a kind of incarnation of the Evil One) summons his principal servitors to make an entertainment before him. The Seven Deadly Sins make their appearance, and each of them recites a verse satirizing the vices of the times:

THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

III.

Lets see, quoth he, now wha begins:
With that the foul Seven Deadly Sins
  Begoud to leap at anis.
And first of all in Dance was Pride,
With hair wyld back, and bonnet on side,
  Like to make vaistie wanis;
And round about him, as a wheel,
Hang all in rumples to the heel
  His kethat for the nanis:
Mony proud trumpour with him trippit
Through scalding fire, aye as they skippit
  The girned with hideous granis.

IV.

Then ire came in with sturt and strife;
His hand was aye upon his knife,
  He brandished like a beir:
Boasters, braggars, and bargainers,
After him passit in two pairs,
  All boden in feir of weir;
In jacks, and scryppis, and bonnets of steel,
Their legs were chainit to the heel,
  Frawart was their affeir:
Some upon other with brands beft,
Some jaggit others to the heft,
  With knives that sharp could shear.

V.

Next in the Dance followit Envy,
Filled full of feud and felony,
  Hid malice and despite:
For privy hatred that traitor tremlit;
Him followit mony freik dissemlit,
  With fenyeit wordis quhyte:
And flatterers into men's faces;
And backbiters in secret places,
  To lie that had delight;
And rownaris of false lesings,
Alace! that courts of noble kings
  Of them can never be quit.

VI.

Next him in Dance came Covetyce,
Root of all evil, and ground of vice,
  That never could be content:
Catives, wretches, and ockeraris,
Hudpikes, hoarders, gatheraris,
  All with that warlock went:
Out of their throats they shot on other
Het, molten gold, me thocht, a futher,
  As fire-flaucht maist fervent;

Aye as they toomit them of shot,
Fiends filled them new up to the throat
With gold of all kind prent.

VII.

Syne Sweirness, at the second bidding,
Came lik a sow out of a midding,
Full sleepy was his grunyie:
Mony swear bombard belly huddroum,
Mony slut, daw, and sleepy duddroun,
Him servit aye with sonnyie;
He drew them furth intill a chain,
And Belial with a bridle rein
Ever lashed them on the lunyie:
In Daunce they were so slaw of feet,
They gave them in the fire a heat,
And made them quicker of cunyie.

VIII.

Then Lechery, that laithly corpse,
Came berand like ane baggit horse,
And Idleness did him lead;
There was with him ane ugly sort,
And mony stinking foul tramort,
That had in sin been dead:
When they were enterit in the Dance,
They were full strance of countenance,
Like torches burning red.

IX.

Then the foul monster, Gluttony,
Of wane insatiable and greedy,
To Dance he did him dress:
Him followit mony foul drunkart,
With can and collop, cup and quart,
In surfit and excess;
Full mony a waistless wally-drag,

With wames unwieldable, did furth wag,
In creesh that did incress:
Drink! aye they cried, with mony a gaip,
The fiends gave them het lead to laip,
Their leveray was na less.

THE TRUE LIFE.

Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow;
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbor gladly lend and borrow;
His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow;
Be blythe in hearte for my aventure,
For oft with wise men it has been said aforow
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

Make thee gude cheer of it that God thee sends,
For warld's wrak but welfare nought avails;
Nae gude is thine save only that thou spends,
Remanant all thou bruikes but with bails;
Seek to solace when sadness thee assails;
In dolour lang thy life may not endure,
Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sails;
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

DUNCAN, NORMAN, an American journalist and novelist; born near Brantford, Canada, July 2, 1871. He was educated at the University of Toronto and in 1901 became a member of the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post.* In 1904 he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric at Washington and Jefferson College. His works include *The Soul of the Street* (1902); *The Way of the Sea* (1903); *Doctor Luke of the Labrador* (1904); and *Dr. Grenfell's Parish* (1905).

The Way of the Sea is a series of short stories telling of the comedies and tragedies that make up the life of the sturdy fisher folk of Newfoundland. It is full of the quaint humor of these secluded people, but through the stories runs a sense of the struggle of man against the might of the sea — its sly craft, its luring fascination and its obstinate vengefulness. Aside from the masterful study and treatment of the ocean, the author gives a realistic picture of the hard life of the coast dwellers. F. T. Bullen writes a preface for the English edition of this book in which he says: "I am absolutely certain that, with the exception of Joseph Conrad and Rudyard Kipling, no writing about the sea has ever probed so deeply and faithfully into its mysteries as his."

NICHOLAS TOP.

When first I fell into chance talk with him on Castle Hill, I made eager use of my opportunity, for his seemed indeed to be an acquaintance worth the cultivating. Nowhere in Newfoundland, from the ports of the West Coast 'round Cape Ray and Cape Race to the northermost harbors of the Shore and the Straits, nor yet in the water-side drinking-places of St. John's, where odd folk congregate for a yarn and a nip of caustic rum, had I come upon a figure so invitingly grotesque.

He was stubby and exceeding fat, with a leg lacking and two thumbs too many, and though he managed to hop hither and yon in a fashion surprisingly light, his manner of getting about had a hint too much of the furtive and fearful to escape remark. One instinctively suspected him of crime — wondered what manner of pursuit he feared; and there was this about it, too — that one hoped he would never be taken.

The impression of the first glance was somewhat deepened in disfavor by the nearer sight of his countenance, wherein there lay an expression of evil cunning,

at once indubitable and impossible of exact description. There were three thick rolls of flabby flesh under his chin, and a puff of fat under each of his quick little eyes; and from the puffs to the lowest chin, which was half submerged in the folds of a black cravat, the broad, mottled expanse was covered by a stubble of gray beard, save where a ragged scar on the left cheek kept it bare and livid.

There were other scars: the one ran from the angle of his left ear over the crown of his head in the shape of a thin crescent, cutting a wide, ghastly swath in his wiry gray hair; a second lay on his forehead, over the right eyebrow, to which, though by nature drooping to a glower, it gave a sharp upward twist, so that the old fellow was in good humor or bad according to the side of face he presented at the moment.

But never before, I fancy, did a man's eyes so bluntly give the lie to his every feature. Albeit of an occasion the old dog drank to excess, they were clear blue; and they were steady, deep and mild — altogether incompatible with the hang-dog attitude, the sharp, sidelong glance, the leer of cunning. They presented a singular puzzle. How it came that eyes so unsuited to that fantastic countenance yet benevolently beamed from it was quite past the guessing.

There were two circumstances of a significance so peculiar, so mystifying, that even the town gossips had long ago abandoned all effort to explain them. My good friend (as he soon became) — he was of the name of Nicholas Top — never failed to break into muttered imprecations when in the course of his peregrinations he came to the crossing of King Street with Water. In so far as one might discern, there was nothing in that busy neighborhood to excite the ill-temper of any man; but at such times, as though courting the curious remark he attracted, his crutch would strike the pavement with an angry pat, his head wag and nod, his eyes malevolently flash; and he would so hasten his steps that it was no easy matter to keep pace with him, until, once past, he would again turn placid and slow.

Nathaniel, the foster son, was a mystery yet more ob-

scure; and I am sure that the poor lad himself, brood as he might — and doubtless did — could never contrive to solve the puzzle of his life. He was a merry, well-favored boy of fifteen or thereabouts, the son of Nick's old skipper, Tom Callaway, who was lost with the *Will o' the Wisp* on the Devil's Reef, off the Labrador coast, when Nathaniel was a lisping child. It was not strange that he should abide with his dead father's mate, the town gossips could account for that. The marvel was that rough old Nick Top, whose coat was never but of the shabbiest, should deck out the son of Tom Callaway, who was drowned without a dollar to his credit, in a manner so preposterously extravagant that the beholder was moved to stop short and wonder.

Nicholas Top was desperately poor; but there was no end to that lad's apparel — to his tweeds and overcoats and topcoats, to furs and his shoes, to his cravats and whatnot; and each single item of that vast wardrobe must be speckless and in the fashion, else Nick would make fuming haste to provide another. But it was in the matter of ornament, so to speak, that the lad was the more extraordinarily conspicuous. He was a mighty temptation to highwaymen; he had a great diamond in his shirt-bosom, diamonds on his fingers (there were seven rings in all, which were frequently changed for seven yet more brilliant), diamonds on his cravat; a massive gold chain lay across his waistcoat, like a cable, and bulging the pocket, which must surely have been enlarged to contain it, was the most profusely bejeweled and most gigantic gold timepiece I have ever beheld. Thus, to the astonishment of the town, they went abroad — old Nicholas Top, hopping along in a threadbare blue coat, and Nathaniel Callaway, all unconscious of the incongruity, parading like a prince.

The mystery went a deal further. When first I dined at the little cottage — it was Nick Top who gave the invitation — I was utterly bewildered by the strange circumstances of the occasion. At one end of the table sat Nathaniel, cheery, precise in speech, exquisite in manner; and there was spread before him, laid on delicate china and silver and glass, all the delicacies that St. John's

might have offered a nabob at that season. At the other sat the grotesque, scarred, shabby old foster-father, with manners and speech of the forecastle, dining heartily on salt-junk and cabbage and hard biscuit, laid upon coarse ware, with but a bottle of rum to grace it all. The third chair was set at Nicholas's end of the table; and the guest, to his chagrin, was invited to partake of Nicholas's fare of salt-junk and cabbage, without so much as passing mention of the toothsome food laid out for the lad.

"How d'ye like that fresh beef, b'y?" asked Nicholas, abruptly, of the boy.

Nathaniel laughed pleasantly. "It's very good, sir," said he.

"He likes it!" cried Nicholas, fetching the table a hearty slap, and turning to beam on me.

It seemed to me that Nicholas might have liked it, too; at any rate, his eyes were greedily fixed upon the juicy roast, and he was running his tongue over his lips.

"How d'ye like them greens?" he burst out. "Eh? How d'ye like them greens?"

"The greens," said Nathaniel, looking up with a jolly smile, "are very good."

"He likes 'em!" Nicholas cried, as before. "'Cod, he likes 'em!"

"It pleases Uncle Nick," said the boy, turning to me, a tinge of sadness in his voice, "when I like these — these — good things."

"Good grub, that lad has, eh?" said Nicholas.

I nodded.

"None better, eh?" the old man went on. "*You* couldn't get no better, could you?"

I said that no man could.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, with vast satisfaction. "Not much!"

"Come, Uncle Nick," Nathaniel pleaded, laying a hand on the carving-knife; "here's Mr. Cather come to dine with us. It's a great day. Won't you taste —"

The old man fairly jumped from his seat. "Not a bite!" he screamed. "Not a bite!"

Nathaniel withdrew his hand and sighed; and Nich-

olas sat down and fell sharply to work on the salt-junk.

"Mr. Cather —" Nathaniel began.

"Not a bite!" thundered Nicholas. "He'll not have a bite o' that fresh beef. Mr. Cather's t' dinner with *me*. Mr. Cather knows old Nicholas Top's too poor t' have fresh beef. Mr. Cather didn't come lookin' for fresh beef. He'll not have a bite of it — not a bite!"

Nor had I. That evening, I dined exclusively on salt-junk and cabbage and hard biscuit, with a glass of hard rum to top it off. But when next I sat at table with them it was as the guest of young Nathaniel; my place was at his side — within the glitter of his jewels — and my fare, which was of the best, was topped off with a bottle of wine in place of the hard rum. As before, Nicholas partook of cabbage and salt-junk, watching us the while with greedy, watery eyes.

"Like that fried chicken?" he asked me. "Well, I say! I take it you does. *He* feeds well," with a nod toward the lad; "don't he, eh?"

We both laughed heartily.

"Don't you spare it!" cried Nicholas. "Eat hearty. They's more where t' at come from."

"May the supply never run short!" said I.

He looked me fair in the eye with an air of deepest cunning and mystery. Then he pointed down — whether to the cellar or to the bowels of the earth there was no telling — and nodded in a way most knowing.

"It's paid for," said he, hoarsely. "Never you fear — it's all paid for."

There was no making head or tail of the puzzle. Men might wonder where the money came from, as they would. As for me, then and there I gave up guessing and thereafter I was content to enjoy the company of the grotesque old sailor and of the light-hearted lad as it came. I perceived, however, as time went on, that Nicholas was indeed poor; and that this strange indulgence of his foster son was not to be accounted for on the score of a weak, misguided affection, though affection there was, on both sides, and that of the strongest. Nicholas Top was firm as a rock in this — that the lad should be bred a gentleman of good parts, whatever the

sacrifice involved. Neglect of school duty, departure from mannerly conduct, dawdling with the music or dancing masters, failure to be exactly truthful — such unhappy mistakes brought swift and severe punishment. Indeed, when once I begged for mitigation of the punishment he denied me in warm terms.

"I'm makin' a good man o' that b'y," said he. "Would you try t' stop me?"

My purpose was very far from that, as you may be sure; and so I meddled no more.

It was not long before I perceived that I was no longer cultivating the friendship of Nicholas Top — that he, indeed, was cultivating mine, and most assiduously. What his object might be was part of the whole mystery; it did not concern me at all, for I made sure that it would be disclosed in good time. The old man made up to me with all the wiles at his command: he took my arm in public places, bought me rum with a free hand at the *Anchor and Chain,* most heartily commended me to his intimates among the waterside characters, flattered me broadly and to my face; and from time to time he hinted that some surprising revelation was to be made concerning one for whom we had both conceived a strong affection.

"Fine lad, that young Nat Callaway," said he. "Eh? Ain't he a fine lad?"

I agreed.

"He's a gentleman, *he* is — that young lad. Eh? Ain't he a gentleman? Come, now, speak fair! Did you ever know a finer one? Eh? Did you?"

I admitted that he was as fine a lad as ever I knew, which so pleased the old fellow that nothing would content him but that he should buy me a second glass of rum.

"Won-der-ful privilege t' bring up a lad like that," said he, with a wag of the head.

I had no doubt of it.

"Hist!" he whispered, bending close. "It turns a man's heart t' stone."

I was incredulous.

"Ah, well," said he, "you'll come t' my way o' thinkin' afore long."

All this was coincident with a sudden development of some mortal affection of the heart. The surgeons had told him (as he confided to me at the *Anchor and Chain*) that he was "like t' go t' Kingdom Come afore he knowed it." It took no extraordinary perspicacity to discover that he had chosen me as a prospective guardian for the lad, concerning whose future he was evidently much troubled. With this plan, when it was at last frankly stated, I readily fell in; for I was fond of the lad, and had no son of my own.

"Don't you be afraid," said Nicholas. "*You* won't get in no trouble. They can't touch *you*."

He was much relieved; he patted me on the arm, devoutly thanked God for the boon of my friendship, and led me to a secluded corner of the tap-room, whereupon and most solemnly he called for a bottle of rum.

"They's something you must be told," said he, when the maid had set bottle and glasses before us.

"Yes," said I; "there's a deal I must know."

"Ever hear o' the *Will o' the Wisp?*" he asked abruptly.

"She was a sealing schooner," said I.

"She was," said he. "Ever hear o' the *wreck* o' the *Will o' the Wisp?*"

"She was skippered by Tom Callaway," I replied, "and she was lost on the Devil's Reef, with all hands but one, on a winter's night. The survivor was —"

"Me," said he. "That's right."

He tossed off his liquor, toyed absently with the glass, looked over his shoulder in fear, and poured out more rum.

"Yes," I said; "it was you."

"Who owned that there schooner?" he flashed.

I did not know.

"Don't know who owned the *Will o' the Wisp?*" he exclaimed.

"Who did?" I asked.

"That," said he, with a cunning wink, "is the p'int!"

Then the habit of secrecy overcame him. The name of that man was surely on public record; but not another

word would the old man utter. His talk veered from the *Will o' the Wisp;* nor could I turn it again in that direction. He downed another glass of rum at a gulp, and rose to go.

"Sure," he whispered, as he bade me good-night, "I'm as like as not t' live two more year."

He stumped out backward, with a thick finger on his lips.— *From The Wreck of the Will o' the Wisp, in Pearson's Magazine.*

DUNLAP, WILLIAM, an American artist, dramatist, and historian; born at Perth Amboy, N. J., February 19, 1766; died at New York, September 28, 1839. He studied in London under Benjamin West, and on his return to America busied himself with painting and dramatic writing. His best play is *The Father of an Only Child,* which was brought out in 1789, and was very successful. He was manager of the Park Theatre, New York, from 1798 to 1805. He then gave himself up to the practice of his art, and to literature. In 1821 he painted his first great picture *Christ Rejected* (18x12 ft.), after the style of one by West on the same subject; in 1828 appeared *Calvary* (18x14 ft.), both of which he exhibited in the principal cities of the United States. He was the author of *The Memoirs of George Frederick Cooke* (1812); *A Life of Charles Brockden Brown; A History of the American Theatre,* a standard work (1833); *History of the Arts of Design in the United States* (1834); *Thirty Years Ago, or the Memoirs of a Water Drinker* (1836); and a *History of New Netherlands, Province of New York, and State of New*

York, with a curious and valuable appendix (1839). Mr. Dunlap was one of the founders of the New York Academy of Design.

CHARLES MATHEWS.

It was in the month of April, in the year 1823, that I embarked with two hundred and fifty others, in the steamboat Chancellor Livingston, for Albany. After the bustle of leave-taking, and the various ceremonies and multifarious acts of hurried business which daily take place on the departure of one of these self-moving hotels from the city of New York, I had leisure to look around me, with the intention of finding some acquaintance as a companion, or at least to satisfy my curiosity as to who were on board. I had seen many faces known to me when I first entered the boat, but they had vanished: all appeared, at first, strange. I soon, however, observed James Fenimore Cooper, the justly celebrated novelist, in conversation with Dr. Francis. . . . I soon after noted a man of extraordinary appearance, who moved rapidly about the deck, and occasionally joined the gentlemen above named. His age might be forty; his figure was tall, thin, and muscular; one leg was shorter than the other, which, although it occasioned a halt in his gait, did not impede his activity; his features were extremely irregular, yet his physiognomy was intelligent, and his eyes remarkably searching and expressive. I had never seen Mathews, either in private or public, nor do I recollect that I had at that time ever seen any representation of him, or heard his person described; but I instantly concluded that this was no other than the celebrated mimic and player. Doubtless his dress and manner, which were evidently English, and that peculiarity which still marks some of the votaries of the histrionic art, helped me to this conclusion. I say, "still marks"; for I remember the time when the distinction was so gross that a child would say, "There goes a play-actor." . . .

The figure and manner of the actor were sufficiently uncommon to attract the attention of a throng of men usually employed in active business, but here placed in a

situation which, of all others, calls for something to while away time; but when some who traced the likeness between the actor on the deck of the steamboat, and the actor on the stage of the theatre, buzzed it about that this was the mirth-inspiring Mathews, curiosity showed itself in as many modes as there were varieties of character in the motley crowd around him. This very natural and powerful propensity, which every person who exposes himself or herself upon a public stage, to the gaze of the mixed multitude, wishes ardently to excite, was, under the present peculiar circumstances of time, place, and leisure, expressed in a manner rather annoying to the hero of the sock, who would now have willingly appeared in the character of a private gentleman. . . . One clown, in particular followed the object of his very sincere admiration with a pertinacity which deserved a better return than it met. He was to Mathews a perfect Monsieur Tonson, and his appearance seemed to excite the same feelings. The novelist and physician pointed out to me the impertinent curiosity of this admirer of the actor, and we all took some portion of mischievous delight in observing the irritability of Mathews. It increased to a ludicrous degree when Mathews found that no effort or change of place could exclude his tormentor from his sight; and when, after having made an effort to avoid him, he, on turning his head, saw Monsieur Tonson fixed as a statue, again listening in motionless admiration to his honeyed words, the actor would suddenly change from the animated relation of story or anecdote, with which he had been entertaining his companions, to the outpouring of a rhapsody of incoherent nonsense, uttered with incredible volubility. . . . But he found that this only made his admirer listen more intently, and open his eyes and mouth more widely and earnestly.—*History of the American Theatre.*

DUNNE, FINLEY PETER ("MR. DOOLEY") an American journalist and humorist; born at Chicago, Ill., July 10, 1867. He was educated in the Chicago Public Schools and in 1885 entered journalism. From 1891 to 1893 he was city editor of the Chicago *Times,* and then for several years was a member of the editorial staff of the Chicago *Evening Post,* and the Chicago *Times-Herald.* In 1900 he was editor of the Chicago *Evening Journal.* To these newspapers he contributed a series of sketches signed "Mr. Dooley," which attracted widespread attention, and gave him a reputation as a humorist of the first rank.

In 1903 he removed to New York and was for a time an editorial writer on the *Morning Telegraph.* Later he was on the staff of *Collier's Weekly.* He has published *Mr. Dooley in Peace and War* (1898); *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen* (1899); *Mr. Dooley's Philosophy* (1900); and *Mr. Dooley's Opinions* (1902).

The humor of Mr. Dooley is genuine, unforced, clean and deft. It never bungles, but always makes clean hits. His missiles are never mud to defile, though often pebbles that sting. Mr. Dooley has won the hearts of his countrymen by his warm Irish heart and good Celtic common sense, as well as by his native humor and absorbed American wit. To call an Irishman "a foreigner born away from home" is purely Irish; but to express the opinion, "I don't think Cap. Dhryfuss wr-rote th' borderoo. I think he wus th' on'y man in Fr-rance that didn't," is the wit of exaggeration native to America. For plain humorous statement there are few neater things than Dooley's: "I

ain't much on th' theayter. I niver wint to wan that I didn't have to shtand where I cud see a man in blue overalls scratchin' his leg just beyant where the heeroyne wus prayin' on th' palace stairs." As for pathos, the little sketch called *Shaughnessy,* or the study of the *Idle Apprentice,* displays the reserve power that always underlies true humor.

A critic in the Philadelphia *Saturday Post* in reviewing *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen,* writes as follows:

> It is really a compliment to Mr. Dunne to say that these sketches are at their best published separately in the newspapers; for they were meant to be read singly, and at intervals. Collected in a book they must lose power over the reader by cloying the faculties to which they appeal. The new girl in the candy-store soon tires of sweets. Mr. Dunne may have had this in mind in writing the apologetic preface — for he must have known that his brilliant work needed no apology, and is at least as good as that of Ward, Nasby and Nye. Rightly to enjoy the book, the reader should avoid intemperance, and may well swear off from reading more than one or — under his doctor's advice — two of the sketches a day, thus providing himself with a month's delightful fun. But it is enough for the present that Mr. Dunne is a delicious humorist. There are more quotable bits than enough. Here is the perversion of Kipling, "Take up the White Man's Burden, an' hand it to th' coons," and Mr. Dooley's remark on a hot day, "I've been mean enough to commit murdher without th' strength even to kill a fly," and the poetic phrase descriptive of the eager Fenian setting off for a Canadian raid, who "had to thread on no wan's shadow befure he wus off f'r th' battle," and so on, and so on.

MR. DOOLEY ON FOOTBALL.

"Whin I was a young man," said Mr. Dooley, "an' that was a long time ago — but not so long ago as manny

iv me inimies'd like to believe, if I had anny inimies — I played futball, but 'twas not th' futball I see whin th' Brothers' school an' th' Saint Aloysius Tigers played las' week on th' pee-raries.

"Whin I was a la-ad, iv a Sundah afthernoon we'd get out in th' field where th' oats'd been cut away, an' we'd choose up sides. Wan cap'n'd pick wan man, an' th' other another. 'I choose Dooley,' 'I choose O'Connor,' 'I choose Dimpsey,' 'I choose Riordan,' and so on till there was twinty-five or thirty on a side. Thin wan cap'n'd kick th' ball, an' all our side'd r-run at it an' kick it back; an' thin wan iv th' other side'd kick it to us, an' afther awhile th' game'd get so timpischous that all th' la-ads iv both sides'd be in wan pile, kickin' away at wan or th' other or at th' ball or at th' impire, who was mos'ly a la-ad that cudden't play, an' that come out less able to play thin he was whin he wint in. An' if anny wan laid hands on th' ball, he was kicked be ivry wan else an' be th' impire. We played fr'm noon till dark, an' kicked th' ball all th' way home in the moonlight.

"That was futball, an' I was a great wan to play it. I'd think nawthin' iv histin' th' ball two hundherd feet in th' air, an' wanst I give it such a boost that I stove in th' ribs iv th' Prowtestant minister — bad luck to him, he was a kind man — that was lookin' on fr'm a hedge. I was th' finest player in th' whole county, I was so.

"But this here game that I've been sein' ivry time the pagan fistival iv Thanksgivin' comes ar-round, sure it ain't th' game I played. I seen th' Dorgan la-ad comin' up th' sthreet yesterdah in his futball clothes — a pair of matthresses on his legs, a pillow behind, a mask over his nose, an' a bushel measure iv hair on his head. He was followed be three men with bottles, Dr. Ryan an' the Dorgan fam'ly. I jined thim. They was a big crowd on th' pee-rary — a bigger crowd than ye cud get to go f'r to see a prize fight.

"Both sides had their frinds that give th' colledge cries. Says wan crowd: 'Take an ax, an ax, an ax to thim. Hooroo, hooroo, hellabaloo. Christyan Bro-others!' an' th' other says: 'Hit thim, saw thim, gnaw

thim, chaw thim, Saint Alo-ysius!' Well, afther awhile they got down to wur-ruk. 'Sivin, eighteen, two, four,' says a la-ad. I've seen people go mad over figures durin' th' free silver campaign, but I niver see figures make a man want f'r to go out an' kill his fellow-men befure. But these here figures had the same effect on th' la-ads that a mintion iv Lord Castlereagh'd have on their fathers. Wan la-ad hauled off an' give a la-ad acrost fr'm him a punch in th' stomach. His frind acrost th' way caught him in th' ear. The cinter rush iv th' Saint Aloysiuses took a runnin' jump at th' left lung iv wan iv th' Christyan Brothers an' wint to th' grass with him. Four Christyan Brothers leaped most crooly at four Saint Aloysiuses an' rolled thim. Th' cap'n iv th' Saint Aloysiuses he took th' cap'n iv the Christyan Brothers be th' leg an' he pounded the pile with him as I've seen a section hand tamp th' thrack. All this time young Dorgan was standin' back taking no hand in th' affray. All iv a suddent he give a cry iv rage an' jumped feet foremost into the pile. 'Down!' says th' impire. 'Faith, they are all iv that,' says I. 'Will iver they get up?' 'They will,' says ol' man Dorgan. 'Ye can't stop thim,' says he.

"It took some time f'r to pry thim off. Near ivry man iv th' Saint Aloysiuses was tied in a knot around wan iv th' Christyan Brothers. On'y wan iv them remained on th' field. He was lyin' face down, with his nose in th' mud. 'He's kilt,' says I. 'I think he is,' says Dorgan, with a merry smile. ''Twas my boy Jimmy done it, too,' says he. 'He'll be arrested f'r murdher,' says I. 'He will not,' says he. 'There's on'y wan polisman in town cud take him, an' he's downtown doin' th' same f'r somebody,' he says. Well, they carried th' corpse to th' side, an' took th' ball out iv his stomach with a monkey wrinch, an' th' game was rayshumed. 'Sivin, sixteen, eight, eleven,' says Saint Aloysius; an' young Dorgan started to run down th' field. They was another young la-ad r-runnin' in fr-ront iv Dorgan; an', as fast as wan iv th' Christyan Brothers come up an' got in th' way, this here young Saint Aloysius grabbed him be th' hair iv th' head a' th' sole iv th'

fut, an' thrun him over his shoulder. 'What's that la-ad doin'?' says I. 'Interferin',' says he. 'I shud think he was,' says I, 'an' most impudent,' I says. ''Tis such interference as this,' I says, 'that breaks up fam'lies;' an' I come away.

"'Tis a noble sport, an' I'm glad to see us Irish ar-re gettin' into it. Whin we larn it thruly, we'll teach thim colledge joods fr'm th' pie belt a thrick or two."

"We have already," said Mr. Hennessy. "They'se a team up in Wisconsin with a la-ad be th' name iv Jeremiah Riordan f'r cap'n, an' wan named Patsy O'Dea behind him. They come down here an' bate th' la-ads fr'm th' Chicawgo Colledge down be th' Midway."

"Iv coorse, they did," said Mr. Dooley. "Iv coorse, they did. An' they cud bate anny collection iv Baptists that iver come out iv a tank."—*From Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War,* by permission of SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston, Mass.

DURAND, ALICE MARY CÉLESTE FLEURY ("HENRY GRÉVILLE"), a French novelist; born at Paris, October 12, 1842; died there May 26, 1902. In early life she went to St. Petersburg with her father. She there married M. Durand, a French law professor. She returned to France in 1872. In 1886 she visited the United States. She wrote upwards of sixty novels including *Dosia* (1876); *A Noble Woman* (1877); *Suzanne Normis* (1878); *Madame de Dreux* (1881); *Rose Rozier* (1882); *The Crime* (1884); *Idyls* (1885); *Cleopatra* (1886); *Frankley* (1888); *The Mystery* (1890); *Aurette* (1891); *Peril* (1892); and *Fidelka* (1894).

A STREET IN ST. PETERSBURG.

The day was waning fast, and the lamp-lighters were hurrying along. A gleam of light stood still in the pale-blue sky, while a slightly opaque mist was settling on the ground. Splendid, seasonable weather, cold, dry, and clear, the atmosphere only faintly re-echoing the distant sounds of winter; the snow, trodden into solid, hard layers, making a crunching noise beneath the pedestrians' feet, rising into a creak at the corners of the streets under the plowing skates of the sledges. Everything partook of the trim, inspiriting appearance of a severe and prolonged frost. Suddenly a solitary star pierced the pale firmament, to be almost immediately followed by various constellations suspended in the limpid ether over the housetops. The thermometer stood at eighteen degrees Reaumar.

"This is something like a frost," grumbled a pessimist driver to a comrade huddled up in the door-way of a drinking-shop —"this is something like a frost; the devil take it!"

"What for?" queried the other, who happened to be an optimist. "We need not mind the frost; it will make it good for business; our swells like to be abroad in such weather as this."

The pessimist shrugged his shoulders, and began swaying from one leg on to another, without keeping time, however, as any other but a downright Russian would have done.

"Isvostchik!" cried a voice from a short distance.

Both drivers jumped into their sledges, and drove their cattle to the spot whence the voice had come. Two gentlemen, wrapped in furs, seated themselves in the vehicles, the horses of which at once swung into a quick trot, and disappeared in opposite directions. The street became once more deserted.

By this time the street-lamps had all been lighted, but as they stood great distances apart, their jets were scarcely visible through the panes of glass thickly covered with

fantastic arabesques of rime. It did not matter much, for nobody passed.

It was, in fact, a street in which there was little traffic, on foot or otherwise. Situated in an outskirt almost at the very end of St. Petersburg, its one side was wholly made up of a series of breast-high wooden palings, fencing in market-gardens; the other side of small, antiquated wooden tenements, generally consisting of only a ground floor and roofed in with boards. The houses had, once upon a time, been painted from top to base a kind of yellowish brown, melancholy to look upon, but the successive thaws, rain, and sunshine had carefully effaced all signs of those attempts at decoration, only leaving faint streaks of it here and there.

At the tiny windows, almost square in shape, and made double to guard against the biting cold, there stood a great number of evergreens and other hardy plants, the dark green of which, interspersed with the more brilliant hue of a few rare flowers, threw warm tints into the otherwise chilly picture.

Behind the plants the white calico blinds, drawn down their full length at that hour, provided a barrier between the outer world and the humble fold eking out existence there. Small annuitants, retired government employés of the most modest order, tradesmen's widows, such were the inhabitants of this street and the adjacent ones.

Nevertheless, the street was wide, very wide even, and full of light and air throughout the year. In summer the neighborhood of the kitchen gardens afforded those sufficiently fortunate to possess a first floor the pleasure of watching the growth of endless rows of cabbages; a little further on a few spectral birch-trees hemmed in the horizon, but between these and the deserted street a large patch of open sky afforded at all seasons the enjoyment of the spectacle of majestically sailing or violently scudding clouds. In the winter, though, at certain hours of the day, and, above all, of the night, this quiet street became a prey to excitement, almost periodical. The peaceful tenants of the old dwellings, leaving their cups of tea, and abandoning their innocent games, rushed to their windows, and lifted a corner of their blinds; the jingling of

bells, faint enough in the distance, had struck their practiced ears. The sound came gradually nearer, and then, as if borne upon the whirlwind, one or more troikas, drawn by spirited horses, went by. The large six-seat sledges, hung with furs, filled with dashing officers in brilliant uniforms, and women in priceless sables, flashed past amid shouts of laughter, deafening noise of bells, joyous exclamation and song. The shouts of laughter died away in the distance, the silvery, jingling sound grew fainter and fainter — all became still again. The good folk went back to their tea, and resumed their games, saying to one another: "It's a party of officers going to the Red Tavern." — *A Noble Woman.*

D'URFEY, THOMAS, an English poet and dramatist; born at Exeter, Devonshire, in 1650; died at London, February 26, 1723. He was trained for the law, but abandoned the legal profession for literature. He wrote numerous dramatic pieces, ballads, songs, and sonnets, and was a court favorite during the reigns of Charles II., William and Mary, and Anne. He published *Laugh and Be Fat* and *Joy to Great Cæsar.* He is best known through a collection of poems, only a part of which are by himself, entitled *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy.* His plays include *The Siege of Memphis* (1676); and *The Plotting Sisters* (1691).

STILL WATER.

Damon, let a friend advise you,
Follow Closes, though she flies you;
Though her tongue your suit is slighting,
Her kind eyes you'll find inviting:

Women's rage, like shallow water,
Does but show their hurtless nature;
When the stream seems rough and frowning,
There is then less fear of drowning.

Let me tell the adventurous stranger,
In our calmness lies our danger;
Like a river's silent running,
Stillness shows our depth and cunning:
She that rails you into trembling,
Only shows her fine dissembling;
But the fawner, to abuse you,
Thinks you fools, and so will use you.

DURUY, JEAN VICTOR, a French historian and statesman; born at Paris, September 11, 1811; died there November 25, 1894. He began his classical studies in 1823 at the Collége Rollin, then called Collége Sainte-Barbe; was admitted into the Normal School in 1830, was appointed to the class of history at the College of Rheims in 1833, and in the same year to a similar position in the College of Henry IV., in Paris, afterward called the Collége Napoleon. About this time he published anonymously various elementary historical works. In 1853 he took the degree of doctor "ès lettres;" afterward became Inspector of the Academy of Paris, Master of the Conferences at the École Normale, Professor of History at the École Polytechnique, and by decree, June 23, 1863, was appointed Minister of Public Instruction, in which department he introduced many changes, chiefly in the direction of secularizing instruction, and rendering it gratuitous. On resigning the office of Minister of

Public Instruction in July, 1869, he was appointed a Senator, and remained a member of the Senate until the Revolution of September 4, 1870. His principal works are: *Géographie Politique de la République Romaine et de l'Empire* (1838); *Géographie Historique du Moyen Age* (1839); *Géographie de la France* (1840); *Atlas de Géographie Historique* (1841); *Histoire de la République Romaine* (1843–44); *Histoire de France* (1852); *Histoire de la Gréce ancienne* (1862), a work "crowned" by the French Academy; *Histoire moderne* (1863); *Histoire Populaire de la France* (1863); *Introduction Générale à l' Histoire de France* (1865); *Historie des Romains depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à la mort de Théodose* (1879–88); *Histoire de la Gréce* (1887–89). He was a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, Member of the Institute, and received decorations from Greece, Italy, Portugal, and Turkey.

The London *Saturday Review,* noting favorably the point and suggestiveness of M. Duruy's reflections on the general results of the conflicts between Rome and other nations, instances the following remarks on the destruction of Carthage:

THE FALL OF CARTHAGE.

If the historic circumstance were such that one of the two cities must perish, we ought not to regret that Rome was victorious. What progress does humanity owe to Carthage? If there had been left to us of Rome nothing but the inscriptions on her tombs, we should have been able from them to reconstruct her civil and military organization, her philosophy and her religion, while the funeral columns of Carthage reveal nothing but a sterile devotion. The heritage left to the world by Carthage is this: the memory of a brilliant commercial success, of a

cruel religion, of some bold explorations, a few fragments of voyages, a few agricultural precepts, of which the Latins had no need; and, lastly, the honor of having for a century retarded the destinies of Rome, with the generous example, at their last hour, of an entire people refusing to survive their country.— *From The History of Rome;* DICKSON'S *Translation.*

HOW HE BEGAN TO WRITE THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

While a student of the third year in the *École Normale* I had resolved — with the ambition characteristic of that age — to devote my life to the writing of a *History of France* in eight or ten volumes. On becoming a professor I began the work; but as I dug into the old Gallic soil I came upon Roman foundations, and that I might properly understand them I went to Rome. In Rome I became aware of the mighty influence that Greece had exerted upon Roman civilization; one must go farther back and explore Athens.

Chroniclers tell us that whenever Godfrey de Bouillon entered a church splendid with painted glass and beautiful carvings, he would stand for hours gazing at the saintly figures and — however urgent his affairs might be — unmindful of the passage of time, while reading the sacred legends and causing the histories of the saints to be recounted to him. He looked, he listened, and he could not tear himself away. Such was my own case in the two cities, each of which in its turn was the metropolis of genius. I remained so long contemplating all their grandeur and all their beauty that the work which was to have been preliminary study became the occupation of a lifetime. The two prefaces are two works — the *History of Rome* and the *History of Greece.*— *From History of Greece;* RIPLEY'S *Translation.*

RELIGION OF THE EARLIER GREEKS.

The most complete, but rarest, sacrifice was the holocaust, where the victim, reserved for the god alone, was entirely consumed; the most solemn was the hecatomb;

the most efficacious, that in which the most precious blood was shed, as in the case of Iphigenia, a virgin daughter of the "king of men." The poor man, who could not give a living creature, offered little figures of paste, and the sacrifice was not unacceptable. Apollo especially exercised a moral influence over his worshippers. A rich Thessalian sacrifices at Delphi a hundred bulls with gilded horns, while a poor citizen of Hermoine comes up to the altar and throws upon it a handful of flour. "Of these two sacrifices," says the Pythia, "the latter is the more agreeable to the god." The philosophers of the later times spoke in the same way, having no respect for the ostentation of costly sacrifices. But before their time Euripides had written: "Some men bring trivial offerings to the temples, and yet are perhaps more religious than those who offer fatted animals." Greece, which in its earliest period believed that only the great could be heard of the gods, in its maturity opened the temples and heaven itself to the poor and insignificant. This moral revolution was the counterpart to that political revolution which gave rights to those who, in the earliest days, had none.

The offerings must be pure, the victims perfect, the priest must be without personal blemish, the suppliant without an evil thought in his mind; and no man approached an altar without having been purified by water — a symbol of moral purification. At the entrance to the temple stood a priest, who poured lustral water upon the hands and head of the faithful; sometimes even, a sort of baptism by immersion was considered necessary. In all religions purification is the essential in approaching a god. "But," says the Pythia, "while a drop of water is enough to purify the upright man, for the wicked all the waters of the ocean do not suffice;" and the priests of Asklepeios at Epidauros had written upon his temple: "True purity is made by holy thoughts."— *From the History of Greece.*

DUTT, Toru, a Hindu poet; born at Calcutta, March 4, 1856; died there August 30, 1877. Her father, the Baboo Govin Chunder Dutt, a magistrate and justice of the peace, and a man of unusual culture and erudition, educated his children at home. These consisted of a son and two daughters; Abju, who died in 1865 at the age of fourteen; Aru, who died at twenty in 1874; and Toru. With her sister Aru, this remarkable scholar attended a French *pension* for four months, while visiting Europe with their father 1869 to 1872; otherwise the girls were never at school. They both became, however, most remarkable scholars; Toru acquired a thorough knowledge of French, English, German, as well as her native tongue, besides so perfect an acquaintance with Sanskrit that she was enabled to translate portions of the *Vishnu Purana* into English blank verse. In 1874 she published, in the *Bengal Magazine,* an essay on the works of *Leconte de Lisle;* and in 1876, the year before her death, she issued the volume by which she is best known, *A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields.* This book contained more than one hundred and fifty compositions in English; while a second and enlarged edition, printed the year after her death, brought the number up to more than two hundred. Many of these compositions are translations into English of the writing of the best modern French poets. Early in 1879 appeared from the Paris press her *Journal de Mlle. D'Arvers,* a novel in French, which she had written after reading Clarisse Bader's work on the women of ancient India. This work, which was to have been illustrated by the sister whose death preceded her own,

was given in manuscript to her father when Toru was upon her death-bed; and, though written in French and published in France, it attracted wide attention in England, because, as has been said by a reviewer, it is English in sentiment. Her *Sonnets* were published in 1882. Among her manuscripts was found also an unfinished romance in English, entitled *Bianca, or The Young Spanish Maiden.* This was her first venture in English prose. With it she left also a number of original English poems.

The following estimate of this young poet of Sindhu is by Edmund Gosse: "It is difficult to exaggerate when we try to estimate what we have lost in the premature death of Toru Dutt. Literature has no honors which need have been beyond the grasp of a girl who, before the age of twenty-one, and in languages separated from her own by so deep a chasm, had produced so much of lasting worth. And her courage and fortitude were worthy of her intelligence. Among last words of celebrated people, that which her father has recorded, 'It is only the physical pain that makes me cry,' is not the least remarkable, or the least significant of strong character. It was to a native of our island, and to one ten years senior to Toru, to whom it was said, in words more appropriate, surely, to her than to Oldham:

"'Thy generous fruits, though gathered ere thy prime,
Still showed a quickness, and maturing time
But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of Rime.'

"That mellow sweetness was all that Toru lacked to perfect her as an English poet, and of no other Oriental who has ever lived can the same be said. When

the history of the literature of our country comes to be written, there is sure to be a page in it dedicated to this fragile exotic blossom of song."

OUR CASUARINA TREE.

Like a huge python, winding round and round
The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars,
Up to its very summit near the stars,
A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound
No other tree could live. But gallantly
The giant wears the scarf, and flowers are hung
In crimson clusters all the boughs among,
Whereon all day are gathered bird and bee;
And oft at night the garden overflows
With one sweet song that seems to have no close,
Sung darkling from our tree, while men repose.

When first my casement is wide open thrown
At dawn, my eyes delighted on it rest,
Sometimes — and most in winter — on its crest
A gray baboon sits statue-like alone
Watching the sunrise; while on lower boughs
His puny offspring leap about and play;
And far and near kokilas hail the day;
And to the pastures wend our sleepy cows;
And in the shadow, on the broad tank cast
By that boar tree, so beautiful and vast,
The water-lilies spring like snow enmassed.

Therefore I fain would consecrate a lay
Unto thy honor, Tree, beloved of these
Who now in blessed sleep, for aye, repose;
Dearer than life to me, alas! were they!
Mayst thou be numbered when my days are done
With deathless trees — like those in Borrowdale,
Under whose awful branches linger pale
Fear, trembling hope, and death, the skeleton,
And Time the shadow; and though weak the verse
That would thy beauty fain, oh! fain rehearse;
May love defend thee from Oblivion's curse.

— *From Sonnets.*

FRANCE — 1870.

Not dead — oh, no — she cannot die!
  Only a swoon, from loss of blood!
Levite England passes her by —
Help, Samaritan! None is nigh;
  Who shall stanch me this sanguine flood!

'Range the brown hair — it blinds her eyne;
  Dash cold water over her face!
Drowned in her blood, she makes no sign,
Give her a draught of generous wine!
  None heed, none hear, to do this grace.

Head of the human column, thus
  Ever in swoon wilt thou remain?
Thought, Freedom, Truth, quenched ominous,
Whence then shall hope arise for us,
  Plunged in the darkness all again?

No! She stirs! There's a fire in her glance —
  'Ware, oh, 'ware of that broken sword!
What, dare ye for an hour's mischance
Gather around her jeering France
  Attila's own exultant horde!

Lo, she stands up,— stands up e'en now,
  Strong once more for the battle fray.
Gleams bright the star that from her brow
Lightens the world. Bow, nations bow —
  Let her again lead on the way.

— *From a selection in The Century Magazine.*

THE MESSAGE.

(After Heine.)

To horse, my squire! To horse, and quick
  Be wingèd like the hurricane!
  Fly to the château on the plain,
And bring me news, for I am sick.

Glide 'mid the steeds, and ask a groom,
After some talk, this simple thing:
Of the two daughters of our king
Who is to wed, and when, and whom?

And if he tell thee 'tis the brown,
Come shortly back and let me know;
But if the blonde, ride soft and slow,—
The moonlight's pleasant on the down.

And as thou comest, faithful squire,
Get me a rope from shop or store,
And gently enter through this door
And speak no word, but swift retire.
—*From A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields.*

DUYCKINCK, EVERT AUGUSTUS, an American critic and essayist; born in New York City, November 23, 1816; died there August 13, 1878. He was educated at Columbia College, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1837. After travelling for a year in Europe, he returned to New York, and in 1840, in conjunction with Cornelius Mathews, he established a monthly periodical entitled *Arcturus, a Journal of Books and Opinion,* which was continued for two years. In 1847 he became the editor of *The Literary World,* which with an interval of about a year was carried on by him and his brother, George L. Duyckinck, until the close of 1853. They now began a *Cyclopædia of American Literature,* which was published in 1856. Ten years later a supplement was added by E. A. Duyckinck, who besides contributing to periodicals, also published *The Wit and Wisdom of*

Sydney Smith, with a memoir (1856); *Memorials of John Allen* (1864); *Poems Relating to the American Revolution,* with memoirs (1865); *History of the War for the Union* (1861–65); *National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans* (1866); *History of the World* (1870); and *Memorials of Francis L. Hawks* (1871).

THE DEATH OF JOSEPH WARREN.

It was understood that on the eighteenth of the month, Gage would take possession of Charlestown, the peninsula to the north of Boston, on which stood Bunker's and Breed's Hill. The latter, nearest to the town, was the scene of the great conflict, though its more inland neighbor has carried off the honor of the name. On the fifteenth, the Committee of Safety resolved to establish a position on Bunker Hill. William Prescott, the grandfather of the historian, was placed in command of a thousand men, and the next night, that of the sixteenth, marched, as he conceived the instructions, to Breed's Hill. A redoubt was marked out, and an entrenchment raised by the extraordinary energy of the band, between midnight and dawn, when the work was first discovered by the British. How well that earthwork and its adjoining fence matted with hay were defended through the sultry noon by the body of unrefreshed, night-worn farmers, with what death to the invaders, is matter of history. As the news spread of the actual engagement, as the fires of Copp's Hill and the vessels of war in the harbor sped against the devoted work, as the smoke of burning Charlestown darkened the bright day, one and another came to the aid of the gallant Prescott, who awaited the attack in his redoubt. Stark brought his levies to the defence of the hill; Pomeroy and Warren came alone. The last arrived in the afternoon, shortly before the first assault of Howe and his forces. He had been with the Provincial Congress, of which he was president, the day before, had passed the night in Watertown, and reached Cambridge indisposed in the morning. The news of the British attack shook off his headache; he consulted with

the Committee of Safety, and hurried to that "gory bed" of honor, the redoubt on Breed's Hill. He was met by Putnam on the field, who requested his orders. He had none to give, only to ask, "Where he could be most useful." Putnam pointed to the redoubt, with an intimation that he would be covered. "I come not," was his reply, "for a place of safety, but where the onset will be most furious." Putnam still pointed to the redoubt as the main point of attack. Here Prescott tendered him the command; his answer again was in the same spirit: "I came as a volunteer, to learn from a soldier of experience." He encountered the full perils of that gallant defence, marked by its fearful anxiety in the failure of the scanty ammunition. He was the last, we are told, in the trenches, and at the very outset of the retreat fell, mortally struck by a ball in the forehead. So ended this gallant life, on the height at Breed's Hill, on that memorable June 17, 1775.—*National Portrait Gallery.*

JONATHAN TRUMBULL.

The personal qualities of Trumbull were rarely adapted to serve the cause in which his life was passed. The participant in three great wars, the experience of Nestor was added to a natural prudence and moderation which were seldom at fault. His simplicity of character was the secret of its greatness. He early fixed the principles of his life, and steadily adhered to them to the end. So honors came to him, and were heaped upon him — the steady, persistent, useful devout citizen of Lebanon. There was his home, there was his armor, and he appears seldom to have travelled much beyond its rural precincts; but his influence knew no bounds, it was seen and felt in every vein of the public life, in the court, in the camp — we may almost say in the pulpit, for divinity never entirely lost, amidst the cares of business and of state, her early pupil. Connecticut may well honor his memory, and, in times of doubt and peril, think how her Revolutionary governor, Trumbull, would have thought and acted. If it be true that the origin of the term, "Brother Jonathan," familiarly applied to the nation, originated,

as is sometimes said, with an expression of General Washington, in an emergency of the public service: "We must consult brother Jonathan on the subject," we may find a happy memorial of his fame in a phrase which bids fair to be more lasting than many a monument of stone or marble.— *National Portrait Gallery.*

WASHINGTON IRVING.

He was thrown upon authorship apparently by accident, a lucky shipwreck of his fortunes, as it proved, for the world. In this faculty, which he possessed better than anybody else in America, the most important ingredient was humor — a kindly perception of life, not unconscious of its weakness, tolerant of its frailties, capable of throwing a beam of sunshine into the darkness of its misfortunes. He loved literature, but not at the expense of society. Though his writings were fed by many secret rills, flowing from the elder worthies, the best source of his inspiration was daily life. He was always true to its commonest, most real emotions. In all his personal intercourse with others, in every relation of life, Mr. Irving, in an eminent degree, exhibited the qualities of the gentleman. They were principles of thought and action, in the old definition of Sir Philip Sydney, "seated in a heart of courtesy." His manners, while they were characterized by the highest refinement, were simple to a degree. His habits of living were plain, though not homely: everything about him displayed good taste, and an expense not below the standard of his fortunes, but there was no ostentation. In public affairs, though unfitted for the duties of the working politician, his course was independent and patriotic. No heart beat warmer in love of country and the Union, and the honor of his nation's flag. This is worth mentioning in his case, for his tastes and studies led him to retirement; but he did not suffer it to be an inglorious ease, to which higher ends should be sacrificed.— *National Portrait Gallery.*

DWIGHT, JOHN SULLIVAN, an American translator and musical critic; born at Boston, May 21, 1813; died there September 5, 1893. He was graduated from Harvard in 1832, and studied at the Cambridge Divinity School. In 1838 he published *Translations from the Select Minor Poems of Goethe and Schiller.* In 1840 he became pastor of the Unitarian congregation at Northampton, Mass. Soon afterward he left the ministerial office and devoted himself to literature, especially in its relation to music. He contributed to literary periodicals, and delivered lectures upon Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, and other eminent musical composers. He was one of the founders of the Brook Farm Association. From 1852 to 1880 he published *Dwight's Journal of Music,* by means of which he did much to elevate the popular taste for music. He was an able literary critic, and a successful lecturer. He wrote *History of Music in Boston,* and arranged in its present form *God Save the State.*

TRUE REST.

Sweet is the pleasure itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure one with true toil?

Thou that would taste it, still do thy best;
Use it, not waste it — else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty near thee, all round?
Only hath duty such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion, clear without strife.
Fleeing to ocean after its life.

Deeper devotion nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving the highest and best;
'Tis onward! unswerving — and that is true rest.

VANITAS! VANITATUM VANITAS!

I've set my heart upon nothing, you see:
Hurrah!
And so the world goes well with me:
Hurrah!
And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,
Why, let him take hold and help me drain
These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart at first upon wealth:
Hurrah!
And bartered away my peace and my health:
But ah!
The slippery change went about like air,
And when I had clutched me a handful here —
Away it went there.

I set my heart upon woman next:
Hurrah!
For her sweet sake was oft perplexed:
Hurrah!
The False one looked for a daintier lot,
The Constant one wearied me out and out,
The Best was not too easily got.

I set my heart upon travels grand;
Hurrah!
And spurned our plain old Father-land:
But ah!
Naught seemed to be just the thing it should —
Most comfortless beds and indifferent food!
My tastes misunderstood!

I set my heart upon sounding fame:
Hurrah!
And lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;
And ah!
When in public life I loomed up quite high,
The folks that passed me would look awry;
Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war:
Hurrah!
We gained some battles with éclat:
Hurrah!
We troubled the foe with sword and flame —
And some of our friends quite fared the same.—
I lost a leg for fame.

Now I've set my heart upon nothing, you see:
Hurrah!
And the whole wide world belongs to me:
Hurrah!
The feast begins to run low, no doubt;
But at the old cask we'll have one good bout:—
Come, drink the lees all out!

— *Translation from* GOETHE.

DWIGHT, TIMOTHY, an American clergyman; born at Northampton, Mass., May 14, 1752; died at New Haven, Conn., January 11, 1817. His mother was a daughter of Jonathan Edwards. At the age of thirteen he was admitted to Yale College, was graduated in 1769, and two years afterward became a tutor in the college. He retained this position for six years. In 1777 he was licensed to preach, and in the same year became a chaplain in the American army. In 1783 he was ordained minister at Green-

field, Conn., where he also successfully conducted an academy. In 1795 he was elected President of Yale College, and Professor of Divinity. He remained at the head of the college until his death, twenty-one years later. His poem, *Columbia,* written about 1778, while serving as chaplain in the army, was very popular at the time. His other works are, *The History, Eloquence, and Poetry of the Bible,* an address (1772); *The Conquest of Canaan,* an epic poem (1785); *Greenfield Hill,* a poem (1794); *Theology Explained and Defended* (1818); and *Travels in New England and New York,* a series of letters written during his college vacations, and published in 1821. He also published a large number of separate sermons.

COLUMBIA.

I.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be Freedom, and Science, and Virtue, thy fame.

II.

To conquest and slaughter, let Europe aspire:
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire:
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm: for a world be thy laws,
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On Freedom's broad basis, that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

III.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star.
New bards, and new sages, unrivalled shall soar
To fame unextinguish'd when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

VI.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed —
The gloom from the face of fair Heaven retired;
The winds ceased to murmur; the thunders expired;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!"

THE IMMUTABILITY OF GOD.

By his Immutability, God is possessed of immeasurable dignity and greatness; and fitted to be entirely feared, loved, honored, and obeyed, by all His rational creatures. The humble and imperfect dignity of created beings is entirely dependent for existence on *stability of character.* Indefinite dignity cannot belong to a character which is not literally unchangeable. Created dignity is completely destroyed by fickleness: the least mutability would destroy that which is uncreated. The least possible change will be a change from perfection to imperfection; a change infinite in itself, and infinitely for the worse. God, if changed at all, would cease to be God, and sink down from His infinite exaltation of being and character toward the humble level of imperfect creatures. How differently, in this case, would His nature, His laws, His designs, and His government appear to us! Were the least change to commence, who can divine its consequences, or foresee

their progress and their end? Who can conjecture what would be its influence on His character, His designs, or His conduct? Who can foretell the effects which it would produce on the empire which He has created, and on the innumerable beings by which it is inhabited? Who does not see, at a glance, that God could no longer be regarded with that voluntary and supreme veneration, now so confessedly His due, because He had descended from His own infinite dignity, and was no longer *decked with majesty and excellency, nor arrayed in glory and beauty?* Who does not feel, that a serious apprehension of such a change would diffuse an alarm through all virtuous beings, and carry terror and amazement to the most distant regions of the universe?

By his Immutability, God is qualified to form, and to pursue, one great plan of Creation and Providence; one harmonious scheme of boundless good; and to carry on a perfect system, in a perfect manner, *without variableness or shadow of turning.* An Immutable God, only, can be expected to do that, and nothing but that, which is supremely right and desirable; to make every part of His great work exactly what it ought to be: and to constitute of all the parts a perfect whole. In this immense work one character is thus everywhere displayed; one God; one Ruler; one Son of Righteousness, enlightening, warming, and quickening the innumerable beings, of which it is composed. Diversities, indeed, endless diversities, of his agency exist throughout the different parts of this work; but they are mere changes of the same light; the varying colors and splendors of the same glorious Sun.

Without this uniformity, this oneness of character, supreme dignity could not exist in the great Agent. Without this consistency, safety could not be found; reliance could not be exercised, by his creatures. God is the ultimate object of appeal to intelligent beings; the ultimate object of confidence and hope. However injured, deceived, or destroyed, by his fellow-creatures, every rational being still finds refuge in his Creator. To Him, ultimately, he refers all his wants, distresses, and interests. Whoever else may be deaf to his complaints, he is still assured that God will hear. Whoever

else withholds the necessary relief of his sufferings, or the necessary supplies of his wants, still he knows that God will give. This consideration, which supports the soul in every extremity, is its last resort, its final refuge. Could God change, this asylum would be finally shut! Confidence would expire; and Hope would be buried in the grave. Nay, the immortal Mind, itself, unless prevented by an impossibility, inherent in its nature, would languish away its existence, and return to its original Nothing.— *Theology Explained and Defended.*

THE BEACH OF TRURO AND PROVINCE TOWN.

From Truro to Province Town our road lay chiefly on the margin of a beach, which unites it with Truro. The form of this township, exclusively of Long Point, is not unlike that of a chemical retort: the town lying in the inferior arch of the bulb, and Race Point on the exterior, and the beach being the stem. Immediately before the town is the harbor, commonly styled Cape Cod Harbor; the waters of which extend round the north end of Truro a considerable distance into the last mentioned township. Between this marsh and the waters of Province Town harbor on one side and the Atlantic on the other, runs the beach. From observing it in various places along the road from Eastham I was induced to believe that it borders the ocean from Race Point to the Elbow, and perhaps reaches still farther.

This remarkable object is an enormous mass of sand, such as has been already described; fine, light, of a yellowish hue, and the sport of every wind. It is blown into plains, valleys, and hills. The hills are of every height, from ten to two hundred feet. Frequently they are naked, round, and extremely elegant, and often rough, pointed, wild, and fantastical, with all the varied forms, which are seen at times in drifts of snow. Some of them are covered with beach-grass: some fringed with wortleberry-bushes; and some tufted with a small and singular growth of oaks. The variety and wildness of the forms, the desolate aspect of the surface, the height of the loftier elevations, the immense length of the range, and the tem-

pestuous tossing of the clouds of sand, formed a group of objects, novel, sublime, and more interesting than can be imagined. It was a barrier against the ambition and fretfulness of the ocean, restlessly and always employed in assailing its strength, and wearing away its mass. To my own fancy it appeared as the eternal boundary of a region, wild, dreary, and inhospitable, where no human being could dwell, and into which every human foot was forbidden to enter. The parts of this barrier which have been covered with wortleberry-bushes, and with oaks, have been either not at all, or very little blown. The oaks, particularly, appear to be the continuation of the forests originally formed on this spot. Their appearance was new and singular. Few, if any of them, rose above the middle stature of man; yet they were not shrubs, but trees of a regular stem and structure. They wore all the marks of extreme age; were in some instances already decayed, and in others decaying; were hoary with moss, and were deformed by branches, broken and wasted, not by violence but by time. The whole appearance of one of these trees strongly reminded me of a little withered old man. Indeed a Liliputian of three score years and ten, compared with a veteran of Brobdingag, would very naturally illustrate the resemblance, or rather the contrast between one of these dwarfs, and a full-grown tenant of our forests.— *Travels in New England and New York.*

THE BURNING OF FAIRFIELD, CONN.

On the 7th of July, 1779, Governor Tryon sailed from New Haven to Fairfield and the next morning disembarked upon the beach. A few militia assembled to oppose him, and in a desultory scattered manner fought with great intrepidity through most of the day. They killed some, took several prisoners and wounded more. But the expedition was so sudden and unexpected that the efforts made in this manner were necessarily fruitless. The town was plundered; a great part of the houses, together with the two churches, the court-house, jail and school-houses, were burnt. The barns had just been filled with wheat and other produce. While the town was in

flames, a thunder-storm overspread the heavens, just as night came on. The conflagration of two hundred houses illumined the earth, the clouds, and the waves of the Sound with a union of gloom and grandeur at once inexpressibly awful and magnificent. The sky speedily was hung with the deepest darkness wherever the clouds were not tinged by the melancholy lustre of the flames. At intervals, the lightning blazed with a livid and terrible splendor. The thunder rolled above. Beneath, the roaring of the fires filled up the intervals, while a deep and hollow sound, which seemed to be the protracted murmur of the thunder, reverberated from one end of heaven to the other. Add to this convulsion of the elements and these dreadful effects of vindictive and wanton devastation, the trembling of the earth, the sharp sounds of muskets occasionally discharged, the groans here and there of the wounded and dying, and the shouts of triumph; then place before your eyes the crowds of miserable sufferers, mingled with bodies of the militia, and from the neighboring hills taking a farewell prospect of their property and their dwellings, their happiness and their hopes, and you will form a just but imperfect picture of the burning of Fairfield. It needed no great effort of imagination to believe that the final day had arrived; and that, amid this funereal darkness, the morning would speedily dawn, to which no night would ever succeed.—*New England Travels.*

DYCE, ALEXANDER, a British essayist and critic; born at Edinburgh, June 30, 1798; died at London, May 15, 1869. He was educated at Edinburgh and Oxford Universities, and after serving for some years as curate in the counties of Cornwall and Suffolk, went to reside in London, and devoted himself to literary history and criticism. He

edited the works of *Greene, Webster, Marlowe, Shirley, Middleton, Beaumont and Fletcher, John Skelton,* and other English writers; published two editions of Shakespeare, the first *A Complete Edition of the Works of Shakespeare: the Text Revised: with Account of the Life, Plays, and Editions of Shakespeare* (1850–58); the second edition (1864–67); *A Few Notes on Shakespeare* (1853); *Remarks on Collier's and Knight's Editions of Shakespeare* (1844), and numerous other valuable works. In 1840, in conjunction with Collier, Halliwell, and others, he founded the Percy Society for the publication of Old English ballads and plays. His reputation is based on his contributions to English literary biography and on the great learning displayed in his editions of the old English poets. His wide reading in Elizabethan literature enabled him to explain much that had been obscure in Shakespeare, and his judgment was a check to extravagant emendation. To him we are indebted for the best text of Shakespeare extant.

SHAKESPEARE'S PRE-EMINENCE.

In several publications are to be found essays on the old English theatre, the writers of which seem desirous of conveying to their readers the idea that Shakespeare had dramatic contemporaries nearly equal to himself; and for criticism of such a tendency two distinguished men are perhaps answerable — Lamb and Hazlitt — who have, on the whole, exaggerated the general merits of the dramatists of Elizabeth and James's days. "Shakespeare," says Hazlitt, "towered above his fellows, 'in shape and gesture proudly eminent,' but he was one of a race of giants, the tallest, the strongest, the most graceful and beautiful of them; *but it was a common and a noble brood.*" A falser remark, I conceive, has seldom been made by critic. Shakespeare is not only immeasurably

superior to the dramatists of his time in creative power, in insight into the human heart, and in profound thought; but he is, moreover, utterly unlike them in almost every respect — unlike them in his method of developing character, in his direction, in his versification; nor should it be forgotten that some of those scenes which have been most admired in the works of his contemporaries were intended to affect the audience at the expense of nature and probability, and these stand in marked contrast to all that we possess as unquestionably from the pen of Shakespeare.— *A Complete Edition of the Works of Shakespeare.*

DYER, Sir Edward, an English poet; born in Somersetshire, about 1540; died at London, May, 1607. He was educated at Oxford, and was employed on various embassies by Queen Elizabeth. He was a friend of Raleigh and Sidney, and wrote a number of pastoral odes and madrigals. Several editions of his poems have been printed, the latest in 1872. His best poem, *My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is,* has been claimed for Thomas Bird (1543–1623), and for Joshua Sylvester (1563–1618); but Dyer's claim is best authenticated. It has been set to music and published in William Byrd's *Psalms, Sonets, and Songs* (1588).

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My mind to me a kingdom is!
  Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
  That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
  No force to win the victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
  No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
  And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft,
  Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil, they keep with fear,
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay;
  I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
  Look, what I lack my mind supplies;
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
  I little have and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
  And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
  I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
  My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
  Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust;
  A cloakèd craft their store of skill;
But all the pleasure that I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
  My conscience clear my chief defence;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
  Nor by deceit to breed offence:
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

DYER, JOHN, a British poet; born at Aberglasney, Carmarthenshire, Wales, in 1700; died at Kirkby-on-Bane, July 24, 1758. He was educated at Westminster School, practiced painting with indifferent success, and at the age of forty entered the church, and received several valuable livings. He wrote poetry both before and after he took Orders. His longest poem, *The Fleece,* a successful imitation of Virgil's *Georgics,* was published just before his death. This poem treats of the very prosy subject of the rearing of sheep and the manufacture of woolen goods, and this, coupled with the stately measure of the lines, made the work the subject of ridicule. It consists of four books, the first of which discourses on the tending of sheep, the second on the shearing, and preparation of the wool, the third on weaving, and the fourth on trade in the manufactured goods. His best-known poem, *Grongar Hill,* was written in his twenty-sixth year. It describes a mountain not far from the place of his birth.

GRONGAR HILL.

Silent nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,

Beyond the noise of busy man:
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister muse;
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong
  Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.
  Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapors intervene,
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight. . . .
  Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!

Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet Time has seen — that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow —
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun.
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave, succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away. . . .
See, on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye:
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;

So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day. . . .
Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain you search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

DYER, THOMAS HENRY, an English historian and biographer; born at London, May 4, 1804; died at Bath, January 30, 1888. He was privately educated. He travelled extensively on the continent and particularly studied the topography and

antiquities of Rome, Athens, and Pompeii. He was presented, in 1865, with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by the University of St. Andrews. He published a *Life of Calvin* (1850); *History of Modern Europe* (1861); *History of the City of Rome* (1865); *History of Pompeii* (1867); *History of the Kings of Rome* (1868); *Ancient Athens* (1873), and *Imitative Art, Its Principles and Progress* (1882). He also published many articles in the *Classical Museum* and in Smith's *Dictionaries of Biography and Geography.*

Mrs. Oliphant, in her *Victorian Age of English Literature,* says: "Foreign history has never had very much attraction for English writers, but there have been a certain number of exceptions in our time. Thomas Henry Dyer is well known for his elaborate and conscientious *History of Modern Europe,* from the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 to the close of the Crimean War. It is remarkable for the lucid manner in which it deals with the curious revolution that followed upon the establishment of the Turks in Europe, the exchange of the old religions for a new political unity, and the gradual building-up of our modern Europe and its ideas upon the balance of power, the explanation of which problem was Dyer's principal object."

THE PICTURES IN THE PŒCILË.

The first picture in the Pœcilë represented the Athenians drawn up in order of battle, and preparing to engage the Lacedæmonians. Pausanias then proceeds to speak of the *middle* wall; whence we may conclude with Siebelis that the portico was closed on three sides, and that the middle wall, or that facing the entrance, was double the length of the side walls, as it appears to have contained two pictures, and the others only one.

The first of the pictures on the centre wall represented Theseus and the Athenians combating the Amazons. The subject of the second picture was the Greeks and their kings debating about the outrage of Ajax on Cassandra after the capture of Troy. Here Ajax himself was represented, as well as Cassandra and other captive women.

The last of the paintings had for its subject the battle of Marathon. In the foreground the Athenians and Platæans — the only Greeks who aided them against the Persians — were seen engaged with the Persians in equal combat, the Platæans aided by Bœotian dogs. Beyond these, in the middle ground, the barbarians were flying, and pushing one another into the marsh. This lake or marsh was that formed by the Charadras, under the hills of the isthmus of Rhamnus. In the extreme distance were the Phœnician ships, and the Greeks slaying the barbarians who were attempting to get on board. In the picture were also represented the divinities and heroes who were thought to have aided the Athenians in the fight; as the hero Marathon, son of Apollo, after whom the district was named; Theseus ascending through the earth as if from Hades, Athena and Heracles, the latter of whom the Marathonians claimed to have been the first to worship. Among the combatants most conspicuously represented were the Athenian polemarch Callimachus, Miltiades, one of the generals, and the hero Echetlus, or Echetlæus. This last, as Pausanias relates further on, was the man of rustic aspect who appeared in the battle, and, after slaying many of the barbarians with a ploughshare, suddenly vanished. To the Athenians who inquired about him, the oracle only replied that they must honor the hero Echetlæus. There was also in the picture a head of Butes, but only as far as the eyes, the rest of the figure being hid behind a mountain, whence, from being so easily painted, the proverb *θᾶττον ἢ Βούτης*. The picture of the battle of Marathon was, no doubt, that which most attracted the attention of the Athenians, as we may conclude from the copious notices which they have left us of it.— *From Ancient Athens.*

MICHELANGELO'S LAST JUDGMENT.

An historian of art has not hesitated to say that the Angels of Signorelli are more beautiful than those of Michelangelo.

This verdict will at least hold good if the comparison be restricted to Michelangelo's fresco of the Last Judgment. Horror is the key-note of that composition, and anything that might detract from it is almost entirely excluded. The motive is Christ in his wrath, one might almost say in his vengeance for sufferings on earth, the instruments of which are displayed above him — the cross, the nails, the crown of thorns, the column, the sponge, and the ladder. His figure has neither divine majesty, nor the bearing of a calm and equitable judge; it is rather a stalwart mortal who is condemning with signs of fury those who have offended him. His words and gestures are so terrible that the Virgin mother, who sits beside him, turns aside with alarm and pity. The female figures are few, and they are purposely without the beauty which he was so capable of depicting, as shown by his Eve in the Fall. The same may be said of the male figures. Adam, who as the representative of the human race, stands on one side of the judgment-seat, and S. Peter, as the founder of Christianity, on the other, have not the dignity of the prophets in the ceiling of the chapel. The lower part of the picture, showing the approaching punishment of the damned, is perhaps the best. In mid-air are seen the Seven Angels of the Revelation, sounding their trumpets. Michelangelo has here introduced a characteristic trait. The Angel on the side of the wicked has an enormous volume full of their sins, whilst another on the side of the blessed holds but a small book of their good deeds. Below this group is the boat of Charon, who, striking with the oar his unhappy passengers, compels them to land on that desolate shore. Here they are received by Minos, a strange figure with ass's ears, and an enormous serpent coiled round his middle. According to Vasari, it is a portrait of Messer Biagio de Cesena, the Pope's Master of the Ceremonies,

who had complained to him of the many nudities which Michelangelo had introduced. The Pope asked where the figure had been placed, and when told that it was in Hell, remarked that he had no power in the matter, though he could have released him from Purgatory.

Before this grand picture criticism stands as it were disarmed. The subject itself, as well as the genius of the artist who conceived it, are beyond the rules of ordinary art. It is said that there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous; but Michelangelo seems to have been sometimes capable of placing himself in the middle of that step, so that we tremble with apprehension as to the side on which he will fall. In the judgment of this matter much will depend on the spectator's turn of mind. Burke has observed that in all the pictures he had seen of Hell he had been at a loss to determine whether the painter did not intend something ludicrous. Superstition rests on terror, its chief antidote is ridicule, by means of which Lucian went far to destroy the gods of paganism; but ridicule is powerless where terror is overwhelming and absorbing.—*From Imitative Art.*

THE ROMAN HIGHWAYS

The great Roman highways did not exceed fifteen feet in breadth, and were sometimes a foot or two less. In constructing them, the earth was excavated till a solid foundation was obtained, or, in swampy places, a foundation was made by driving piles. Over this, which was called the *gremium,* four courses or strata were laid; namely the *statumen,* the *rudus,* the *nucleus,* and the *pavimentum.* The *statumen,* which rested on the *gremium,* consisted of loose stones of a moderate size. The *rudus* or rubble-work, over this, about nine inches thick, was composed of broken stones, cemented with lime. The *nucleus,* half a foot thick, was made with pottery broken into small pieces, and also cemented with lime. Over all was the *pavimentum,* or pavement, consisting of large polygonal blocks of hard stone, and particularly in the neighborhood of Rome, of basaltic lava, nicely fitted together, so as to present a smooth surface. The road was

somewhat elevated in the centre, to allow the water to run off, and on each side were raised footpaths covered with gravel. At certain intervals were blocks of stone, to enable a horseman to mount. Roads thus constructed were of such extraordinary durability, that portions of some more than a thousand years old are still in a high state of preservation.—*History of the City of Rome.*

E

EARLE, Alice Morse, an American historian and antiquary; born at Worcester, Mass., April 27, 1853. She was educated in the public schools and in 1874 was married to Henry Earle. She has written largely upon the manners and customs of the colonial period in American history. Her published works include *The Sabbath in Puritan New England* (1891); *Customs and Fashions in Old New England* (1893); *Life of Margaret Winthrop* (1894); *Diary of a Boston School Girl* (1894); *Costumes of Colonial Times* (1895); *Colonial Dames and Goodwives* (1895); *Old Narragansett* (1896); *Curious Punishments of Bygone Days* (1896); *Colonial Days in Old New York* (1897); *Home Life in Colonial Days* (1898); *Child Life in Colonial Days* (1899); *Stage Coach and Tavern Days* (1900); and *Old Time Gardens* (1902); and *Sun Dials and Roses of Yesterday* (1903).

Mrs. Earle in her "Foreward" to *Curious Punishments in Bygone Days,* makes the following comments:

"In ransacking old court records, newspapers, diaries and letters for the historic foundation of the books which I have written on colonial history, I have found and noted much of interest that has not been used or referred to in

any of those books. An accumulation of notes on old-time laws, punishments and penalties has evoked this volume. The subject is not a pleasant one, though it often has a humorous element; but a punishment that is obsolete gains an interest and dignity from antiquity and its history becomes endurable because it has a past only and no future. That men were pilloried and women ducked by our law-abiding forbears rouses a thrill of hot indignation which dies down into a dull ember of curiosity when we reflect that they will never be pilloried or ducked again.

"An old-time writer dedicated his book to 'All curious and ingenious gentlemen and gentlewomen who can gain from acts of the past a delight in the present days of virtue, wisdom and the humanities." It does not detract from the good intent and complacency of these old words that the writer lived in the days when the pillory, stocks and whipping-post stood brutally rampant in every English village.

"Now, we also boast that, as Pope says:

> Taught by time our hearts have learned to glow
> For others' good, and melt for others' woe.

"And I too dedicate this book to all curious and ingenious gentlemen and gentlewomen of our own days of virtue, wisdom and the humanities; and I trust any chance reader a century hence — if such reader there be — may in turn be not too harsh in judgment on an age that had to form powerful societies and associations to prevent cruelty — not to hardened and vicious criminals — but to faithful animals and innocent children."

THE SCARLET LETTER.

The rare genius of Hawthorne has immortalized in his *Scarlet Letter* one mode of stigmatizing punishment common in New England. So faithful is the presentment of colonial life shown in that book, so unerring the power and touch which drew the picture, it cannot be disputed that the atmosphere of the *Scarlet Letter* forms in the

majority of hearts, nay, in the hearts and minds of all of our reading community, the daily life, the true life of the earliest colonists. To us the characters have lived — Hester Prynne is as real as Margaret Winthrop, Arthur Dimmesdale as John Cotton.

The glorified letter that stands out of the pages of that book had its faithful and painful prototype in real life in all the colonies; humbler in its fashioning, worn less nobly, endured more despairingly, it shone a scarlet brand on the breast of those real Hesters.

It was characteristic of the times — every little Puritan community sought to know by every fireside, to hate in every heart, any offence, great or small, which could hinder the growth and prosperity of the new abiding-place, which was to all a true home, and which they loved with a fervor that would be incomprehensible did we not know their spiritual exaltation in their new-found freedom to worship God. Since they were human, they sinned. But the sinners were never spared, either in publicity or punishment. Keen justice made the magistrates rigid and exact in the exposition and publication of crime, hence the labelling of an offender.

From the Colony Records of "New Plymouth," dated June 1671, we find that Pilgrim Hester Prynne was thus enjoined by those stern moralists the magistrates:

"To wear two Capitall Letters, A. D. cut in cloth and sewed on their uppermost garment on the Arm and Back; and if any time they shall be founde without the letters so worne while in this government, they shall be forthwith taken and publickly whipt."

Many examples could be gathered from early court records of the wearing of significant letters by criminals. In 1656 a woman was sentenced to be "whipt at Taunton and Plymouth on market day." She was also to be fined and forever in the future "to have a Roman B cutt out of ridd cloth & sewed to her vper garment on her right arm in sight." This was for blasphemous words. In 1638 John Davis of Boston was ordered to wear a red V "on his vpermost garment"— which signified, I fancy, viciousness. In 1636 William Bacon was sentenced to stand an hour in the pillory wearing 'in publique view"

a great D — for his habitual drunkenness. Other drunkards suffered similar punishment. On September 3, 1633, in Boston:

"Robert Coles was fyned ten shillings and enjoyned to stand with a white sheet of paper on his back whereon Drunkard shalbe written in great lres & to stand therewith soe longe as the Court finde meete, for abuseing himself shamefully with drinke."

The following year Robert Coles, still misbehaving, was again sentenced, and more severely, for his drunkard's badge was made permanent.

"1634. Robert Coles, for drunkenes by him comitted at Rocksbury, shalbe disfranchized, weare about his necke, & soe to hange vpon his outwd garment a D. made of redd cloth & sett vpon white; to continyu this for a yeare, and not to have itt off any time hee comes among company, Vnder the penalty of xls for the first offence & v£ for the second & afterwards to be punished by the Court as they think meete, alsoe hee is to weare the D. outwards."

We might be justified in drawing an inference from the latter clause that some mortified wearers of a scarlet letter had craftily turned it away from public gaze, hoping thus to escape public odium and ostracism.

Paupers were plainly labelled, as was the custom everywhere in England. In New York, the letters N. Y. showed to what town they submitted. In Virginia this law was in force:

"That every person who shall receive relief from the parish, and be sent to the said house, shall, upon the shoulder of the right sleeve of his or her uppermost garment, in an open and visible manner, wear a badge with the name of the parish to which he or she belongs, cut in red, blue or green cloth as the vestry or church wardens shall direct, and if any poor person shall neglect or refuse to wear such badge, such offence may be punished either by ordering his or her allowance to be abridged, suspended or withdrawn, or the offender to be whipped not exceeding five lashes for one offence; and if any person not entitled to relief, as aforesaid, shall presume to

wear such badge, he or she shall be whipped for every such offence."

The conditions of wearing "in an open and visible manner" may have been a legal concession necessitated by the action of the English goody who, when ordered to wear a pauper's badge, demurely pinned it on an under-petticoat.

A more limited and temporary mortification of a transgressor consisted in the marking by significant letters or labels inscribed in large letters with the name or nature of the crime. These were worn only while the offender was exposed to public view or ridicule in cage, or upon pillory, stocks, gallows or penance stool, or on the meeting house steps, or in the market-place.—*Curious Punishments of Bygone Days.* (Copyright, 1896, by HERBERT S. STONE & COMPANY.)

PUBLIC PENANCE.

The most striking and noble figure to suffer public penance in American history was Judge Samuel Sewall. He was one of the board of magistrates who sat in judgment at the famous witchcraft trials in Salem and Boston in the first century of New England life. Through his superstition and by his sentence, many innocent lives were sacrificed. Judge Sewell was a steadfast Christian, a man deeply introspective, absolutely upright, and painfully conscientious. As years passed by, and all superstitious excitement was dead, many of the so-called victims confessed their fraud, and in the light of these confessions, and with calmer judgment, and years of unshrinking thought, Judge Sewall became convinced that his decisions had been unjust, his condemnation cruel, and his sentences appallingly awful. Though his public confession and recantation was bitterly opposed by his fellow judge, Stoughton, he sent to his minister a written confession of his misjudgment, his remorse, his sorrow. It was read aloud at the Sabbath service in the Boston church while the white-haired Judge stood in the face of the whole congregation with bowed head and aching heart. For his self-abnegation he has been honored in

story and verse; honored more in his time of penance than in the many positions of trust and dignity bestowed on him by his fellow-citizens.— *Curious Punishments of Bygone Days.* (Copyright, 1896, by HERBERT S. STONE & COMPANY.)

EARLE, JOHN, an English clergyman; born at York in 1601; died at Oxford, November 17, 1665. He was educated at Oxford, became chaplain and tutor to Prince Charles, with whom he went into exile, and was in consequence deprived of all his property. After the Restoration he was made Dean of Westminster; in 1662 was consecrated Bishop of Worcester, and in the following year was transferred to the See of Salisbury. His principal work, *Microcosmographie, or a Peace of the World discovered in Essayes and Characters,* a facetious description of the life and manners of the time, was first published in 1628; it was very popular, for six editions appeared within two years. A tenth edition was printed in 1786, and a new edition, with Notes and an Appendix, by Philip Bliss, in 1811. Prominent among the numerous "characters" delineated by Earle are an antiquary, a player, a dun and a clown.

THE RURAL CLOWN.

The plain country fellow is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest, only

he eats not grass, because he loves not sallets. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks *gee* and *ree* better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects; but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loopholes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labor; he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion. He apprehends God's blessings only in a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bagpipe as essential to it as evening-prayer. He thinks nothing to be vices but pride and ill-husbandry. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn, or the over-flowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

EASTMAN, CHARLES GAMAGE, an American poet and journalist; born at Fryeburg, Me., June 1, 1816; died at Burlington, Vt., in 1861. He was educated at Royalton Academy, Windsor; at Burlington; and at the University of Vermont, where he was graduated in 1837. While pursuing his studies, he began his journalistic career by writing editorials for the Burlington *Sentinel;* and upon leaving the university, he founded at Johnson the *Lamoille River Express.* In 1840 he founded at Woodstock the *Spirit of the Age;* and in 1846 he removed to Montpelier and became proprietor and editor of the *Vermont Patriot.* He was for some years postmaster of Woodstock and of Montpelier; at which latter place he published the small volume of *Poems* (1848) by which he became known to the literary world. He was elected to the State Senate in 1851; and was a delegate to the national conventions of 1852 and 1856. He was well known as a reader of original poems at his *alma mater* and at Dartmouth and other colleges; and was a frequent contributor to magazines and reviews. An enlarged edition of his poems was published by his widow in 1880.

Eastman has been highly commended as a delineator of the rural life of New England. Stedman, writing of the poets who "have paid tribute to the charm of American home-life," takes occasion to mention the "simple balladists like the Vermonter, Eastman." Duyckinck says that his poems "are marked by facility in the use of lyric and ballad measures, and many are in a familiar sportive vein." *Harper's Magazine,* quoting, in 1855, the following charming

verses, said: "It is not often that our readers will find a more tender and beautiful picture taken from our varied receptacle of 'things new and old,' than the following, from the pen of Charles G. Eastman, of Vermont. Its perfect simplicity is one of its greatest charms."

THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

The farmer sat in his easy chair
  Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with busy care
  Was clearing the dinner away:
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
  With a tear on his wrinkled face,
He thought how often her mother, dead,
  Had sat in the self-same place;
As the tear stole down from his half shut eye,
"Don't smoke!" said the child; "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
  Where the shade, afternoons, used to steal:
The busy old wife by the open door
  Was turning the spinning wheel,
And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
Had plodded along to almost three;

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
  While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and cheek so fair
  Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head bent down, on her soft hair lay —
Fast asleep were both on that summer day.

LOOKING IN THE RIVER.

Looking in the river,
  Smiling to herself,

Stands a little maiden,
On a mossy shelf:
Looking in the river,
What's the maiden see?
Than her self, I'm certain,
Something it must be!
Looking in the river,
Where the shimmering sun,
Than the orb above her,
Seems another one;
Looking in the river,
There the maiden sees
Something than the heavens,
Or the mirrored trees.

Looking in the river,
With a dreamy stare;
Wonder what the maiden
Can be seeing there?
Looking in the river,
What if I should be?
Then I may be certain,
What the girl can see.
Looking in the river —
Now, ah, ah! I know
What the little maiden
Gazes at below!
Looking in the river,
Now I understand,
Why the little maiden
Stands upon the land!

Looking in the river,
As the water stirs,
There I see another
Face beside of hers!
Looking in the river,
Close beside her own,
There I see another
Face in shadow thrown;

Looking in the river,
Just behind the maid,
There I see her lover
In the maple shade!
Looking in the river,
Now I understand
Why the little maiden
Stands upon the land.

Looking in the river,
With her other self,
Stands the little maiden
On a mossy shelf;
Looking in the river —
Maiden, never run!
That's a thing, I'm certain
All of us have done;
Looking in the river
All of us have been,
And can tell the summer
We remember, when,
Looking in the river,
By the shadow thrown,
We have seen another
Face beside our own.

A SNOW-STORM IN VERMONT.

'Tis a fearful night in the Winter-time,
As cold as it ever can be:
The roar of the storm is heard like the chime
Of the waves of an angry sea.
The moon is full, but the wings to-night
Of the furious blast dash out her light;
And over the sky, from south to north,
Not a star is seen as the storm come forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day had the snow come down — all day,
As it never came down before,
Till over the ground, at sunset, lay
Some two or three feet or more.

The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows blocked and the well-curb gone;
The haystack rose to a mountain lift;
And the woodpile looked like a monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door.

As the night set in, came wind and hail,
While the air grew sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a fearful gale
Was heard on the distant hill;
And the norther! see, on the mountain peak
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek,
He shouts on the plain, Ho! ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will!

Such a night as this to be found abroad!
In the hail and the freezing air,
Lies a shivering dog, in the field by the road,
With the snow on his shaggy hair.
As the wind drives, see him crouch and growl
And shut his eyes with a dismal howl;
Then, to shield himself from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet:—
Pray, what does the dog do there?

An old man came from the town to-night,
But he lost the traveled way;
And for hours he trod with main and might
A path for his horse and sleigh;
But deeper still the snow-drifts grew,
And colder still the fierce wind blew;
And his mare — a beautiful Morgan brown —
At last o'er a log had floundered down,
That deep in a hollow lay.

Many a plunge, with a frenzied snort,
She made in the heavy snow;
And her master urged, till his breath grew short,
With a word and a gentle blow;
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight;

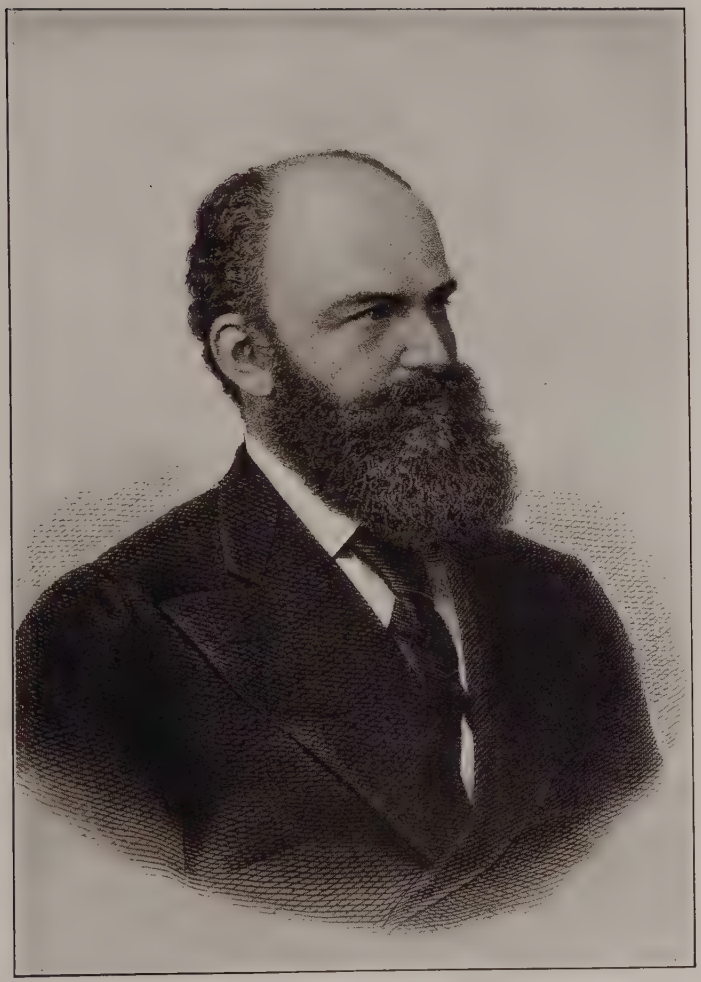
His hands were numb, and had lost their might;
So he struggled back again to his sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day,
With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,
To rouse up his dying steed;
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
For help in his master's need.
For awhile he strives with a wistful cry
To catch the glance of his drowsy eye;
And wags his tail when the rude winds flap
The skirts of his coat across his lap,
And whines that he takes no heed.

The wind goes down, the storm is o'er;
'Tis the hour of midnight past;
The forest writhes and bends no more,
In the rush of the sweeping blast.
The moon looks out with a silver light
On the high old hills, with the snow all white;
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
Of ledge and tree, and ghostly stump,
On the silent plain are cast.

But cold and dead, by the hidden log,
Are they who came from the town:
The man in the sleigh, the faithful dog,
And the beautiful Morgan brown!
He sits in his sleigh; with steady grasp
He holds the reins in his icy clasp;
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet
Where she lay when she floundered down.

EBERS, Georg Moritz, a German Egyptologist and novelist; born at Berlin, March 1, 1837; died at Tutzing, Bavaria, August 7, 1898. He received his early education from his mother, studied in Fröbel's school at Keilhau, and afterward in the Universities of Göttingen and Berlin, giving the preference to oriental, philosophical, and archæological studies. He then visited the principal museums of Egyptian antiquities in Europe, and in 1865 established himself at Jena as a private tutor in the Egyptian languages and antiquities. In the previous year he had published *An Egyptian Princess,* an historical romance giving a description of life in Egypt about the time of the Persian conquest (340 B.C.). His works, *Egypt and the Books of Moses* and *A Scientific Journey to Egypt,* published in 1869–70, led to his appointment in the latter year to a professorship at Leipsic. While travelling in Egypt in 1872–73 he discovered an important papyrus, which he described in a treatise, and which was named in his honor the *Papyrus Ebers.* He also published in 1872 a work entitled *Through Goshen to Sinai.* A severe attack of paralysis in 1876 rendered him unable to walk. He sought recreation in imaginative writing, and in 1877 published *Uarda, a Romance of Ancient Egypt,* a book which has been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe. It was followed by *Egypt — Descriptive, Historical, and Picturesque* (1878); *Homo Sum,* a novel (1878); *The Sisters,* a romance (1880); *Palestine* (1881), a work written in collaboration with Guthe; *The Burgomaster's Wife: a Tale of the Siege of Leyden* (1882); *Serapis* (1885); *Die Nilbraut* (1887); *Joshua* (1889);



GEORG EBERS.

Margery (1889); *Coptic Art* (1892); *Per Aspera* (1892); *Kleopatra* (1894); and *Arachne* (1897). He also contributed many articles to periodicals on the Egyptian language and antiquities.

THE HAPPINESS OF A KING.

Amasis listened attentively, drawing figures the while in the sand with the golden flower on his staff. At last he spoke: "Verily, Crœsus, I 'the great God,' the 'sun of righteousness,' 'the sun of Neith,' 'the lord of warlike glory,' as the Egyptians call me, am tempted to envy thee, dethroned and plundered as thou art. I have been as happy as thou art now. Once I was known through all Egypt, though only the poor son of a captain, for my light heart, happy temper, fun and high spirits. The common soldiers would do anything for me, my superior officers could have found much fault, but in the mad Amasis, as they called me, all was overlooked, and among my equals (the other under-officers), there could be no fun or merry-making unless I took a share in it. My predecessor, King Hophra, sent us against Cyrene. Seized with thirst in the desert, we refused to go on; and a suspicion that the king intended to sacrifice us to the Greek mercenaries drove the army to open mutiny. In my usual joking manner I called out to my friends: 'You can never get on without a king, take me for your ruler; a merrier you will never find!' The soldiers caught the words. 'Amasis will be our king,' ran through the ranks from man to man, and in a few hours more they came to me with shouts and acclamations of 'The good, jovial Amasis for our king!' One of my boon companions set a field-marshal's helmet on my head: I made the joke earnest, and we defeated Hophra at Momemphis. The people joined in the conspiracy, I ascended the throne, and men pronounced me fortunate. Up to that time I had been every Egyptian's friend, and now I was the enemy of the best men in the nation.

"The priests swore allegiance to me, and accepted me as a member of their caste, but only in the hope of

guiding me at their will. My former superiors in command either envied me, or wished to remain on the same terms of intercourse as formerly. One day, therefore, when the officers of the host were at one of my banquets, and attempting, as usual, to maintain their old convivial footing, I showed them the golden basin in which their feet had been washed before sitting down to meat; five days later, as they were again drinking at one of my revels, I caused a golden image of the great god Ra to be placed upon the richly ornamentel banqueting-table. On perceiving it, they fell down to worship. As they rose from their knees, I took the sceptre, and holding it up on high with much solemnity, exclaimed: 'In five days an artificer has transformed the despised vessel into which ye spat and in which men washed your feet, into this divine image. Such a vessel was I, but the Deity which can fashion better and more quickly than a goldsmith has made me your king. Bow down, then, before me and worship. He who henceforth refuses to obey, or who is unmindful of the reverence due to the king, is guilty of death!'

"They fell down before me, every one, and I saved my authority, but lost my friends. As I now stood in need of some other prop, I fixed on the Hellenes, knowing that in all military qualifications one Greek is worth more than five Egyptians, and that with this assistance I should be able to carry out those measures which I thought beneficial. I kept the Greek mercenaries always round me, I learnt their language, and it was they who brought me the noblest human being I ever met, Pythagoras. I endeavored to introduce Greek art and manners among ourselves, seeing what folly lay in a self-willed assurance to that which has been handed down to us, when it is itself bad and unworthy, while the good seed lay on our Egyptian soil, only waiting to be sown. I portioned out the whole land to suit my purposes, appointed the best police in the world, and accomplished much; but my highest aim — namely, to infuse into this country at once so gay and so gloomy, the spirit and intellect of the Greeks, their sense of beauty in form, their love of life and joy in it — this all was shivered on the same

rock which threatens me with overthrow and ruin whenever I attempt to accomplish anything new. The priests are my opponents, my masters, they hang like a dead weight upon me. Clinging with superstitious awe to all that is old and traditionary, abominating everything foreign, and regarding every stranger as the natural enemy of their authority and their teaching, they can lead the most devout and religious of all nations with a power that has scarcely any limits. For this I am forced to sacrifice all my plans; for this I see my life passing away in bondage to their severe ordinances, this will rob my death-bed of peace, and I cannot be secure that this host of proud mediators between god and man will allow me to rest even in my grave. . . . Those very boys of whom thou speakest are the greatest torment of my life. They perform for me the service of slaves, and obey my slightest nod. . . . Each of these youths is my keeper, my spy. They watch my smallest actions and report them at once to the priests. . . . But every position has its duties, and as the king of a people who venerate tradition as the highest divinity, I must submit, at least in the main, to the ceremonies handed down through thousands of years. Were I to burst these fetters, I know positively that at my death my body would remain unburied; for I know that the priests sit in judgment on every corpse, and deprive the condemned of rest, even in the grave."—*An Egyptian Princess.*

THEBES AND ITS CITY OF THE DEAD.

By the walls of Thebes — the old city of a hundred gates — the Nile spreads to a broad river; the heights, which follow the stream on both sides here take a more decided outline; solitary, almost cone-shaped peaks stand out sharply from the level background of the many-colored limestone hills, on which no palm-tree flourishes and in which no humble desert plant can strike root. Rocky crevasses and gorges cut more or less deeply into the mountain range, and up to its ridge extends the desert, destructive of all life, with sand and stones, with rocky cliffs and reef-like desert hills. Behind the eastern range

the desert spreads to the Red Sea; behind the western it stretches without limit into infinity. In the belief of the Egyptians beyond it lay the region of the dead. Between these two ranges of hills, which serve as walls or ramparts to keep back the desert-sand, flows the fresh and bounteous Nile, bestowing blessing and abundance; at once the father and the cradle of millions of beings. On each shore spreads the wide plain of black and fruitful soil, and in the depths many-shaped creatures, in coats of mail or scales, swarm and find subsistence.

The lotos floats on the mirror of the waters, and among the papyrus reeds by the shore water-fowl innumerable build their nests. Between the river and the mountain-range lie fields, which after the seed-time are of a shining blue-green, and toward the time of harvest glow like gold. Near the brooks and water-wheels here and there stands a shady sycamore; and date-palms, carefully tended, group themselves in groves. The fruitful palm, watered and manured every year by the inundation, lies at the foot of the sandy desert-hills behind it, and stands out like a garden flower-bed from the gravel-path.

In the fourteenth century before Christ — for to so remote a date we must direct the thoughts of the reader — impassable limits had been set by the hand of man, in many places in Thebes, to the inroads of the water; high dykes of stone and embankments protected the streets and squares, the temples and the palaces from the overflow. Canals that could be tightly closed up led from the dykes to the land within, and smaller branch-cuttings to the gardens of Thebes. On the right — the eastern — bank of the Nile rose the buildings of the far-famed residence of the Pharaohs. Close by the river stood the immense and gaudy temples of the city of Amon; behind these and a short distance from the Eastern hills — indeed at their very foot and partly even on the soil of the desert — were the palaces of the king and nobles, and the shady streets in which the high, narrow houses of the citizens stood in close rows. Life was gay and busy in the streets of the capital of the Pharaohs.

The western shore of the Nile showed a quite different scene. Here, too, there was no lack of stately build-

ings or thronging men; but while on the farther side of the river there was a compact mass of houses, and the citizens went cheerfully and openly about their day's work, on this side there were solitary splendid structures, round which little houses and huts seemed to cling as children cling to the protection of a mother. And these buildings lay in detached groups.

Any one climbing the hill and looking down would form the notion that there lay below him a number of neighboring villages, each with its lordly manor-house. Looking from the plain up to the precipice of the western hills, hundreds of closed portals could be seen, some solitary, others closely ranged in rows; a great number of them toward the foot of the slope, yet more half-way up, and a few at a considerable height. And even more dissimilar were the slow-moving, solemn groups in the roadways on the side, and the cheerful, confused throng yonder. There, on the eastern shore, all were in eager pursuit of labor or recreation, stirred by pleasure or by grief, active in deed and speech; here, in the west, little was spoken, a spell seemed to check the footstep of the wanderer, a pale hand to sadden the bright glance of every eye, and to banish the smile from every lip. And yet many a gayly-dressed bark stopped at the shore, there was no lack of minstrel bands; grand processions passed on to the western heights; but the Nile boats bore the dead, the songs sung here were songs of lamentation, and the procession consisted of mourners following the sarcophagus. We are standing on the soil of the City of the Dead of Thebes.

Nevertheless, even here nothing is wanting for return and revival, for to the Egyptian his dead died not. He closed his eyes, he bore him to the Necropolis, to the house of the embalmer, or *Kolchytes,* and then to the grave; but he knew that the souls of the departed lived on; that the justified, absorbed into Osiris, floated over the heavens in the vessel of the Sun; that they appeared on earth in the form they chose to take upon them, and that they might exert influence on the current lives of the survivors. So he took care to give a worthy interment to his dead, above all to have the body embalmed so as to

endure long; and had fixed times to bring fresh offerings for the dead of flesh and fowl with drink-offerings and sweet-smelling essences, and vegetables and flowers.

Neither at the obsequies nor at the offerings might the ministers of the gods be absent, and the silent City of the Dead was regarded as a favored sanctuary in which to establish schools and dwellings for the learned. So it came to pass that in the temples and on the site of the Necropolis, large communities of priests dwelt together, and close to the extensive embalming houses lived numerous Kolchytes, who handed down the secrets of their art from father to son. Besides these there were other manufactories and shops. In the former, sarcophagi of stone and wood, linen bands for enveloping mummies, and amulets for decorating them, were made; in the latter, merchants kept spices and essences, flowers, fruits, vegetables, and pastry for sale. Calves, gazelles, goats, geese and other fowl, were fed on enclosed meadow-plats, and the mourners betook themselves thither to select what they needed from among the beasts pronounced by the priests to be clean for sacrifice, and to have them sealed with the secret seal. Many bought only part of a victim at the shambles — the poor could not even do this. They bought only colored cakes in the shape of beasts, which symbolically took the place of the calves and geese which their means were unable to procure. In the handsomest shops sat servants of the priests, who received forms written on rolls of papyrus which were filled up in the writing room of the temple with those sacred verses which the departed spirit must know and repeat to ward off the evil genius of the deep, to open the gate of the under-world, and to be held righteous before Osiris and the forty-two assessors of the subterranean court of justice. What took place within the temples was concealed from view, for each was surrounded by a high enclosing wall with lofty, carefully closed portals, which were only opened when a chorus of priests came out to sing a pious hymn, in the morning to Horus the rising god, and in the evening to Tum the descending god.

As soon as the evening hymn of the priests was heard, the Necropolis was deserted, for the mourners and those

who were visiting the graves were required by this time to return to their boats and to quit the City of the Dead. Crowds of men who had marched in the processions of the west bank hastened in disorder to the shore, driven on by the body of watchmen who took it in turns to do this duty, and to protect the graves against robbers. The merchants closed their booths, the embalmers and workmen ended their day's work and retired to their houses, the priests returned to the temples, and the inns were filled with guests, who had come hither on long pilgrimages from a distance, and who preferred passing the night in the vicinity of the dead whom they had come to visit, to going across to the bustling noisy city on the farther shore. The voices of the singers and of the wailing women were hushed, even the song of the sailors on the numberless ferry-boats from the western shore to Thebes died away; its faint echo was now and then borne across on the evening air, and at last all was still.—*Uarda.*

ECHEGARAY, José, a Spanish dramatist; born at Madrid in May 8, 1832. In 1858 he became professor of mathematics and physics in the School of Engineers in his native city, in which capacity he published many valuable works on science and mathematics. In 1868 he was made Minister of Commerce, Minister of Public Instruction in 1873, and Minister of Finances in the following year. It is by his dramatic works, however, that he is best known both at home and abroad. His popularity in this respect began with the marked success of *La Esposa del Vengador* (1874), a comedy remarkable for the strength of its characters, for its dramatic action, and for the beauty of its language. This was followed by

many dramas, most noteworthy among which are *O Locura o Santidad* (1878); *El Gran Galeoto* (1881), which has been translated into several other languages; and the later *El Hijo de Don Juan* and *Lo Sublime en lo Vulgar.* Other works for the stage are *La Ultima Noche* (1875); *En el Puño de la Espada* (1876); *En el Seno de la Muerte* (1879); *En el Pilar y en la Cruz* (1879); *Mar Sin Orillas* (1880); *La Muerte en los Labios* (1881); *Conflicto entre dos Debéros* (1885). An edition of his collected dramatic works was published at Madrid in 1885.

Hannah Lynch, in a discerning review of his writings, published in the *Contemporary,* says that "not even Tolstoi, with all that delicacy and keenness of the Russian conscience, that profound seriousness which moves us so variously in his great books, has a nobler consciousness of the dignity of suffering and virtue than this Spanish dramatist. And not less capable is he of a jesting survey of life. Echegaray writes in no fever of passion, and wastes no talent on the niceties of art. The morality and discontent that float from the meditative north, have reached him in his home of sunshine and easy emotions, and his work is pervaded nobly by its spirit. And unlike Ibsen, he illuminates thought with sane and connected action. Discontent never leads him to the verge of extravagance. Extravagance he conceives to be a part of youth, addicted to bombast and wild words. Man trades in other material than romantic language and rhodomontade. Hence he brings emphasis and plain speech to bear upon him when youth has had its fill through the long-winded, high-colored phases of his scribbling heroes. Thought, perhaps, travels too persistently along the shadowed paths, and we would be

thankful to find our world reflected through his strong glass, dappled with a little of the uncertain but lovely sunshine that plays not the least part in the April weather of our life here. The note of unwavering sadness depresses. But, at least, it is not ignoble, and he conceives it borne with so much resignation and dignity that if the picture carries with it the colors of frailty, it brings a counterbalancing conception of the inherent greatness of man."

ERNEST'S INDEPENDENCE.

True, I know little of life, and am not well fitted to make my way through it. But I divine it, and tremble, I know not why. Shall I founder upon the world's pool as on the high sea! I may not deny that it terrifies me more than the deep ocean. The sea only reaches the limit set by the loose sand; over all space travel the emanations of the pool. A strong man's arm can struggle with the waves of the sea; but no one can struggle against subtle miasma. But if I fall I must not feel it humiliation to be conquered. I only wish, I only ask at the last moment to see the approach of the sea that will carry me whither it will, the sword that will pierce me, or the rock that will crush me. To feel my adversary's strength and despise it falling, despise it dying, and not tamely breathe the venom scattered through the ambient air.—*From El Gran Galeoto.*

"GIVE ME THE SUN."

A generation consumed by vice, which carries in its marrow the veins of impure love, in whose corrupted blood the red globules are mixed with putrid matter, must ever fall by degrees into the abysm of idiocy. Lázaro's cry is the last glimmer of a reason dropping into the eternal darkness of imbecility. At that very hour nature awakes and the sun rises; it is another twilight that will soon be all light.

Both twilights meet, cross, salute in recognition of

eternal farewell at the end of the drama. Reason, departing, is held in the grip of corrupting pleasure. The sun, rising, with its immortal call, is pushed forward by the sublime force of Nature.

Down with human reason at the point of extinction; hail to the sun that starts another day!

"Give me the sun!" Lázaro cries to his mother. Don Juan also begs it through the tresses of the girl of Tarifa.

On this subject there is much to be said; it provokes much reflection. If, indeed, our society — but what the deuce am I doing with philosophy? Let each one solve the problem as best he can, and ask for the sun, the horns of the moon, or whatever takes his fancy. And if nobody is interested in the matter it only proves that the modern Don Juan has engendered many children without Lázaro's talent.

Respectful salutations to the children of Don Juan.— *From El Hijo de Don Juan; translation of* HANNAH LYNCH.

THE DEDICATION TO EVERYBODY.

Ernest.—Imagine the principal personage one who creates the drama and develops it, who gives it life and provokes the catastrophe, who, broadly, fills and possesses it, and yet who cannot make his way to the stage.

Don Julian.—Is he so ugly then? So repugnant or bad?

Ernest.—Not so. Ugly as you or I may be — not worse. Neither good nor bad, and frequently not repugnant. I am not such a cynic — neither a misanthrope nor one so out of love with life as to fall into an error of that sort.

Don Julian.—What, then, is the reason?

Ernest.—The reason, Don Julian, is that there is no material room in the scenario for this personage.

Don Julian.—Holy Virgin! What do you mean? Is it by chance a mythological drama with Titans in it?

Ernest.—Not at all. It is modern.

Don Julian.—Well, then?

Ernest.—Briefly — it is a question of *everybody.*

Don Julian.—Everybody! You are right. There is no

room for everybody on the stage. It is an incontrovertible truth that has more than once been demonstrated.

Ernest.—Then you agree with me?

Don Julian.—Not entirely. *Everybody* may be condensed in a few types and characters. This is matter beyond my depths, but such, I understand, has been the practice of the masters.

Ernest.—Yes; but in my case it is to condemn me not to write my drama.

Don Julian.—Why?

Ernest.—For many reasons it would be difficult to explain; above all at this hour.

Don Julian.—Never mind. Give me a few.

Ernest.—Look! Each individual of this entire mass, each head of this monster of a thousand heads, of this Titan of the century, whom I call *everybody*, takes part in my play. It may be for a flying moment, to utter but one word, fling a single glance. Perhaps his action in the tale consists of a smile, seen but to vanish. Listless and absent-minded, he acts without passion, without anger, without guile, often for mere distraction's sake.

Don Julian.—What then?

Ernest.—These light words, these fugitive glances, these indifferent smiles, all these passing murmurs and this petty evil, which may be called the insignificant rays of the dramatic light, condensed to one focus, to one family, result in conflagration and explosion, in strife and in victims. If I represent the whole by a few types or symbolical personages, I bestow upon each one that which is really dispensed among many, and such a result distorts my idea. Suppose a few types on the stage, whose guile repels and is less natural because evil in them has no object; this exposes me to a worse consequence, to the accusation of meaning to paint a cruel, corrupted, and debased society, when my sole pretension is to prove that not even the most insignificant actions are in themselves insignificant or lost for good or evil. For, added to the mysterious influences of modern life, they may reach to immense effects.

Don Julian.—Say no more, my friend. All this is metaphysics. A glimmer of light, but an infinitude of

cloud. However, you understand these things better than I do. Letters of exchange, shares, stock and discount, now — that's another matter.

Ernest.—You've common sense, and that's the chief thing.

Don Julian.—Thanks, Ernest, you flatter me.

Ernest.—But you follow me?

Don Julian.—Not in the least. There ought to be a way out of the difficulty.—*From El Gran Galeoto.*

EDDY, Mary Baker Glover Patterson, an American Christian Scientist; born at Bow, N. H., in 1839. She was educated by private tutors. She was of a deeply religious nature and early embraced the Congregational faith. In 1866 she organized Christian Science and began teaching the new faith in 1867. In 1879 she founded the Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass., and was ordained to the ministry in 1881. In the same year she established the Massachusetts Metaphysical College in Boston, and in 1883, founded the *Christian Science Journal.* She was thrice married, first to George W. Glover, second to M. L. Patterson and third to Asa G. Eddy.

Mrs. Eddy's first book, *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures,* appeared in 1875 and in 1905 had reached its 280th edition. This is the text-book of Christian Science, embodying not only its teachings, but the practical rules by which every sincere inquirer may avail himself of its benefits. She has written and published many other works relating to Christian Science, including *Miscellaneous Writings; Retrospection*

and Introspection; Pulpit and Press; The Unity of Good; Rudimental Divine Science; No and Yes; and numerous pamphlets and poems, and annual messages to the mother church.

Mother Eddy, as she is called by her many followers, has organized and conducted the various Christian Science movements, established its educational system, and as leader, teacher, lecturer, editor and counselor, has accomplished a work of great magnitude. The Boston church in 1905 had a membership of 28,000, and over 700 Christian Science Churches and societies, are now found in America, England and other countries.

In 1904 at the dedication of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, at Concord, Mass., Mrs. Eddy delivered the following "message" to her followers:

MOTHER EDDY'S MESSAGE.

"Beloved Brethren:

"Never more sweet than to-day seems to me, and must seem to thee, those words of our loved Lord, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end.' Thus may it ever be that Christ rejoiceth and comforteth us. Sitting at His feet, I send to you the throbbing of every pulse of my desire for the ripening and ripe fruit of this branch of His vine, and thank God who hath sent forth His word to heal and to save.

"At this period the greatest man or woman on earth stands at the vestibule of Christian Science, struggling to enter into the perfect love of God and man. The infinite will not be buried in the finite; the true thought escapes from the inward to the outward, and this is the only right activity and that whereby we reach our higher nature. Material theorems tend to check spiritual attractions, a tendency toward God the infinite and eternal, by an opposite attraction toward the temporary and finite. Truth, life and love are the only legitimate and eternal

demands upon man; they are spiritual laws, enforcing obedience thereto and punishing disobedience thereof.

"Even Epictetus, a heathen philosopher, who held that Zeus, the master of the gods, could not control human will, writes, 'That is the essence of God, mind.' The general thought most regards material things and keeps mind much out of sight. The Christian, however, strives for the spiritual; he abides in a right purpose, as in love which it were impious to transgress, and follows fearlessly truth. The heart that beats mostly for self is seldom alight with love. To live so as to keep human consciousness in constant relation with the divine, the spiritual and eternal, is to individualize infinite power, and this is Christian Science.

"It is of less import that we receive from mankind justice than that we deserve it; most of us willingly accept dead truisms that can be buried at will; but a live truth, even though it be a sapling within rich soil and with blossoms on its branches, scares folks. The trenchant truth that cuts its way through iron and sod, most men avoid until compelled to glance at it, then open their hearts to it for actual being, health, holiness and immortality.

"I am asked, 'Is there a hell?' Yes, there is a hell for all who persist in breaking the golden rule, or in disobeying the Commandments of God. Physical science shows that the internal fires of our earth will eventually consume this planet. Christian Science shows that hidden, unpunished sin is this internal fire, even the fire of a guilty conscience waking to a true sense of itself, and burning in torture until the sinner is consumed, his sins destroyed, which may take millions of cycles: but of the time no man knoweth. The advanced psychist knows that this situation is mental, not material, and that the Christian has no part in it. Only the makers of hell burn in their fire.

"Concealed crimes, the wrongs done to others, are millstones hung around the necks of the wicked. Christ Jesus 'paid our debt and set us free' by enabling us to pay it, for which we are still his debtors, washing the way-showers' feet with tears of joy.

"The intentional destroyer of others would destroy himself eternally were it not that his suffering reforms him, thus balancing his account with divine love that never remits the sentence necessary to reclaim a sinner. Hence these words of Christ Jesus, 'Depart from me all ye workers of iniquity. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth when ye shall see Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out.' Luke xiii., 7, 28.

"He is saved through Christ's truth who gains self-knowledge, self-control and the kingdom of heaven within himself, within his own consciousness. Mortals must drink of the cup of their Lord and Master sufficiently to unself mortality and destroy its erroneous claims. Therefore, said Jesus, 'Ye shall drink indeed of my cup and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with.'

"We cannot boast ourselves of to-morrow: sufficient unto each day is the duty thereof. Lest human reason becloud spiritual understanding, say not in thy heart sickness is possible because one's thought and conduct do not afford a sufficient defense against it. Trust in God and 'He will direct thy path. The godlike man said, 'My burden is light,' when evil was revenging itself on its destroyer; His pre-eminent goodness. Only he who learns through meekness and love the falsity of suppositious life and intelligence in matter can triumph over their ultimatum — sin, suffering and death. God's mercy for mortal ignorance and need is assured: then who shall question our want of more faith in His ever present help in times of trouble? Jesus said, "Suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh to fulfil all righteousness.

"Strength is in man, not in muscles; unity and power are not in atom or dust. A small group of wise thinkers is better than a wilderness of dullards and stronger than the might of empires. Unity is spiritual co-operation, heart to heart, the bond of blessedness, such as my beloved Christian Scientists all over the field and the dear Sunday-school children have demonstrated in gifts to me of about $80,000, to be applied to building, embellishing and furnishing our church edifice in Concord, N. H.

"We read in Holy Writ, 'This man began to build

and was not able to finish.' This was spoken derisively, but the love that rebukes, praises also; and methinks the same wisdom which spake thus in olden times would say to the builder of the Christian Scientists' edifice, Concord, N. H., ' Well done, good and faithful.' Our proper reasons for church edifices is that Christians may therein worship God, not that Christians may worship church edifices.

"May the loving Shepherd of this feeble flock lead it gently into 'green pastures beside still waters.' May He increase its numbers and may their faith never falter — their faith in, and understanding of Divine Love. This church born in my nativity, may it build upon the Rock of Ages, against which the waves and winds beat in vain; may the towering top of its goodly temple, burdened with beauty, pointing to the heavens, bursting into the rapture of song, long call the worshipper to seek the haven of hope, the heaven of soul, the sweet sense of angelic song chiming chaste challenge to praise Him who won the way, and taught mankind to win through meekness to might, goodness to grandeur — from cross to crown, from sense to soul, from glean to glory, from matter to spirit."
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EDERSHEIM, Alfred, a German theologian; born at Vienna, March 7, 1825; died at Mentone, France, March 16, 1889. He was educated in Hungary, and studied also in Berlin and in Edinburgh. In 1849 he embraced Christianity and became a minister of the Free Church of Scotland. He afterward became lecturer on the Septuagint at Oxford. In 1875 he became a member of the Church of England. The work by which he is most widely known is his *Life and Times of Jesus, the Messiah,* published at London in 1883; the largest is his *Bible*

History, in seven volumes. Other noteworthy productions are *The Temple, its Ministry and Services* (1874); *Jewish Social Life* (1876), and *History of Israel* (1887). He issued in all about twenty-five separate works of this character, besides innumerable essays for reviews and translations from the German.

Within a week after the death of Dr. Edersheim, his friend, Professor Neubauer, in a letter to the London *Athenæum,* said of him: "I can say little about his early writings, which consist mostly of translations from German and Jewish stories for educational purposes. Even of his *Bible History* in seven volumes, which had a great success, I know little, but I have seen him hard at work on the last volume, when the task of comparing the Biblical dates with the Assyrian canon made his nights sleepless. His great work on the life of Christ I have read, and whatever mistakes he may have made in a few Talmudical passages — so do we all except those who believe themselves infallible — he was very painstaking in order to be as accurate as possible, and his book is a great book from an orthodox point of view, and I do not wonder that it reached a third edition, which seven hard years' work deserved."

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

It was on that wintry night of the 25th of December that shepherds watched the flocks destined for sacrificial services in the very place consecrated by tradition as that where the Messiah was to be first revealed. Of a sudden came the long-delayed, unthought-of announcement. Heaven and earth seemed to mingle, as suddenly an angel stood before their dazzled eyes, while the outstreaming glory of the Lord seemed to enwrap them, as in a mantle of light. Surprise, awe, fear would be hushed into calm and expectancy, as from the Angel they heard that what

they saw boded not judgment, but ushered in to waiting Israel the great joy of those good tidings which he brought: that the long promised Saviour, Messiah, Lord, was born in the city of David, and that they themselves might go and see, and recognize Him by the humbleness of the circumstances surrounding His nativity.

It was as if attendant angels had only waited the signal. As when the sacrifice was laid on the altar, the Temple music burst forth in three sections, each marked by the blast of the priests' silver trumpets, as if each Psalm were to be a *Tris-Hagion;* so, when the Herald Angel had spoken, a multitude of heaven's host stood forth to hymn the good tidings he had brought. What they sang was but the reflex of what had been announced. It told in the language of praise the character, the meaning, the result of what had taken place. Heaven took up the strain of "glory"; earth echoed it as "peace"; it fell on the ears and hearts of men as "good pleasure:"—

> Glory to God in the highest—
> And upon earth peace—
> Among men good pleasure!

Once only before had the words of Angels' hymn fallen upon mortal's ears, when, to Isaiah's rapt vision, Heaven's high Temple had opened, and the glory of Jehovah swept its courts, almost breaking down the trembling posts that bore its boundary gates. Now the same glory enrapt the shepherds on Bethlehem's plains. Then the Angels' hymn had heralded the announcement of the Kingdom coming; now that of the King come. Then it had been the *Tris-Hagion* of prophetic anticipation, now that of Evangelic fulfilment.

The hymn had ceased; the light faded out of the sky; and the shepherds were alone. But the angelic message remained with them; and the sign, which was to guide them to the Infant Christ, lighted their rapid way up the terraced height to where, at the entering of Bethlehem, the lamp swinging over the hostelry directed them to the stranger of the house of David, who had come from Nazareth. Though it seems as if, in the hour of her utmost

need, the Virgin-Mother had not been ministered to by loving hands, yet what had happened in the stable must soon have become known in the Khan. Perhaps friendly women were still passing to and fro on errands of mercy, when the shepherds reached the "stable." There they found, perhaps not what they expected, but as they had been told. The holy group only consisted of the humble Virgin-Mother, the lowly carpenter of Nazareth, and the Babe laid in the manger. What further passed we know not, save that, having seen it for themselves, the shepherds told what had been spoken to them about this Child, to all around — in the stable, in the fields, probably also in the Temple, to which they would bring their flocks, thereby preparing the minds of a Simeon, of an Anna, and all of them that looked for salvation in Israel. And now the hush of wondering expectancy fell once more on all, who heard what was told by the shepherds — this time not only in the hill-country of Judæa, but within the wider circle that embraced Bethlehem and the Holy City. And yet it seemed all so sudden, so strange. That on such slender thread, as the feeble throb of an Infant-life, the salvation of the world should hang — and no special care watch over its safety, no better shelter be provided it than a "Stable," no other cradle than a manger! And still it is ever so. On what slender thread has the continued life of the Church often seemed to hang; on what feeble throbbing that of every child of God — with no visible outward means to ward off danger, no home of comfort, no rest of ease. But, "Lo, children are Jehovah's heritage!" and: "So giveth He to His beloved in *his* sleep."—*From Life and Times of Jesus, the Messiah.*

EDGAR, JOHN GEORGE, a British biographer and historian; born at Hutton, Berwickshire, Scotland, in 1834; died April 22, 1864. He entered a house of business at Liverpool and visited the West Indies on mercantile affairs, but soon deserted

commerce and devoted himself to literature. His earliest publication was the *Boyhood of Great Men,* in 1853, which he followed up in the same year with a companion volume entitled *Footprints of Famous Men.* In the course of the next ten years he wrote as many as fifteen other volumes intended for the reading of boys. Some of these were biographical, and the remainder took the form of narrative fiction based on historical facts illustrative of different periods of English history. Edgar was especially familiar with early English and Scottish history, and possessed a wide knowledge of border tradition. He was the first editor of *Every Boy's Magazine.* In the intervals of his other work Edgar found time to contribute political articles, written from a strongly conservative point of view, to the London press. Under his close and continuous application to work his health broke down, and he died of congestion of the brain after a short illness. The books referred to above, other than those which have been mentioned by name, were: *History for Boys; Heroes of England; Crusades and Crusaders; Sea-Kings and Naval Heroes; Wars of the Roses; Cavaliers and Roundheads; Memorable Events of Modern History; How I Won my Spurs; Danes, Saxons and Normans; Noble Dames of Ancient Story; Anecdotes of Animals; Cressy and Poictiers; The Boy Crusaders; Runnymede and Lincoln Fair.*

The spirit in which he wrote his books for the young may be understood from these words, which occur in the preface to *The Crusades:* "I believe that the examples of the great men whose gallant deeds are depicted in the following pages, are calculated to exercise a wholesome influence on the minds of youthful readers;" and the estimation in which they have been

held by those who are interested in good literature is indicated by what the London *Observer* said of his *Boyhood of Great Men:* That it "may claim more than merely the merit of good intentions — it may claim the praise of excellent execution;" what the London *Standard* said of *The Footprints of Famous Men:* That it is "a very useful and agreeable volume. Useful, as biography is always an important ally to history, and because it gives another blow to the waning idea that any eminence has ever been attained without severe labor."

ST. BERNARD AND THE SECOND CRUSADE.

In the year 1137, when England was entering on the dynastic war between Stephen and the Empress Maud, which terminated in the accession of the Plantagenets to the throne, Louis VI., after having governed France for thirty years, with credit to himself and advantage to his kingdom, departed this life at Paris. When prostrated on his uneasy couch, the dying king gave his heir that kind of advice which comes so solemnly from the lips of a man whose soul is going to judgment. "Remember," says he, "that royalty is a public trust, for the exercise of which a rigorous account will be exacted by Him who has the sole disposal of crowns." Louis the Young, to whom this admonition was addressed, ascended the French throne when scarcely more than eighteen, and espoused Eleanor, daughter of the Duke of Aquitaine. The king, who had been educated with great care, gave promise of rivalling the policy and prowess of his father; and the young queen, besides being endowed by fortune with a magnificent duchy, had been gifted by nature with rare beauty and intellect. Everything prognosticated a prosperous future.

Scarcely, however, had Louis taken the reigns of government, than the prospect was clouded by the insubordination of the Court of Champagne and the pretensions of the Pope. Louis, not daunted by the league which they

formed, mounted his war-horse, and set out to maintain his authority. But the expedition terminated in a tragical event, which seemed to change the king's nature. While besieging Vitey, he cruelly set fire to a church in which the inhabitants had taken refuge; and having burned the edifice, with thirteen hundred human beings within its walls, he experienced such remorse that for some time afterward he had hardly courage to look upon the face of day. The tragical scene was ever present to the young king's memory; and while still brooding painfully over the crime, news of the fall of Edessa reached France. The idea of pacifying his conscience by a new crusade immediately occurred; and an assembly of barons and bishops was summoned to consider the project. This assembly submitted the propriety of such an enterprise to the Pope, and who after expressing approval, confided to St. Bernard the preaching of a new crusade.

Bernard — who was then Abbot of Clairvaux, and at the height of his fame — entered upon his mission with zeal. Having, in the spring of 1146, convoked an assembly at Vezelay, he presented himself in the garb of an anchorite, and, on a hill outside the town, addressed an immense concourse, among whom figured the King and Queen of France, surrounded by barons and prelates. Never was an orator more successful. Indeed, Bernard produced an impression hardly less marvellous than Peter the Hermit had done half a century earlier; and, as he concluded, his audience raised the old cry of "God wills it!"

While the hillside was ringing with enthusiastic shouts, Louis, throwing himself on his knees, received the cross; and Eleanor immediately followed her husband's example. Shouts of "The Cross! The Cross!" then rose on all hands; and peers and peasants, bishops and burghers, rushing forward, cast themselves at Bernard's feet. Such was the demand, that the crosses provided for the occasion were quite insufficient. But Bernard, tearing up his vestments, got over the difficulty; and the sacred emblem soon appeared on every shoulder.

Elate with the success of his oratory, Bernard travelled through France, preaching the crusade; and having in

every city and province roused the enthusiasm of the populace, he repaired to Germany. At that time the crown of the Empire of the West rested on the brow of Conrad III.— but not quite so easily as he could have wished. In fact, the German Kaiser had a formidable rival in the Duke of Bavaria, and felt the reverse of secure. When, therefore, Bernard reached Spires, and asked the Emperor to arm for the defence of the Holy Sepulchre, Conrad, who was holding a Diet, evinced no ardor for the enterprise. "Consider," he said, "the troubles in which the empire would be involved." "The Holy See," said Bernard, "has placed you on the imperial throne, and knows how to support you there. If you defend God's heritage, the Church will take care of yours."

But still Conrad hesitated; and the preacher's eloquence was exerted in vain. At length, one day when Bernard was saying Mass before the emperor and the princes and the lords assembled at Spires, he paused in the midst of the service to expatiate on the guilt of those who refused to fight against Christ's enemies; and produced such an effect while picturing the Day of Judgment, that Conrad's hesitation vanished. "I know what I owe to Christ," he said, approaching, with tears in his eyes to receive the cross; "and I swear to go where his service calls me."— "This is a miracle!" exclaimed the peers and princes present, as they followed their sovereign's example, and vowed to attend his steps.

Having gained over Conrad, the eloquent Saint pursued his triumphs, and soon fired Germany with zeal. When he returned to France, and reported his success, preparations began in both countries. Enthusiasm was general; men of all ranks assumed the cross; and even women vowed to arm themselves with sword and lance, and took an oath to fight for the Holy Sepulchre.

It was arranged that Louis and Conrad should depart in the spring of 1147, and that the French and German armies should unite at Constantinople. When the time approached, all rushed eastward, with the cry of "God wills it!" and every road was covered with pilgrims on their way to the camps. Bernard must almost have felt some dismay at the effect of his eloquence. "Villages

and castles, are deserted," he wrote to the Pope, "and there are none left but widows and orphans, whose parents are still living."

Early in the spring of 1147, Europe was in commotion. Everywhere in Germany and France men were seen with the cross on their shoulders. Shepherds flung down their crooks, husbandmen abandoned their teams, traders quitted their booths, barons left their castles, and bishops deserted their bishoprics, to arm for the defence of the Holy Sepulchre. From England, exhausted by dynastic war, and Italy, agitated by ecclesiastical strife, bands of warriors issued to swell the armies of Conrad and Louis. Many ladies armed themselves for the crusade, and prepared to signalize their prowess under the leadership of a female warrior whose dress excited much admiration, and whose gilded boots procured for her the name of "Golden-legs."

At Ratisbon, about Easter, the Emperor of Germany assembled his warriors. Accompanied by a host of nobles — among whom were his brother Otho, Bishop of Frisigen; his nephew, Frederick Barbarossa, Duke of Suabia; the Marquis of Montferrat, and the Duke of Bohemia — Conrad commenced his march eastward, at the head of a hundred thousand men, and sent messengers to announce to the Emperor of the East the intention of the crusaders to cross the Greek territories.

At this period, Emanuel Comnenus reigned at Constantinople. On receiving Conrad's message he returned an answer highly complimentary. But while professing great friendship for the new crusaders, he made all their movements known to the Saracens, and so managed matters that their march was frequently interrupted. The elements appeared not less hostile to Conrad's army than the Greeks. While the Germans encamped to keep the Feast of the Assumption in a valley on the river Melas, a storm suddenly arose, and swelled so violently that horses, baggage, and tents were carried away. The crusaders, amazed and terrified, gathered themselves up; and deploring their mishaps, pursued their way to Constantinople.—*The Crusades and the Crusaders.*

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

EDGEWORTH, Maria, an English novelist; born at Hare Hatch, Berkshire, January 1, 1767; died at Edgeworthstown, Longford, Ireland, May 22, 1849. She was the daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth and his first wife. She was educated by her father, who, when she was fifteen years of age, removed to Ireland with his family. In 1798 *Practical Education,* the joint work of father and daughter, was published. Two years later appeared *Castle Rackrent,* the sole work of the daughter, which at once established her reputation as a novelist. This was followed by another novel, *Belinda,* and by an *Essay on Irish Bulls;* the latter, however, was written in partnership with her father. In 1804 appeared *Popular Tales; in* 1809–12 *Tales of Fashionable Life,* including *Ennui; The Dun; Manœuvring; Almeira; Vivian; The Absentee; Madame de Fleury;* and *Emile de Coulanges.* These works contain several fine character studies. They were followed by *Patronage* (1814) and *Harrington; Ormond,* and *Comic Dramas* (1817). Mr. Edgeworth died in this year, and his daughter devoted herself to the completion of his *Memoirs,* which had been commenced by him. They were published in 1820. In 1822 appeared *Rosamond, a Sequel to Early Lessons,* to which Mr. Edgeworth had contributed; in 1825 *Harry and Lucy,* and in 1834 *Helen,* one of her best novels. Miss Edgeworth aimed to paint national manners, and to enforce morality. Her works are delineations of character and are characterized by good sense and humor. Her vivacious dialogue, varied incidents, and clear and flowing style render her novels, if not intensely interesting, ex-

tremely pleasant reading. "As a painter of national life and manners, and an illustrator of the homelier graces of human character, Miss Edgeworth is surpassed by Sir Walter Scott alone; while as a direct moral teacher she has no peer among novelists."

THADY INTRODUCES THE RACKRENT FAMILY.

My real name is Thady Quirk, though in the family I have always been known by no other than "*honest Thady,*" afterwards, in the time of Sir Murtagh, deceased, I remember to hear them calling me "*old Thady,*" and now I'm come to "*poor Thady;*" for I wear a long great-coat winter and summer, which is very handy, as I never put my arms into the sleeves; they are as good as new, though come Holantide next I've had it these seven years; it holds on by a single button round my neck, cloak-fashion. To look at me you would hardly think "poor Thady" was the father of Attorney Quirk; he is a high gentleman, and never minds what poor Thady says, and having better than fifteen hundred a year, landed estate, looks down upon honest Thady; but I wash my hands of his doings, and as I have lived, so will I die — true and loyal to the family. The family of the Rackrents is, I am proud to say, one of the most ancient in the kingdom. Everybody knows this is not the old family name, which was O'Shaughlin, related to the kings of Ireland — but that was before my time. My grandfather was driver of the great Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin, and I heard him when I was a boy, telling how the Castle Rackrent estate came to Sir Patrick; Sir Tallyhoo Rackrent was cousin-german to him, and had a fine estate of his own, only never a gate upon it, it being his maxim that a car was the best gate. Poor gentleman! he lost a fine hunter and his life at last by it, all in one day's hunt. But I ought to bless that day, for the estate came straight into *the* family, upon one condition that Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin at the time took sadly to heart, they say, but thought better of it afterward, seeing how large a stake depended upon it — that he should, by act of Parliament, take and bear the surname and arms of Rackrent.

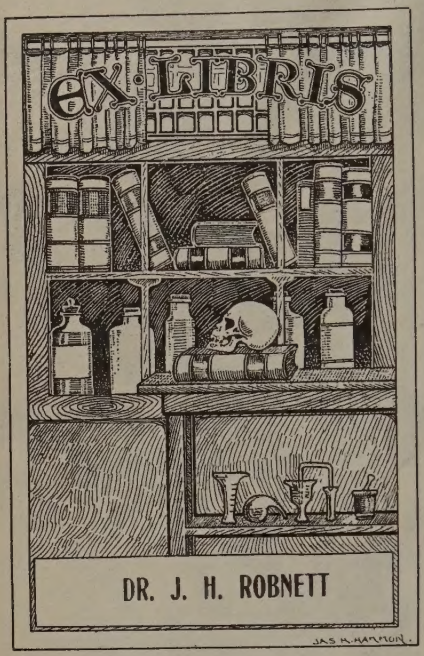
Now it was that the world was to see what was *in* Sir Patrick. On coming into the estate he gave the finest entertainment ever was heard of in the country; not a man could stand after supper but Sir Patrick himself, who could sit out the best man in Ireland, let alone the three kingdoms itself. He had his house, from one year's end to another, as full of company as ever it could hold, and fuller; for rather than be left out of the parties at Castle Rackrent, many gentlemen, and those men of the first consequence and landed estates in the country — such as the O'Neils of Ballynagrotty, and the Moneygawls of Mount Juliet's Town, and O'Shannons of New Town Tullyhog — made it their choice, often and often, when there was no moon to be had for love or money, in long winter nights, to sleep in the chicken house, which Sir Patrick had fitted up for the purpose of accommodating his friends and the public in general, who honored him unexpectedly at Castle Rackrent; and this went on I can't tell you how long — the whole country rang with his praises — Long life to him! I'm sure I love to look upon his picture, now opposite to me; though I never saw him, he must have been a portly gentleman — his neck something short, and remarkable for the largest pimple on his nose, which, by his particular desire, is still extant in his picture, said to be a striking likeness, though taken when young. He is said also to be the inventor of raspberry whiskey, which is very likely. . . . A few days before his death he was very merry; it being his honor's birthday, he called my grandfather in. God bless him! to drink the company's health, and filled a bumper himself, but could not carry it to his head, on account of the great shake in his hand; on this he cast his joke, saying, "What would my poor father say to me if he was to pop out of the grave and see me now? I remember when I was a little boy, the first bumper of claret he gave me after dinner, how he praised me for carrying it so steady to my mouth. Here's my thanks to him — a bumper toast." Then he fell to singing the favorite song he learned from his father — for the last time, poor gentleman; he sung it that night as loud and as hearty as ever, with a chorus:

He that goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he that goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow.

Sir Patrick died that night; just as the company rose to drink his health with three cheers, he fell down in a sort of fit, and was carried off: they sat it out, and were surprised, on inquiry in the morning, to find that it was all over with poor Sir Patrick. Never did any gentleman live and die more beloved in the country by rich and poor. His funeral was such a one as was never known before or since in the history of the county! All the gentlemen in the three counties were at it; far and near how they flocked! my great-grandfather said, that to see all the women in their red cloaks, you would have taken them for the army drawn out. Then such a fine whillaluh! you might have heard it to the farthest end of the county, and happy the man who could get but a sight of the hearse! But who'd have thought it? just as all was going on right — through his own town they were passing — when the body was seized for debt. A rescue was apprehended from the mob, but the heir, who attended the funeral, was against that, for fear of consequences, seeing that those villains who came to serve acted under the disguise of the law; so, to be sure, the law must take its course, and little gain had the creditors for their pains. First and foremost, they had the curses of the country; and Sir Murtagh Rackrent, the new heir, in the next place, on account of this affront to the body, refused to pay a shilling of the debts, in which he was countenanced by all the best gentlemen of property, and others of his acquaintance. . . .

Sir Murtagh — I forgot entirely to mention that — had no childer, so the Rackrent estate went to his younger brother, a young dashing officer, who came among us before I knew for the life of me whereabouts I was, in a gig or some of them things, with another spark along with him, and led-horses, and servants, and dogs, and

scarce a place to put any Christian of them into; for my late lady had sent all the feather-beds off before her, and blankets and household linen, down to the very knife-cloths, on the cars to Dublin, which were all her own, lawfully paid for out of her own money. So the house was quite bare, and my young master, the moment ever he set foot in it out of his gig, thought all those things must come of themselves, I believe, for he never looked after anything at all, but harum-scarum called for everything, as if we were conjurors, or he in a public house. For my part, I could not bestir myself anyhow; I had been so much used to my late master and mistress, all was upside down with me, and the new servants in the servants' hall were quite out of my way; I had nobody to talk to, and if it had not been for my pipe and tobacco should, I verily believe, have broke my heart for poor Sir Murtagh. But one morning as my new master caught a glimpse of me, as I was looking at his horse's heels in hopes of a word from him. "And is that old Thady?" says he, as he got into his gig. I loved him from that day to this, his voice was so like the family; and he threw me a guinea out of his waistcoat pocket, as he drew up the reins with his other hand, his horse rearing too; I thought I never set my eyes on a finer figure of a man, quite another sort from Sir Murtagh, though withal, *to me,* a family likeness. A fine life should we have led had he staid among us, God bless him! He valued a guinea as little as any man; money to him was no more than dirt, and his gentleman, and groom, and all belonging to him, the same; but the sporting season over, he grew tired of the place, and having got down a great architect for the house, and an improver for the grounds, and seen their plans and elevations, he fixed a day for settling with the tenants, but went off in a whirlwind to town, just as some of them came into the yard in the morning.—*Castle Rackrent.*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